





# REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH.

CONTAINING THE

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL

AND

SECRET MEMOIRS

OF THE

BUONAPARTE FAMILY.

*Stewart.*

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— *Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,  
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.*

'Tis poor relying on another's fame :  
For take the pillars but away, and all  
The superstructure must in ruins fall.

Juv.

*Stepney.*

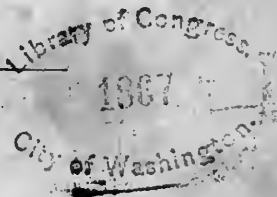
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## TO THE READER.

*In the following pages you will perceive the old system of monarchical profligacy carried to a greater extent than any we read of in history.*

*Under the specious garb of Republicanism, Buonaparte, like a thief in the night, has stolen by intrigue the liberties of a nation, which had extricated itself from its fetters, and astonished Europe by a Revolution noble in its first appearance, but permitted all the glory of the act to vanish, and new chains forged for their liberties, which nothing short of a miracle can free them from.*

*That the French Revolution, at its commencement, received the approbation of the good and truly great is no way extraordinary; that the American people should be of the first to admire that great event is no way wonderful; the principles of gratitude and honour vibrated in unison for the success of their former allies and for the principles which they advocated.*

*The counter Revolution in France by the intrigues of Buonaparte and his accomplices, is an awful lesson for the people of this country; when they can see a nation of 30 millions of free citizens alive to the most feeble exertion of arbitrary power, and ready to a man to check any measure that could have a tendency to restore monarchy. yet we find in a very little time, that same people ca-*

## TO THE READER.

*joled into a surrender of their rights and finally become the slaves of a base hereditary empire.*

*It is in vain we look in history for an individual to match the ambition of Buonaparte, who treats kings as his subjects ; like Grégory VII. mounting on horse-back with his feet on the neck of an Emperor, while two monarchs held the stirrups.*

*In this publication, it is presumed that the English writer has brought to view those traits of character, of the Buonaparte family, which are reprehensible, and coloured to the brightest shade his fancy and zeal for his country dictated. But in the display of the principles which actuated him, that he should suffer wanton attacks on some of our worthy citizens, is by no means justifiable ; the exposure of the fallacy of those remarks has been attended to in this edition.*

*It is the intention of the publisher of this work to add to it another volume of the same size, and extracted from the same works, which will contain the characters of those who distinguished themselves by placing Buonaparte on the throne, and the exaltation of that family to supreme power.*

*Talleyrand, Barras, Fouché, Moreau, Pichegru, &c. will display a complete developement of the establishment of an empire, which seems indeed as a burlesque on monarchy, and may in the end overturn every throne in Europe.*

## LONDON REVIEWERS'

CHARACTER OF THE

## REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH.

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### LITERARY JOURNAL.

"The author, whom we understand to be an old officer, gives in these volumes, a sketch of the most remarkable passages in the lives of the relatives of Buonaparte. He had an opportunity of being personally acquainted with many of the characters whom he describes, whose lives, with a few exceptions, exhibits only a detail of crimes, at which human nature revolts. The style is simple and perspicuous, and the work is deserving of public patronage.

### EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

"The contents of these volumes are interesting in a remarkable degree; as detailing, either from personal knowledge, or from accredited works of other writers, the lives, conduct and crimes, of every person distinguished as a relative of the Corsican upstart, who has hitherto with impunity oppressed and plundered the continent of Europe; and as exhibiting at the same time, a clear display of the extraordinary kind of police by which Paris is now regulated. Such a mass of moral turpitude as is here displayed, yet in a form that leaves us little room to suspect its authenticity, makes us blush for our species. The public crimes of the Buonaparte family, are not more odious than the vices of their private lives are flagitious. We believe that no reader who begins to peruse this collection of republican biography, will feel inclined to relinquish it till he has gone through its pages. The subject is universally interesting and the incidents are so well narrated, as to justify us in giving the book our unqualified recommendation.

### ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW.

"It were much to be wished that these volumes could find their way into every house, and into every cottage in the united kingdoms; the perusal of them would scarcely fail to excite abhorrence of the wretches who now threaten to convert our country into the same scene of desolation, blood and vice, as they have converted all other countries into, in which their intrigues, or their arms have secured them a footing."

## BRITISH CRITIC.

"It gives us much satisfaction to see this work so soon appear in a second, third and fourth edition, and not a little pleasure to think that our just commendation may in some degree have promoted its successful circulation. Of the men who now make so distinguished an appearance upon the theatre of France, who are exercising in their several spheres the cruelest tyranny, rolling in luxury and wealth, the greater part arose from the meanest situations, and have only attained the highest by a series of the most abominable crimes. The principal facts alleged of them are alike recent and notorious. Besides this, the character of the writer, with which we have been made acquainted, stamps on the publication the sanction of UNQUESTIONABLE AUTHENTICITY. Many of the relations, *ipse misserrimus vidi*. His friends and relations, and property, have been the victims of their cruelty. He himself has languished in their dungeons, and there it was he collected materials for this work, and probably for others, from which we doubt not, he will obtain an equal degree of reputation."

## IMPERIAL REVIEW.

"The Revolutionary Plutarch is the production of a 'Literary recruit', though an officer of ancient date; and it is not choice that has made him exchange the sword for the pen, and exhibit to public animadversion from his study, those regicides and rebels, whom he should have preferred to have combatted in the field, rather than to be a biographer of persons, many of whom he has known in the ranks, commanded, or seen confounded in a nameless croud, and in a well deserved obscurity. From the style of this specimen, the reader will judge of the spirit in which the biography is written; but he should not hastily pronounce the author corrupt or partial, because he expresses in strong and unreserved terms, the feeling of his mind on the events he records—Of Napoleone Buonaparte, perhaps; no contemporary, nor any future historian, will write in such terms as to give general satisfaction. The author of the Revolutionary Plutarch, presents him in the least favourable color; the obscurity of his early life, the meanness of his origin, his personal vices, and the accumulated infamy of his family, are *unsparingly* portrayed.

"In the life of Napoleone, the author has rendered a commendable service to those who are deluded by speculations on the cheapness of a republican government.

“ On the whole, and subject to the cautions that we have given, we have no hesitation in recommending these volumes to the attention of the public.”

From the above it will appear, that the memoirs of the Buonaparte family, selected from a work which is acknowledged by all the reviewers, as worthy of perusal, has justly excited the curiosity of the citizens of these states, as well as those who dare peruse it, in his dominions. It would be satisfactory to the publisher, if in this work the author had not introduced several American citizens, whose conduct and character certainly cannot be exalted or admired, by ranking with such revolutionists, whose progress has been marked by the downfall of every virtuous principle, and during the course of these ‘ Eventful years, no instance occurs of the triumph or reward of virtue—vice defeats vice—faction surmounts faction—public spirit and patriotism are the daily themes of all leaders—but the facts present only a deformed and hideous prodigy, the shame of the age and a blot on the page of history.

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THE  
REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH,  
OR  
MEMOIRS  
OF THE  
BUONAPARTE FAMILY.

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*THE families of legitimate sovereigns are known; and their ancestors are esteemed, extolled, censured, or calumniated, according to their merits, talents, and vices; or as envy is excited, or hatred provoked. Of the lineage of usurpers, generally, little account is given, and that little is doubtful; because, while their adherents flatter them, their opposers revile them; and while some assert that they descend from an ancestry as illustrious as eminent, others pretend to prove their forefathers to have been as mean as they were criminal.—*

CARLO BUONAPARTE, the father of him who has usurped the throne of France, and dragged his race and relatives from obscurity, was a gentleman descended from a Tuscan family, but settled two hundred years in Corsica; although they are forced to acknowledge that, during the civil troubles, he had served as a common soldier under General Paoli; and that it was the beauty of his wife, and her connexion with Mr. De Marbœuf, commander for the King of France in Corsica, which made him leave the field for the forum, *by procuring him a place as the King's attorney.*

Carlo Buonaparte, however, was a man of so little ability, that it required all Mr. De Marbœuf's partiality for Madame Buonaparte to keep him in a situation where he could not transact even the little that was necessarily required of him. He was dull and mischievous, but not jealous; his wife

brought him eight children, whom the *ami de la maison*, Mr. De Marbœuf, assisted to bring up, and to provide for : and if they owed their existence to a Corsican, their education was paid for by a Frenchman. Possessing no more industry than capacity, he lived and died poor, and bequeathed his offspring and their mother to the kind care of her protector and supporter.

So far, and no farther, go the ingenious admirers or adulators of the First Consul ; but who were his grandfather or great-grand-father, they pass over in silence. On the other hand, the enemies more to usurpation than to the usurper, enter into several distinct particulars ; which, although published in France, have never been contradicted, or proved not to be genuine, except by sending the *supposed* author to the Temple, and afterwards, *without a trial*, to Cayenne : there was printed in 1800 a pamphlet, which they called “ *The Genealogy of Brutus, Aly, Napoleone Buonaparte, the Corsican Successor to the French Bourbons ;*” of which the following is an extract :

“ After the disgrace of Theodore, King of Corsica, the Republic of Genoa published an *official* paper, to make him and his adherents more ridiculous and despised, entitled, ‘ A List of all persons ennobled by the Adventurer calling himself King Theodore of Corsica.’ This list was printed by the widow Rossi, at Genoa, in 1744 ; and contains, pages 6 and 7, some curious remarks upon, and concerning the usurper’s family, more to be depended on, than those which fear, interest, meanness, and adulation have fabricated since he seated himself upon the throne of the Bourbons.

“ When, on the 3d of May, 1736, Porto-Vecchio was attacked, a butcher from Ajaccio, called Josepho Buona, brought a seasonable assistance with a band of vagabonds and robbers ; who, during the civil troubles, had chosen him for their leader ; in return, King Theodore the next day created him a nobleman, and permitted him, as a memento of his services, to add to his name of Buona, the final termination, *parte*. His wife’s name was Histria, daughter of a journeyman tanner at Bastia. Carlo Buona, the father of Josepho Buona, kept a wine-house for sailors ; but being accused and convicted for murder and robbery, he died a galley-slave at Genoa in 1724 ; his wife as an accomplice, and who, on account of her extremely vicious character, was



called La Birba, died at Genoa in 1730, in the house of correction. These were the grand and great-grand parents of his Consular Majesty : who his father was, is well known ; as also, that he by turns served and betrayed his country during the civil wars.

“ After France had conquered Corsica, he was a spy to the French governors, and his wife their mistress. From *this pure and virtuous source descends* Brutus, Aly, Napoleone Buonaparte. the successor of the Bourbons, born in a country whose inhabitants were, in the time of the Romans, held in such detestation for their infamous and treacherous disposition, that they would not have them even for slaves ; and of whom Seneca, who resided long among them, has said, as if he had imbibed the prophetic spirit,

*Prima lex, illis ulcisci ; altera, vivere rapto ;  
Tertia, mentire ; quarta, negare Deos.*

SENECA DE CORCICIS.



## LETITIA RANIOLINI,

MOTHER OF BUONAPARTE.

*IT is no common fortune that has changed a mistress of one of the governors of the King of France into a mother of an Emperor of the French; and transformed an obscure, poor, and guilty Corsican adulteress into a conspicuous and wealthy French Imperial Princess. Such a surprising occurrence, is another evidence of the immorality of our age, of the perversity and degradation of Republican Frenchmen, and of the selfish and dangerous policy of many continental cabinets. What hereditary rank can hereafter pretend to respect; what virtue hope for rewards; what honor expect distinction; what talents advancement; and what eminence consideration or admiration? In a time when the highest authority is seized, saluted and revered in the greatest of criminals, who with audacity and impunity elevates native meanness: bestows titles on corruption and vileness, and surrounds an imperial throne with the dregs of society; what encouragement has honesty, what support, what consolation, has loyalty, and what dread has rebellion and infamy? There is no goal in the universe that could not furnish a purer Emperor than Napoleone the First, and no house of correction, no brothel can be discovered in the world, from which might not be dragged forwards a more innocent Empress than Josephine, and a more innocent and worthier Imperial Princess than Letitia Buonaparte, and the other Imperial Princesses of the same vile race.*

LETITIA RANIOLINI, the mother of the Buonapartes, is by some said to be the daughter of an attorney, by others, of a blacksmith. At the age of fifteen, she made a *faux pas* with a friar, and at sixteen married the soldier Carlo Buonaparte. Her education had been so totally neglected, that when she was picked up by Mr. De Marbœuf, she could neither read nor write; and her own brother, a poor curate, was engaged and paid by him for instructing her; while he himself taught her to perform the honours of his

house. Possessing a natural, though uncultivated genius, she soon repaid, by her improvement and attentions, the expences and anxiety of her friend. In her younger years she was pretty, rather than handsome; her conversation was trivial, but rendered pleasing and agreeable by her manner of expressing herself. She was accused of blending the Italian cunning with the Corsican duplicity, and prudery with wantonness; and, to cover all fashionable vices with religious hypocrisy, she went regularly to church, and religion always appeared to occupy a mind, vacant, if not wicked. She confessed once in the week, got her absolution, sinned, and confessed again. She wore, and yet wears, upon her person, *the relics of some saint*; she was, and is yet, strict in her external devotions, fast-days, and inflictions on herself of severe penances and mortifications.

After the death of her benefactor, and by the Revolution, which deprived her of a pension settled on her by him, she was reduced to the greatest indigence. Her eldest daughter having married Bacchiochi, a Corsican, established as a cotton-manufacturer at Basle, she received from him an annuity of six hundred livres (25*l.* sterling); upon which, and some millinery work of her other daughters, she subsisted, until Napoleone obtained from the hands of Barras, the widow of the guillotined General Beauharnois.

Before Napoleone went to Egypt, in 1798, he deposited a capital, of which the interest, twelve thousand livres (or 500*l.* sterl.) was left at her disposal, to provide for herself, her youngest son, and two daughters, yet unmarried.

During the absence of Napoleone, she was regarded with such an air of caution, suspicion, and superiority by his wife, that, notwithstanding all her christianity, she can hardly forget or forgive it. She was despised as a person without birth and education, and shunned or insulted because she was believed to watch the conduct of her daughter-in-law, which could not always stand the scrutiny. When Napoleone had usurped the supreme power, she obtained apartments in the castle of the Thuilleries; but though she lives under the same roof with Madame Napoleone; she neither likes her, nor has she spared any pains to set her son against his wife. With the charitable disposition of a Corsican bigot, she has more than once intrigued to persuade the Consul to a separation, if not to a divorce; but his po-

licy and fear have gotten the better both of his own desire and the intrigues and hatred of his mother.

Since her daughter's marriage with Louis Buonaparte, Madame Napoleone has gained much influence over her husband, and in proportion lessened that of his mother, whom the Arch-bishop of Paris and her own confessor, both in the interest of Madame Napoleone, have advised to seek a reconciliation, and forget what has passed, or is supposed to have passed, injurious or offensive to her; and their advice has so far been followed, that these two ladies live in peace, though not in friendship or familiarity.

When the religious concordat had been agreed to and ratified in France, the Pope's nuncio, the Cardinal Legate Caprara, presented her from his Holiness with some very precious relics; amongst others, a finger of St. Xavier, having the quality to keep off evil and haunting spirits, because though her consular son neither believes in a God, nor in his angels and saints, she dreads ghosts, goblins, and the devil; and such is her superstitious and ridiculous terror, that she never dares to remain alone in a room, or after dark to go out without somebody to accompany her.—She passes several hours every day in consulting *soisdisant* witches, in whom she places great confidence, and in having her fortune told by cards or in coffee-cups.

It is reported in the Corsican family, that when Madame Buonaparte was pregnant with Napoleone, “an Algerine woman, slave to a Sardinian lady, travelling in Corsica, *predicted* that the child in her womb should live to create kings and dictate to emperors; but that he should perish at an early age by the hands of a young woman, with a large lip, small nose, fair hair, and black eyes.” She has such an implicit faith in this prediction, that two of her relations, whom she sent for from Corsica, were ordered back to that island, under the idea that they bore some resemblance to such a person. It is even said that Napoleone himself is not entirely free from scruples, and therefore approves his mother's failings, and weak and laughable precautions. A priest lately made his fortune by staggering her belief in this prophecy, and assuring her, *as a christian astrologer*, that, according to the Apocalypse, “She is to live to the age of ninety; after her death be proclaimed a saint, and that her son Napoleone is to be present at her canonization.” As

she is only sixty-two years old, and this priest is respected as a very virtuous and devout man, this has weakened or taken away a part of her apprehension of Napoleone dying young. Many of her intimates think that this priest was engaged by somebody in the Buonaparte family to diminish her own and her son's alarms.

Madame Buonaparte's apartments, besides relics, are crowded with phials, with drops to prolong life, and to restore youth and vigour; with boxes, containing sympathetic powders for the continuation of her son's success in the world, and his affection for her, and with counter-poisons to preserve his life from the attempts of his enemies.

At certain periods of the year she does not suffer any body besides herself to prepare and dress the Consul's victuals; and when he is not travelling, she tastes every plate containing nourishment destined for him, because a necromancer has calculated, that during some months of every year Napoleone is exposed to die by poison; but that at all times her care and inspection over his food is useful, and a preservative of his existence, health, and safety.

Madame Buonaparte has rather been a weak than a good mother to her children, oftener over-looking their faults than correcting their errors, or reprobating their offences.—She has taught them to pray to God, but not to let their conduct bespeak their reverence of religion, and their faith in a Divinity. All her sons are of vicious and immoral principles, and all her daughters have been early relaxed, corrupted, and licentious. Lucien and Madame Le Clere were her favourite children from their youth: but Napoleone was his own master, and her's, even when a boy; and she rather dreads than loves him, rather fears any accident happening to him on account of its consequence to the whole family, than with regard to him as her son; and it is for the life of the First Consul, not for the life of Napoleone Buonaparte, that she is so very anxious, that she ransacks scriptures, consults conjurors, believes in witchcraft, prays to God, and excommunicates the devil.

When Napoleone had determined to place an Imperial diadem on his guilty head, though he was certain of the submission of his slavish senators, legislators, and tribunes, he feared some explosion, or at least some resistance, from Moreau, Le Courbe, and other discontented generals, and

therefore; under different pretences; sent his nearest and dearest relatives either abroad, or into the provinces on the frontiers; to wait quietly there for the issue. To his brother Joseph he gave a commission in the army on the coast, and made him president of the Electoral College at Brussels; Lucien had already retired to Italy in disgrace, on account of his marriage with an honest woman who was no princess; and Louis was made president of the Electoral College at Turin; Jerome was wandering for pleasure on the other side of the Atlantic; and his sisters travelling for their health on the other side of the Alps. The cause of these measures of safety was easily perceived and penetrated into, even by the Corsican's French subjects; he could therefore, without adding deception to suspicion and fear, send his dear mother to Italy. But thinking, no doubt, that those who in such a cowardly manner had renounced their liberty, could not have much sense left, and that they would easily be induced to adopt as realities even the greatest absurdities and improbabilities, he exiled his mother to Rome; and his pensioners and spies disseminated, that this *dutiful* act of her *affectionate* son, was a punishment for her *disobedience* in not opposing with vigour her other son, Lucien Buonaparte's improper marriage. It also told his favourites and courtiers to be upon their guard, not to incur the displeasure of a despot whose severity did not spare even the most beloved by him.

During her journey to and in Italy, Madame Letitia was attended by a numerous suite in six carriages, and an escort of twenty-five guides. Her manner of travelling from Paris in 1804, forms a curious contrast to her manner of travelling to that capital in 1794: at that period she had taken only three places for herself and five of her children in the waggon from Toulon to Paris, so that when three of her party were riding, the other three were walking; and notwithstanding this economy, when arrived at her destination, the clerk at the waggon-office detained her and her children's bundle of clothes, she being unable to pay thirty livres, 1*l.* 5*s.* due for her journey. In 1804 she was addressed and complimented every where, lodged in chateaus or palaces, and feasted by governors, generals and prefects. In 1794, she was suspected, from her color, of being a wandering gypsey, stopped and insulted in every village, often lodged in prisons, or half starving with her children in the receptacles for the lowest



vagabonds. The cannons of the Fort St. Angelo announced, in 1804, her arrival at Rome, where, after being hailed by cardinals, she fraternized with a Pope, dined with princes, and slept in a princely hotel fitted up for her reception. Different indeed was her modest entry at Paris in 1794: after being detained and stript at the waggon-office, she was for hours repulsed, and refused shelter in garrets or in cellars, and would probably have passed the night in the street, had not the pretty eyes of her daughters inspired charitable sentiments in the bosom of a national officer on duty in a guard-house near the Palais Royal, where he, upon *certain* conditions, allowed them to share a part of his supper, and of the straw upon which he reposed.

After violence, treachery, and cruelty had delivered into Buonaparte's hands the Duke of Enghien, Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau, and the three former had been murdered, and the latter disgraced, terror silenced discontent, despotism banished opposition, and tyranny crushed patriotism; and no person in France dared murmur, much less complain, at the death-blow given to the rights of subjects, as well as to the prerogatives of legitimate sovereigns, by the Corsican Napoleone the First proclaiming himself Emperor of the French. To organize this abominable usurpation, and to effect both a religious and political revolution, the succours of the Pope were necessary. To delude this pontiff, whose mental and corporeal weakness are not inferior to his spiritual power, could not be a very difficult task, since all his cardinals and counsellors were bribed, and all his favorites and relatives purchased. The newly created Imperial Highness Letitia was, however, charged by her son to employ her pious zeal in this affair.

Devout from idleness and habit, more than from sincerity and conviction, being above the age of temptation; charitable because she had more money than she wanted, and not because she had herself been poor; and diffident, not from modesty, but from knowing her own incapacity and origin; her conduct at Rome, from not being searched through, had not only been considered as prudent, but edifying, and had often obtained the applause of Pius VII. She never missed a religious ceremony, matins, masses, vespers or processions; and her brother, Cardinal Fesch, took care that her piety should not pass unnoticed. She was never refused any pri-

vate audiences of the Pope when she demanded them, and he listened to her conversation not only without suspicion, but with pleasure. He had presented her with relicks of the most famous Saints of Rome ; she received his blessing when with him, and his prayers accompanied her when absent. He had for her sake condescended to consecrate with his own hands not only a double velvet helmet she had made for Napoleone, but some part of her own and of all her other children's wearing apparel. His Holiness had himself, during her first six weeks residence in his capital, given her four general absolutions of all her sins ; and in a secret bull, written with the miraculous blood of martyrs, absolved Napoleone as a renegade from all his sins of apostacy, as a rebel from his sin of perjury, and as an assassin from the sins of all his murdering and poisoning deeds.

To augment with his mother the number of his emissaries round the Pope, was therefore not a bad speculation of the revolutionary Emperor. And indeed, if report be true, after his Holiness had repulsed the unanimous council of the Sacred College, he could not feel strength enough to resist the devout supplication of Madame Letitia, who alone, by her influence, occasioned the Pope's sacrilegious journey to Paris, where she, at her return, on her first interview with Napoleone, in reward for the service she had rendered him, was kicked out of the room, because she dared to implore his forgiveness and ask for his reconciliation with his brothers Lucien and Jerome.

The allowance of this revolutionary Princess amounts now to six millions of livres a year (250,000*l.*) Her jewels and diamonds are valued at four millions of livres (173,000*l.*) She is lodged gratis in the Imperial palaces, and one hundred and fifty persons, including *four* confessors, are attached to her household.





## CARDINAL FESCH.

UNCLE OF BUONAPARTE.

*This Sketch of "his eminence," Cardinal FESCH, the Uncle of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, the EMPEROR of the FRENCH, is extracted from the "Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud."*

JOSEPH, Cardinal FESCH, was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 8th of March, 1763, and was in infancy received as a singing boy, (*enfant de chœur*) in a convent of his native place. In 1792, whilst he was on a visit to some of his relations, in the island of Sardinia, being on a fishing party, some distance from shore, he was, with his companions, captured by an Algerine felucca, and carried a captive to Algiers. Here he turned Mussulman, and until 1790 was a zealous believer in, and professor of, the Alcoran. In that year he found an opportunity to escape from Algiers, and to return to Ajaccio, when he abjured his renegacy, exchanged the Alcoran for the Bible, and in 1791 was made a constitutional curate, that is to say, a revolutionary Christian priest. In 1793, when even those were proscribed, he renounced the sacristy of his church for the bar of a tavern, where, during 1794 and 1795, he gained a capital by the number and liberality of his English customers. After the victories of his nephew Napoleon in Italy, during the following year, he was advised to re-assume the clerical habit; and after Napoleon's proclamation of first consul, he was made archbishop of Lyons. In 1802 Pius VII, decorated him with the Roman purple, and is now a pillar of the Roman faith, in a fair way of seizing the Roman tiara. If letters from Rome can be depended upon, Cardinal Fesch, in the name of the emperor of the French, informed his holiness the pope, that he must either retire to a convent, or travel to France, either to abdicate his own sovereignty, or inaugurate Napoleon the first, a sovereign of France. Without the decision of the sacred college, effected in the manner already stated, the majority of the faithful believe that this pontiff would have preferred obscurity to disgrace.

While Joseph Fesch was a master of a tavern, he married the daughter of a tinker, by whom he had three children. This marriage, according to the republican regulations, had only been celebrated by the municipality at Ajaccio. Fesch, therefore, upon again entering the bosom of the church, left his municipal wife and children to shift for themselves, considering himself, still, according to the canonical laws, a bachelor. But Madame Fesch, hearing in 1801, of her *cidevant* husband's promotion to the archbishopric of Lyons, wrote to him for some succours, being with her children reduced to great misery. Madame Letitia Bonaparte answered her letter, inclosing a draft of six hundred livres, (25*l.*) informing her that the same sum would be paid for every six months, as long as she continued to reside at Corsica; but that it would cease the instant she left that island. Either thinking herself not sufficiently paid for her discretion, or enticed by some enemy of the Buonaparte family, she arrived secretly at Lyons in October last year, where she remained unknown until the arrival of the Pope. On the first day his holiness gave there his public benediction, she found means to pierce the crowd, and to approach his person, when cardinal Fesch was by his side. Profiting by a moment's silence, she called out loudly, throwing herself at his feet—"Holy father! I am the lawful wife of cardinal Fesch, and these are our children; he cannot, he dare not, deny this truth. Had he behaved liberally to me, I should not have disturbed him in his present grandeur; I supplicate you, Holy Father, not to restore me my husband, but to force him to provide for his wife and children according to his present circumstances—*Matta—alloe a matta, santissimo padre!*—She is mad—she is mad—Holy father, said the cardinal; and the good pontiff ordered her to be taken care of to prevent her from doing herself or her children any mischief. She was, indeed, taken care of, because nobody ever since heard what has become either of her or her children; and as they have not returned to Corsica, probably some snug retreat has been allotted them in France.

The purple was never disgraced by a greater libertine than cardinal Fesch; his amours are numerous, and have often involved him in disagreeable scrapes. He had, in 1803, an unpleasant adventure at Lyons, which has since made his stay in that city but short. Having thrown his handker-

chief at the wife of a manufacturer of the name of Girot, she accepted it; and gave him an appointment at her house, at a time in the evening, when her husband usually went to the play. His eminence arrived in disguise, and was received with open arms—But he was hardly seated by her side before the doors of a closet were burst open, and his shoulders smarted from the lashes inflicted by an offended husband. In vain did he mention his name and rank; they rather increased than decreased the fury of Girot, who pretended it was utterly impossible for a cardinal and archbishop to be thus overtaken with the wife of one of his flock; at last madam Girot proposed a pecuniary accommodation, which after some opposition was acceded to; and his eminence signed a bond for one hundred thousand livres, 4000*l.* upon condition that nothing should transpire of this intrigue—a high price enough for a sound drubbing. On the day which the bond was due, Girot and his wife were both arrested by the police commissioner, Dubois, (a brother of the prefect of police at Paris) accused of being connected with coiners, a capital crime at present in this country. In a search made in their house, bad money to the amount of 3000 livres, 125*l.* was discovered; which they had received the day before from a person who called himself a merchant from Paris, but who was a police spy sent to entrap them. After giving up the bond of the cardinal, the emperor graciously remitted the capital punishment upon condition that they should be transported for life to Cayenne.

This is the prelate on whom Buonaparte intends to confer the Roman tiara, and to constitute a successor of St. Peter. It would not be the least remarkable event in the beginning of the remarkable nineteenth century, were we to witness the Papal throne occupied by a man, who from a singing boy, became a renegado slave; from a Mussulman a constitutional curate; from a tavern-keeper, an arch-bishop; from the son of a pedlar, the emperor; and from the husband of the daughter of a tinker, a member of the sacred college.

His sister, Madame Letitia Buonaparte, presented him in 1802, with an elegant library, for which she had paid six hundred thousand livres, 25,000*l.*—and his nephew Napoleone, allows him a pension double that amount. Besides his dignity as a prelate, his eminence is ambassador from France

at Rome, a knight of the Spanish order of the golden fleece, a grand officer of the legion of honor, almoner of the emperor of the French.

The archbishop of Paris is now in his 96th year ; and at his death, cardinal Fesch is to be transferred to the see of this capital, in expectation of the triple crown, and the keys of St. Peter.



## JOSEPH BUONAPARTE,

THE EMPEROR'S ELDEST BROTHER.

JOSEPH BUONAPARTE, the eldest brother of the First Consul, was, before the Revolution, a clerk to an attorney at Ajaccio, in Corsica. Having less vanity and less talents than many of the other members of his family, he passed his time in obscurity and penury, and continued quietly to reside in his country during its occupation by England.

When the crimes of his brother Napoleone had thrown the mistress of Barras into his arms, with the command over the army in Italy, the intrigues of the Directory caused Joseph to be chosen, for the department of Liamone, a member in the Council of Five Hundred. In this place he seldom ascended the tribune, or made himself remarked for any thing but his silent vote, always in favour of the Directorial faction and its plots to oppress and enslave Frenchmen. In the spring of 1797, he was suspected to be Barras' spy upon the conduct of the loyal members of the Legislative Body, who shunned, despised, and insulted him. From this disagreeable situation he was relieved by his brother's demand, and his promotion by the Directory, in August the same year, to be Ambassador at Rome.

Pius VI. the virtuous sovereign over the Papal territory, had some few months before, by numerous territorial and pecuniary sacrifices, bought and concluded a peace with Napoleone Buonaparte, for the French Republic and its governments. Of the contracting parties, the Pope, the only sufferer, and who alone had any real complaints to make, was the only sincere one. The directorial rulers and their general were at this period tormented by the fury of an universal republic; and their favourite plan and ambition was, to revive the ancient Roman commonwealth. No sooner, therefore, was the peace at Tolentino signed, than a swarm of jacobin emissaries were sent to Rome, to conspire and spread disaffection and atheism among the subjects of the Holy See. Determined to carry their point by their old means of exciting insurrections, the Directory had chosen

Joseph Buonaparte to protect, by his diplomatic character, and as a privileged person, the rebellious and revolutionary insurgents and traitors instigated and instructed by republican France. From the moment of his arrival, plots, insurrections, and incendiary placards were daily produced; under his influence, all persons confined for treason and sedition, or, as he *gently* termed it, for political opinions, were liberated from prison; his palace became their constant rendezvous; and he appeared as the patron of a fete, at which all the vagabonds and desperadoes in Rome were collected, called *The Feast of Liberty!* These men, headed by French jacobins, formed a plan for revolutionizing Rome. They began their career by erecting poles, as trees of liberty, surmounted with red caps, and dancing round them at midnight, and by forming false patrols to elude the police, and to throw the city into confusion; and fixed on Innocent's-day for the completion of their project. In the afternoon of the day, or on December 28th, 1797, a large party assembled in the street called the Lungara, opposite the Ambassador's residence, where a Frenchman attended, delivering to them national cockades, and six Paul-pieces, (35 shillings) to be expended in liquor. Their conversation, directed by prepared incendiaries, turned on the common topics of popular complaint, the distresses of the poor, and the dearness of provisions: a revolutionary abbe made a long harangue, interlarded and enforced by perverted texts from Holy Writ, to prove that the time was arrived for the overthrow of their existing government.

Animated by these discourses, and secure of protection from the French Ambassador, Joseph Buonaparte, the mob sallied forth, seized the guard-house, and attacked the Ponte Sesta. At this place, however, they were repulsed by the military, and pursued to the Ambassador's hotel, the Corsini palace, whither they retired for shelter. Joseph Buonaparte and his associates, hastening from their apartments, rushed into the midst of the mob with drawn swords; a great tumult and some firing ensued, in which a dozen persons lost their lives, among whom was General Duphot, affianced to Joseph's sister.

Immediately on this event, Joseph Buonaparte retired to his palace, and, on the ensuing morning, at six o'clock, quitted Rome, obstinately deaf to all propositions of ex-



planation or apology. He forwarded from Florence an exaggerated account of this transaction to France, which furnished the Directory with the pretext that they had so long and ardently desired. In vain did the Papal Government offer every kind of acknowledgment and atonement; in vain did they tender implicit and unconditional submission; orders were immediately issued for General Berthier to revolutionize Rome, and give up the country to pillage.

This faithful detail, related by loyal and able contemporary writers, unties the Gordian knot of French republican diplomatic chicanery, and the revolutionary Machiavelism of its ambassador; and almost proves what an Italian author printed at Verona in 1799, that General Buonaparte destined his brother Joseph, and his brother-in-law Duphot, for the two first consuls of the (by France) renewed Roman Republic; but which the well-merited death of Duphot, and the different views, and perhaps jealousy of the Directory, prevented from taking place.

Of the conduct of Joseph Buonaparte on this occasion opinions are not much divided; even Frenchmen agree, that he must want as well honour, religion, delicacy, and probity, as talents and sense, to suffer himself to become the despicable tool of ambition, or of the ambitious; and it is not a little degrading to the present Chief of the Roman Catholic religion, that he signed, in 1802, the concordat for establishing religion in France, with this same man, who, by his intrigues in 1797, signed the death-warrant of religion in Italy, and of his own religious predecessor.

During Napoleone's absence in Egypt, Joseph was again elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred; but the cabals of the factious at this period, the danger of notoriety, the defeat of his brother before St. Jean d'Acre, and his critical situation in Egypt, made him resign his place as a deputy, which he could no longer enjoy either with profit or safety.

At his brother's unexpected return to France, after his desertion from the army of the East, Joseph left his retreat, and, with Napoleone and Talleyrand, plotted the revolution which was effected at St. Cloud, and seated a Buonaparte upon the throne of the Bourbons. He was soon after appointed a counsellor of state in the section of the home department, or interior.

Frenchmen were now as insensible to losses as indifferent about advantages ; disgusted with the war, they disregarded victories ; and their only wish, their only cry, was Peace. Napoleone was the favourite of the people, not so much for his conquests, as for his policy of always talking of peace, and of his endeavours to obtain it. He knew, therefore, that any person of his family negotiating and signing the termination of hostilities would endear themselves to the giddy French nation ; and, by procuring a general pacification, produce a temporary tranquillity, lessen the injustice, and palliate the tyranny of his usurpation, and give him time to organize his consular government. Joseph Buonaparte was therefore sent to negotiate with Austria at Luneville in the winter of 1800, where he signed the Definitive Treaty on the 9th of February 1801. On the 10th of September following, he concluded, at Paris, a Convention with the Pope ; and at Amiens, on the 27th of March, 1802, he terminated the war with England.

When a person is backed by 500,000 bayonets, assisted by well-drawn instructions, and accompanied by able secretaries, it is neither difficult to negotiate, nor to dictate treaties, conventions, or concordats. The arguments of bayonets always carry conviction with them, shorten conferences, force sacrifices, bring about conclusions, and bid defiance to the acknowledged laws of nations, balance of power, political justice, the prerogatives of sovereigns, and the rights and liberties of the people. Austria was weakened and humiliated by the treaty of Luneville ; by the Convention at Paris the Pope was insulted, and religion degraded ; and, at the same time, the politics, morals, and religions of the Continental Nations were reduced to the same level, and made to depend entirely upon the caprice, passions, or ambition of the revolutionary and military despot in France.—Fortunately for the civilized world,—that this was not exactly the case with the Treaty of Amiens, its short duration proves ; England, therefore may yet claim the respect of contemporaries, the gratitude and admiration of posterity, as the protector of the weak, the barrier to ambition, the check to selfishness ; the example of virtuous moderation, and the guardian angel of the liberty and independence of mankind.



In the summer of 1802, Joseph Buonaparte was nominated a senator, and a grand officer of the Legion of Honour; and he has lately received the *Senatorie* of Brabant; or, which is the same thing, is made Napoleone's governor-general over Belgia, and his future residence is fixed at Brussels. He has often, particularly since the war broke out anew, been employed in missions in different departments, and, as his brother's pro-consul, presided at the Electoral Colleges, where, according to the consular constitution, candidates for the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Tribunate, are elected.

That Joseph formerly possessed the esteem and friendship of Napoleone, is evident by a letter from the latter. It was sent to him at a time when the General dreaded the consequences of his absurd and ambitious schemes, and therefore wished for retirement rather than publicity, to bury himself in oblivion upon an estate in Burgundy, rather than to head armies in Egypt and Syria. Since Napoleone has usurped the supreme power, Louis has superseded Joseph in the consular friendship, and is worthy to have done so when vice and wickedness are the principal recommendations to favour.

Joseph is a good father and husband, a dutiful son and an affectionate brother, but an indifferent and dangerous citizen in a commonwealth. He is married to a woman of obscure birth and low manners, but an estimable and good character; he loves his family and relatives, and nothing but his family and relatives. His native country, Corsica, he dislikes; he hates France and Frenchmen, and would willingly sign the destruction of any kingdom, were it necessary for his family elevation, ambition, or pretensions.

According to the *Livre Rouge* by Bourrienne, Joseph has received for an establishment two millions of livres, and as presents for his negociations one million five hundred thousand livres; he enjoys, besides, the salaries for his many high places, a yearly pension of one million two hundred thousand livres, and, as an annuity for four relations of his wife, two hundred thousand livres.



# NAPOLEONE BUONAPARTE,

EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

*Quels traits me presentent vos fastes,  
Impitoyable conquerans ?  
Des vœux outrés, des projets vastes  
Des rois vaincus par des tyrans ;  
Des murs que la flamme ravage  
Un vainqueur fumant de carnage,  
Un peuple au fers abandonné ;  
Des meres pales et sanglantes  
Arrachant leurs filles tremblantes  
Des bras d'un soldat effréné.*

J. B. ROUSSEAU.

A TRULY great man wants neither the often-envied merit of an ancestry, nor the doubtful hope of a brilliant progeny. He alone constitutes his whole race ; he makes a blot of what has been before him, and apprehends nothing of what is to succeed him. Without virtue there is no real greatness, as without religion there is no genuine virtue.— Fortune, as frequently as talents, makes the warrior victorious and the conqueror successful ; but not the fame of battles, or the renown of prosperity, any more than terror of power, can command the admiration of the good, the approbation of the humane, or the applause of the just and generous.

Who were those praising and worshipping a Cæsar, extolling and adoring an Octavius Augustus ? Were they not the base slaves of an usurpation, and not the free citizens of a commonwealth, who would as willingly and as cordially have prostrated themselves before their rivals or opposers, before a Sylla, a Pompey, a Brutus, or an Anthony ? Who are those that lavish encomiums, preach obedience, and exhort submission to a Buonaparte ? Are they not the already degraded and dishonoured slaves of a Robespierre, a Marat, a Brissot, a Merlin, and a Barras ; who have been fighting their battles, submitting to their tyranny, and magnifying their clemency, just as they now do that of the Corsican ?

All usurpers have been despised by the virtuous, dreaded by the weak and timorous, obeyed by the vicious and the cowardly, associated with by the treacherous, disaffected, and guilty ; and if all usurpers are " damned to everlasting fame," their base tools deserve everlasting contempt ; because they are the accomplices of their crimes, the obscure instruments of their elevation, without an adequate profit or advantage to diminish their infamy, to extenuate their rebellion, or to palliate or excuse their seduction or desertion from the cause of honor and of loyalty.

Of the accomplices or slaves of ancient usurpers, but little is known ; oblivion has erased and concealed most of their names, although history has recorded their guilt ; but we know that Cæsar descended from a noble family, and that Octavius was his nephew ; we are ignorant, however, who were their relatives, what places they filled, what authority they exerted, what riches they possessed, what influence they had, what good they effected, or what evil they prevented.

By the short and imperfect sketches contained in this small volume, some of Buonaparte's revolutionary predecessors, and many of his criminal associates, are made known, as they deserve, without flattery and without falsehood ; and the pedigree of his family has been traced, both as it has been represented by his friends and by his adversaries.

The plan of this work does not permit the author either to follow him through his campaigns in Italy, or to wander with him in Egypt ; to discuss the cause, means, and manner of his usurpation ; to penetrate into the secret views of his ambition, or to speculate upon his future intentions, as a First Consul in France, as a President in Italy, or as a Tyrant over thirty millions of Frenchmen, six millions of Italians, two millions of Helvetians, and three millions of Batavians.\* Others have already painted the hero, admired the victor, illustrated the conqueror and bowed to the usurper. Panegyric has been exhausted, comparison worn out, praise wasted, made common and nauseous. The annals, the monuments of the ancients, and the memoirs, the works,

*\* We refer our readers to the history of the military life of Buonaparte, published by Warner & Hanna, of this city.*

the history, and all the productions of the moderns, and of modern ingenuity, have been ransacked to find words applicable to a man, who, for the honour of humanity, had no equal in former times, and only one person nearly resembling him in the present age, who, like himself, from a subject and citizen, became a rebel, and from a rebel a tyrant.—The parallel between Maximilian Robespierre and Napoleon Buonaparte is more striking than many are aware of; and their revolutionary and cruel characters bear surprising traits of likeness; more, no doubt, than will be remembered or recorded in this sketch.—In 1793, France suffered, and Europe was disturbed by the revolutionary anarchy of Robespierre; in 1803, France is enslaved, and Europe dishonoured, by the revolutionary tyranny of Buonaparte.

Robespierre and Buonaparte are both children of the same parent—the French Revolution; they are brother *sans-culottes*; brother jacobins; fellow-subjects of the sovereign people; fellow-propagators of fraternity; fellow-apostates of equality; and fellow-destroyers of liberty in the name of liberty itself. Fellow-rebels to their King, they have both usurped his throne; and fellow-apostates of their religion, they have both used religion as an instrument to support their usurpation.

Robespierre had but little revolutionary experience; Buonaparte has had a perfect revolutionary education. That the same blood runs in the veins of both, the equally sanguinary measures employed to obtain power, and the equally bloody deeds to preserve it, prove beyond contradiction; but the impolitic terror employed by the one, has strengthened and confirmed the political oppression of the other.

The murder and massacre of the Parisians in the prisons, September 1792, laid the foundation of the greatness of Robespierre; the murder and massacre of the Parisians in the streets, October 1795, laid the foundation of the greatness of Buonaparte.—Both were, however, previously known in the bloody annals of the Revolution; both had already given proofs of their revolutionary civism. Robespierre planned the massacre at Avignon in October 1791; and Buonaparte headed the massacre at Toulon in December, 1793.

Robespierre had his Danton—Buonaparte his Barras.—The advice of Danton assisted Robespierre; the protection of Barras advanced Buonaparte. Robespierre, to become

Dictator, espoused the interest of Danton; Buonaparte to become a general, married the mistress of Barras. Robespierre sent Danton to the scaffold; Buonaparte sent Barras into exile. The one murdered an accomplice; the other disgraced a benefactor, whom he dared not murder.

At the head of the Committee of Public Safety, Robespierre crowded the prisons with suspected Frenchmen; at the head of the army in Egypt, Buonaparte poisoned the wounded Frenchmen who crowded his hospitals. Robespierre guillotined *en masse* French aristocrats; Buonaparte poisoned *en masse* French soldiers. Fear moved the axe of Robespierre's guillotine; cruelty distributed the poisonous draught of Buonaparte. Cowardice made Robespierre a murderer; calculation made Buonaparte a poisoner. The one destroyed those whom he feared as enemies; the other poisoned those friends who had served him as soldiers.—Robespierre gave no quarter to his enemies; Buonaparte massacred, in cold blood, enemies to whom he had given quarter.

Robespierre declared a war of extermination against La Vendee; Buonaparte, by a perfidious peace, exterminated the Royalists of La Vendee. The one burned and plundered their property as enemies; the other imprisoned, transported, and murdered their persons when friends.

Robespierre, in his proclamations, threatened all Europe with a revolution; Buonaparte, by his negotiations, has revolutionized the whole Continent of Europe. Robespierre, with his guillotine, proposed to establish an universal anarchy; Buonaparte, with his bayonets, proposes to establish an universal slavery.

Robespierre spoke of humanity, while sending hundreds every day to the scaffold; Buonaparte talks of generosity, while sending to prison thousands of innocent travellers, protected by all the laws of nations and of hospitality.

Robespierre *bravely* ordered no quarter to be given to British soldiers, Buonaparte *nobly* imprisons Britons who are no soldiers.

Under Robespierre, thousands of Frenchmen were in fetters; under Buonaparte, the whole French nation is enslaved.

Robespierre called all legal Princes tyrants; Buonaparte wishes to tyrannize over all legal Princes.



Robespierre, in his speeches, abused and insulted all Monarchs; Buonaparte, by his negotiations, has degraded Monarchy itself.

Robespierre proscribed commerce in France, by publishing a maximum; Buonaparte expects to revive commerce, by establishing a maximum upon thrones.

Robespierre, when a Dictator, to undermine thrones, continued to use the manners and language of a citizen *sans-culotte*; Buonaparte, when a Consul, to crush thrones, speaks to kings as if they were *sans-culottes*, and emperors as if they were his fellow-citizens.

Robespierre was a revolutionary fanatic; Buonaparte is a revolutionary hypocrite. The one was blood-thirsty through fear and fanaticism; the other is cruel by nature, from ambition and self-interest. The one boldly told all mankind, that he was its enemy; the other acts as the enemy of all mankind, while pretending to be its friend. The one decreed death to any one who should speak of peace; the other meditates slavery, plots ruin, and prepares death by his pacifications.

The names of the victims who perished by Robespierian cruelty were published in the daily papers; the names of those victims of Buonapartes's cruelty who perish by the arms of his military commissions, by poison in his dungeons, by suffering during transportations, or by misery in the wilds of Cayenne, are only known to himself, to his accomplices, and to his executioners.—Robespierre's victims were tried and condemned before they were executed; the victims of Buonaparte are condemned without a trial, and executed without condemnation.

The revolutionary fanaticism of Robespierre, like the religious one of Cromwell, sent his king to the scaffold; the revolutionary hypocrisy and ambition of Buonaparte, like that of Cromwell, keeps his legal king from his hereditary throne.

The friends of Robespierre pretend that he died a martyr to his cause, as a revolutionary enthusiast; Buonaparte is a revolutionary sophist, who probably will perish the martyr of his own Machiavelism.

Robespierre was a Fleming; Buonaparte is a Corsican; the one born at Arras in Flanders, the other at Ajaccio in Corsica; the one in the northern, the other in the southern part of the French empire—neither was a Frenchman.

Robespierre has only been seen during the existence of foreign wars, civil troubles, and domestic factions; Buonaparte is firmly seated upon the throne of the Bourbons, all enemies are vanquished, all troubles are quieted, and all factions dissolved. What Robespierre would have done in his situation, it is impossible to say; but we have all witnessed, and yet witness, the proscription of liberty, the subversion of laws, the incertitude of property, and the organized military despotism of Buonaparte. The First Consul of the French Republic, and the sovereign of forty millions of slaves, shews every day the low whims, the mean caprices, the degrading vices, and the unbecoming passions of a Corsican adventurer, and the little soul of a fortunate upstart.

After this brief comparison, it may, however be said, without exaggeration,

*Le masque tombe, l'homme reste,  
Et le héros s'évanouit.*

And indeed, when, without any colouring, amplification, or aggravation, only some of the atrocities of the Corsican First Consul have been related, it is to be apprehended, that even the MAN will disappear, and a monster remain; having nothing human but the shape, with the heart and ferocity of a tiger, and the cunning and treachery of the fox; artful and mischievous as a monkey, and blood-thirsty as a wolf.

Educated in a public military school at the expence of his virtuous sovereign, Napoleone Buonaparte received, at the age of seventeen, from the same Prince, a commission as lieutenant of artillery, and new duties were added to former obligations; but no sooner sounded the trumpet of revolt, than he was one of the first to join its colours; and he became a traitor and a rebel before he was a man.

Among the many other loyal officers in the regiment which Buonaparte disgraced by his principles and conduct, was Lieut. Philipeaux, who was educated with him in the college at Autun, and afterwards at the military school at Brienne, and who had hitherto been his friend. Philipeaux was frank, brave, and liberal; Buonaparte conceited, selfish, and mean; these opposite characters could not, therefore, long remain

in unison, when experience and maturity, while they improved the judgment of the one, served but to expose, in more pointed colours, the vicious propensities of the other.

Both Philipeaux and Buonaparte had, from the absurd and dangerous system of education prevailing in France during its monarchical form of government, imbibed at an early age an admiration of the Grecian and Roman republics. Each had his chosen heroes of antiquity, whom he desired to imitate in his method, manners, and language. While Philipeaux rather inclined to the mild and amiable philosophy of a Tully, the cruel and unfeeling stoicism of a Cato and of a Brutus was the admiration of Buonaparte.

When the Revolution broke out, these two young men discussed, according to their different notions, what they owed to their king, to their country, and to themselves.—Buonaparte, confounding stoicism with egotism, as he more than once already had done with cruelty, tried in vain to persuade his friend to regard the present political convulsions of France as referring only to themselves, and the hope it held out to them of rapid advancement among the civil troubles of parties, and the struggles of factions. Philipeaux's loyalty remained unshaken by all the efforts of his friend's sophistry; and neither certainty of rank, nor prospect of riches, could move the heart of a person firm in his duty, both as a subject to his king, and as a Christian to his God.

The revolutionary fanaticism of Buonaparte soon exceeded all bounds; by associating with Championet, and other persons notorious in the cause of rebellion, he insulted the feelings of Philipeaux, who soon ceased to be any longer his friend. In 1790, by taking the decreed oath of the nation, which annulled his former oath of allegiance to his prince, Buonaparte proved that he was unworthy the attachment of the friend of his youth; and, in proportion as their mutual affection had been great, their reciprocal hatred became violent. At the mess of their regiment, Philipeaux publicly insulted him as a perjured traitor; but, as this fashionable patriotism had been combined with a no less fashionable prudence, he declined (though so contrary to the nice principles of honour among the French military serving the King) either to demand an explanation, or to take satisfaction as a gentleman or as an officer. He was,



in consequence, excluded from the mess ; and, in revenge, he excited the jacobins to attack the whole corps of officers with their usual calumnies, abusing them as aristocrats, and threatening them with the lamp-post, or, as it was then called, the lantern of the sovereign people. To spare their countrymen from fresh crimes, most of the officers, and among others Philipeaux, emigrated.

Imprudence, or the want of discrimination, often misleads young and warm minds, who feel as a want, the pleasure to be derived from communicating with and confiding in a friend ; but who cease to feel so forcibly that sympathy when age has matured their reason. This base and cowardly behaviour of Buonaparte, therefore, convinced Philipeaux that he had hitherto fostered a serpent in his bosom, and made him remember many particulars of their earliest youth, which caused him to be ashamed of having so long been the dupe of a man, whose ferocious and atrocious sentiments he had often witnessed ; but which, instead of ascribing to a deeply vicious heart, he conceived to originate from a head turned by wrong ideas of stoicism.

He recollected, that at the age of twelve, in the College of Autun, Buonaparte had a favourite dog which had belonged to his deceased father, who was particularly fond of him, and on his death-bed had bequeathed him to Napoleon to be taken care of. For fifteen months this dog had been his constant and faithful attendant ; when one night, by stealing a part of his master's supper, he offended him so much, that after a cruel beating, Buonaparte swore the dog should never live another supper-time ; the next day he put his threat into execution, by nailing the poor animal alive against the wall, and cutting him up deliberately, that he might be the longer tormented !!!

At the age of fifteen, in the military school at Brienne, Buonaparte had an intrigue with the daughter of a washer-woman, who found herself in a state of pregnancy. He consulted Philipeaux how to extricate himself from this disagreeable affair ; and was advised by him to give her some money to carry her to the lying-in-hospital at Lyons, and Philipeaux offered his purse to assist him. The money was accepted ; but within twenty-four hours the unfortunate girl perished with her child, victims to the early cruelty of this young monster, who had brought her some pills, as he said,

to produce an abortion or a miscarriage; but which, in fact, were composed of, or mixed with verdigris and arsenic.—The protection of M. de Marbœuf, however, the interest and reputation of the school, and a sum of money given by his protector to the girl's mother, saved him from a well-deserved punishment.

On the day that his poisoned mistress had been buried, he began to court her younger sister, and thus augmented his former unrepented guilt by base insensibility. Friendship, often as blind as love, ascribed to imitated stoicism, what was the mere effect of rooted wickedness.

His greatest amusement, when a boy, was to frequent the public hospitals when any dreadful or disgusting operations were to be performed, and to regard the pains and agonies of the sufferer, and of the dying. With what little money he had, he paid the attendants in these abodes of misery, to be informed when any scene of horror, conformable to his feelings, was expected to take place; and he diverted himself often with his comrades, in mimicking the convulsive struggles of suffering or expiring humanity. He piqued himself on having seen, before he was fifteen, 544 operations, or amputations, and the agonies or deaths of 160 persons.

After the emigration of most of the officers, Buonaparte was promoted to the rank of captain. In the course of the revolution he was often employed in different expeditions; but his situation was obscure, his exertions unnoticed, and his character suspected, on account of his known connections with intriguers of all parties, either aristocrats or jacobins, either Frenchmen or Corsicans. After resigning his company in the regiment of artillery de la Fère, he obtained a battalion of National Guards in Corsica, where, being suspected of plotting the surrender of that island to the English, Lecourbe, St. Michael, and two other deputies of the National Convention, ordered him to be arrested. This circumstance obliged him to leave the army; and he was residing, in indigence, eight leagues from Toulon, when, in 1793, that city was in the possession of the English: Salicetti, one of the deputies on mission with the republican army, having some acquaintance with Buonaparte, recommended him to his colleague Barras, and he was employed during the siege with the rank of a chef de

brigade. The cruelties which followed the surrender of Toulon he commenced or committed. By a deceitful proclamation, all the inhabitants who had employment under the English during their occupation of Toulon, who had *served* or *lodged* any Englishman, or who had been *suspected* to have favoured their entry and the capitulation of that city, either *directly* or *indirectly*, were ordered, under pain of death, to meet in the grand square, called Le Champ de Mars, on a fixed day and hour. Upwards of fifteen hundred men, women, and children, assembled there in consequence of this proclamation; Buonaparte then desired all those who wished to escape punishment and death to cry out—*Vive la Republique!* With one voice these unfortunate persons called out, the Republic forever! This was the signal for their destruction. Cannons loaded with grape shot killed some and wounded and maimed others, who were dispatched with swords and bayonets. The official report of this ferocious performance is contained in the following letter from Buonaparte, addressed to Citizen Barras, Freron, and Robespierre the younger, representatives of the people, dated Toulon, the 29th Frimaire, Year 2, (December 24th, 1793.)

“CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES,

“Upon the field of glory, my feet inundated with the blood of traitors, I announce to you, with a heart beating with joy, that your orders are executed, and France revenged; neither sex nor age have been spared; those who escaped, or were only mutilated by the discharge of our republican cannon, were dispatched by the swords of liberty and the bayonets of equality.

“Health and admiration,

“BRUTUS BUONAPARTE,

“Citizen sans-culottes.”

It was the fashion in 1792 and 1793, among the *exclusive* patriots, as they were called, to assume Roman and Grecian names; intending thereby to exclude from modern republicanism, and to regard as suspected, or to proscribe every citizen, who, as Dubois Creancé, one of them proposed, at the club of the jacobins, could not prove, that, in case of a return of order and religion, a gibbet was merited

by and would reward his patriotism.—This was the first time, but not the last, that Napoléone Buonaparte changed his Christian name. In 1796 he was again Napoleone Buonaparte; but in 1798 he became Ali Buonaparte; and in 1800, *tout court*, Buonaparte.

After the death of Robespierre, the horrors that he had excited at Toulon caused him to be arrested as a terrorist, and sent prisoner to Nice. As, however, it was impossible to prosecute all the subordinate agents in those disgraceful scenes, he was, with many of his accomplices, released by the amnesty of the National Convention; but, on his return to Paris, failing in his efforts to procure employ, he was reduced to extreme distress and penury. In this desperate situation, he was again recommended to the notice of Barras, drawn forth from his place of concealment, and invested with the command of the artillery to be employed in murdering and subjugating the people of Paris.

The regicide National Convention (which had overthrown the monarchy and the church, murdered its king, disturbed all Europe, and made all Frenchmen wretched), when forced to resign its usurped power, wishing partly to continue it, decreed the re-election of two thirds of its guilty members. This was opposed by all respectable and loyal citizens; among others, by the sections, and by the inhabitants of Paris, who prepared, with arms in their hands, to defend their violated rights.

Pichegru, Moreau, and other known and distinguished generals, were applied to; but refused to command the conventional troops destined to perpetuate rebellion by exterminating its opposers. Buonaparte and other millitary criminals, were then resorted to, and dragged forward from their hiding-places; and thus, by perpetrating new crimes, they exchanged their well-deserved obscurity for a dreadful notoriety.

On the night of the 4th of October, 1795, preceding that which was to decide the fate of the National Convention and the new constitution, the two parties drew out their forces under circumstances widely different. The soldiers of the Convention were well armed, long disciplined, amply supplied with ammunition, and drilled into unanimity: the insurgent Parisian sections were deprived of the greater part of their arms, in consequence of the late insurrections;

they had no artillery, and but a small supply of ammunition for their muskets; they had never seen any military service; and so far were they from being unanimous in any political sentiment, save that which occasioned their momentary combination, that it was judged expedient to avoid every discussion, and every allusion to general affairs, and to limit their demands, and their rallying word, to the single proposition of a free election, and no compulsory return of the two-thirds from the members of the Convention. The individuals who appeared in this insurrection were not, as on former occasions, the refuse of villany and infamy, the dregs of the suburbs, and the sweepings of the gaols; but their decent appearance, and the neatness in their dress, exposed them to the ridicule of their adversaries, who contemptuously inquired whether a successful insurrection had ever been conducted by gentlemen with powdered heads and silk stockings?

General Danican, the commander of the troops of the Parisian sections, feeling the insufficiency of his force for a manual contest, was anxious to avoid hostilities, and spent great part of the night in haranguing the troops of the Convention, under Barras and Buonaparte, and attempting to persuade them, that, as fellow-citizens, the cause of the people was their own. He found great difficulty in making himself heard, amid the persevering cry of *Vive la Convention!* which the battalions on duty were instructed to vociferate. Many hot-headed men of his own party were eager to engage; and Buonaparte, and the other satellites of the Convention, confiding in their superior numbers, were desirous of hostilities, as the sure means of establishing their own power, and repressing all future exertions to counteract their unwarrantable assumption of authority. Danican did not, however, neglect other precautions suitable to his situation; and, by his efforts in the course of the night, his adherents were placed in a more respectable position than their numbers or their force had appeared to promise. Several of the sections, summoned by missionaries from the Convention to lay down their arms, had returned a resolute refusal; and the dread lest the soldiery should be persuaded to decline firing on the people, rendered the strongest party uneasy, though they persevered in their original determination to try the utmost extremes of blood, fire and famine, rather than recede.



The troops of the Convention were reinforced during the next night, by twenty thousand men from the country; the generals who were suspected of an inclination to avoid the effusion of blood, were exchanged for others incapable of remorse or shame; the troops were intrenched, and the best positions secured. The Primary Assemblies were convened in the section of Le Pelletier; but the sanguine confidence of some, and the treacherous insinuations of others, bore down the prudent counsels of General Danican; and it was resolved to attack the troops of the Convention in their strong hold, not from the expectation of advantage in a regular conflict, but from a blind hope and foolish confidence that the military would not fire on the people.

The line of defence occupied by the Convention extended from the *Pont-neuf* along the quays on the right bank of the Seine, to the *Champs Elysées*, and was continued to the Boulevards. The people were masters of the *Rue St. Honoré*, the *Place de Vendôme*, *St. Roch*, and the *Place du Palais Royal*; but they were without order, or a common point of action; and the nature of the insurrection had rendered it impossible to establish any. The Convention, pursuing the system which they had so often before tried with success, wasted a great portion of the day in sending deputies to harangue the sections, and in receiving and discussing propositions of peace; but during the whole time thus gained, they were employed in reinforcing their positions, adding to their supplies, and raising the spirits of their troops. They knew that the insurrection must grow languid towards the evening, especially as those engaged in it had been exposed during the whole day, and part of the preceding night, to a storm, with a torrent of rain. Their scheme was attended with as complete success as they could wish for. Fervent debates in the Convention, messages, and an equivocating letter from the committees to Danican, kept the people employed in discussion instead of action during the day; but as evening approached, when the general of the insurgents was preparing to withdraw his troops in separate portions, each of its own *arrondissement*, the forces of the Convention changed their position; the post of the citizens at *St. Roch* was fired upon from a house in the *Cul de Sac Dauphin*, and the scene of carnage was begun. The citizens made at first some resistance, but the artillery, commanded by the cruel Buonaparte, swept



the streets in every direction, killed or wounded every person walking in them ; and the insurgents, neither sufficiently numerous nor desperate enough to rush forward and seize the cannon, retreated in every direction, concealing themselves in houses and under gateways, and finally in the church of St. Roch ; while great numbers fled from the spot, crying treason, and spreading alarm and despair in every direction. All the barricades erected to oppose the progress of the troops of the Convention, were beaten down by Buonaparte's cannon, and men, women, and children, killed without mercy. Every expedient for resistance failed ; and the insurgents being dispersed, and Danican himself obliged to ensure his safety by concealment, the regicide Convention remained victorious ; and during the whole night repeated discharges of cannon announced their triumph, and prevented any new rallying of their opponents.

Eight thousand mutilated carcasses, of both sexes and of all ages, were the horrible trophies presented to the French nation by Buonaparte's first victory as a general ; but as he never before had filled any superior command, it is necessary to exhibit his principles and patriotism in their true colours, by showing, from impartial and loyal authors, of what sort of men a Convention was composed, for whom Buonaparte had been fighting, or rather butchering.

The general character, however, of this body, at once contemptible and formidable, atrociously wicked, and abjectly mean, cannot be given complete, without a distinct revision of its acts, which, in government, religion, finance, jurisprudence, and warfare, exhibit but one principle—a resolute pursuit of a given object, with a total disregard of the opinions of mankind, and a contempt of all established or avowed principles of morality or good faith. But perverse and ignorant men, suddenly possessed of all the wealth, strength, and resources of an ingenious, rich, and powerful nation, could not, without a peculiar mixture of ferocity and wickedness, have committed the acts which stigmatized the Convention ; nor could the mighty energies which they aroused and guided have been directed to so few purposes of real national good, but for the folly which generally accompanies extreme vice and depravity, and renders the triumphs of villany bitter, even in the most ardent moment of enjoyment.

The general abstracts of the acts of the Convention, and the effects of its existence, is thus detailed by Prudhomme, who, from an outrageous jacobin, became a repentant citizen, and, to prove his sincerity, recorded the atrocities of his former accomplices. The sittings of the French National Convention continued thirty-seven months and four days; during which time, 11,210 laws were enacted; 360 conspiracies and 140 insurrections denounced; and 18,613 persons put to death by the guillotine. The civil war at Lyons cost 31,200 men; that at Marseilles, 729. At Toulon, 14,325 were destroyed; and in the reactions in the South, after the fall of Robespierre, 750 individuals perished. The war in La Vendee is computed to have caused the destruction of 900,000 men, and more than 20,000 dwellings. Impressed with images of terror, 4790 persons committed suicide, and 3400 women died in consequence of premature deliveries; 20,000 are computed to have died of famine, and 1550 were driven to insanity. In the colonies, 124,000 white men, women, and children, and 60,000 people of colour, were massacred; two towns, and 3200 habitations, were burnt. The loss of men in the war is estimated, though certainly below the real truth, at 800,000; while 123,789, who had emigrated in the course of the Revolution, were, by the Convention, for ever excluded from their country.

Enchanted with Buonaparte's *humanity* and bravery in the streets of Paris, his protector Barras first made him second in command in the army of the Interior, and in a short time afterwards commander in chief over the same army. During the winter of 1795, to qualify himself for his new appointment, and to retain an interest with the Director Barras, Buonaparte wedded the widow of Alexander Beauharnois, who had, since the murder of her husband, in the time of Robespierre, exchanged with Barras complaisance for protection, and who brought her new husband, as a portion, the command over the army in Italy.

The military talents of Buonaparte were not unknown to, or undervalued by, the Allies; but their armies in Italy were not put on a footing sufficiently respectable to encounter those of the Republic; they were vastly inferior in number, and of different nations: Austrians, Italians, Sardinians, Neapolitans, Swiss, and Tuscans, all divided among them-

selves by national jealousies instigated or kept up by French emissaries. Buonaparte's troops were both numerous and united, and mostly composed of veterans and warriors instructed in the school of Pichegru, and by him accustomed to order, bravery, discipline, and victory.

The Duke of Modena paid millions to Buonaparte for the neutrality of his dominions, and to obtain the guarantee of the French republic for their integrity. But the French Général, after pocketing the money, continued to treat Modena, as a conquered country; and by his advice, within six months after this treaty of peace, neutrality, and guarantee, the French Government incorporated this duchy with the Cisalpine Republic, and the Duke of Modena died an exile in Germany. *Without being at war*, the Pope was forced to conclude a peace with Buonaparte, and to give up some of his most valuable provinces to augment the departments of the Corsican's newly-formed republic; and, two years afterwards, the Pope died a prisoner in France, after having seen the wretchedness of his subjects, and the ruin of his country with that of his government. The King of Naples made numerous pecuniary and other sacrifices to obtain peace and neutrality; but French intrigues and conspirators were more dangerous than French soldiers. When France was no longer an enemy, its emissaries perverted the loyalty of his subjects; and fourteen months of French friendship obliged his Sicilian Majesty (to avoid the destiny of the Pope) to fly from his capital, and be indebted to an English fleet for his safety, for his throne, and for his life.

In such a manner did Buonaparte act, and such were some of the consequences of his victories over, and his negotiations with, most of the powers in Italy, whom French ambition treated as enemies, French cupidity received as friends, and French treachery weakened, ruined, or annihilated.—When a man is destitute of every sentiment of common justice, generosity, and liberality; has no political faith or honour, and no religious principles; he must be as unfeeling; barbarous, and tyrannical over his countrymen, and and those immediately under his command and disposal, as he has been base and cruel with foreigners and strangers.

In the opinions of the inconsistent and degenerated French republicans, as well as in those of some people in other countries, the conqueror of Italy had erased the

crimes of the murderer at Toulon and at Paris: but that a vicious nature does not change with fortune, nor a depraved character with public opinion, the following letter, written in 1797 by a French general, and transmitted to this country by an ambassador of one of the powers allied to the French Republic, will prove. Its original will be found in No. 101 of "*Paris pendant l'Année 1797.*" Its republication at present adds new conviction to what has already been affirmed; it identifies the *Hero* of 1797 with the *Consul* of 1803; and serves to establish more firmly the truth of those atrocities of which the Corsican has been publicly accused, both before and since the time at which it was written.

"Escaped at last from the long and cruel fatigues of the most murderous of wars, I am just arrived from the army of Italy, after being lamed for life at the battle of Arcola.— I have paid the debt of gratitude which I owed to my country; I have given her proofs of my zeal and of my love, and have sealed them with my blood. Become an invalid in the bloom of youth, and no longer able to fight in her service, I am entitled to her protection. In her bosom have I sought an asylum; and no longer able to serve her with an arm paralysed by the steel of the enemy, I nevertheless devote to her a heart which adores her, and a holy boldness in denouncing to her (I will not say abuses, that would be too cold an expression, but) deeds of atrocity, at which Nero himself would have blushed, and which Suetonius would not have dared to impute to that monster.

"Believe me, I do not dispute the great military talents of Buonaparte; his successes speak for themselves. But what I contend for is, that Buonaparte is the most dangerous of all the French citizens; that Buonaparte is a citizen in the manner of Cæsar; that it is in the manner of Cæsar that he loves equality; and that it is with all the contempt which Cæsar entertained for the senate of Rome, that Buonaparte speaks of the government of France. For the truth of my assertion, I appeal to all who are in the habit of being constantly about his person. He is Gustavus in the midst of battle: but, like Gustavus, he pants for a throne and a crown, not to set it upon the head of this or that prince, but to place it upon his own.

"The most violent satraps of the great king had less power, and certainly less insolence and less vanity, than

Buonaparte has given proofs of during his campaigns in Italy.

" These are facts of the greatest notoriety. I only relate what all have seen, what every general has heard, and what all are ready to depose whenever they are called on by the Directory, with the exception of a wretch of the name of *Le Clerc* (the slave of Robespierre), of *Rusca*, a drinker of blood and a shameless robber, and of a few brigands of the same stamp.

" Ardently do I hope that some one more skilful than myself will furnish the public with a detail of the atrocities committed by Buonaparte: they exceed all possible belief! I call upon every true Frenchman, now at the head of our armies in Italy, to save their country and their fellow-citizens, and to declare to the Directory what they know of the facts which I am about to denounce. I call too upon the Directory, to interrogate the best generals in the army. Guarantee them but from the *poniard* of Buonaparte; then will they speak out, and this is what they will depose:

" Buonaparte, besides the contributions which he levies, exacts also enormous sums for himself, and appropriates to his own use as much of the spoliation of the countries that he has devastated as suits his convenience; this money is lodged in the hands of several bankers at Genoa, Leghorn, and Venice. Very considerable sums also have been sent into Corsica.

" Buonaparte is at once the vainest and the most impudent of mortals. But he unites the vanity of a child with the atrocity of a demon.

" I say—(and it is what twenty thousand men know without daring to say it, but what all will say, now that, like another Curtius, I throw myself into the gulf, for the safety of my brethren in arms)—I say, that in no age, and under no tyrant, have crimes more enormous been committed, than those which are daily perpetrated under the direction and authority of Buonaparte!

" Will it be credited, that in the hospitals appropriated to the sick and wounded, the surgeons devoted to Buonaparte have a *constant order*, as soon as they see a sick soldier past recovery, or one whose incurable wounds will render him no longer of use to the service, to set a mark upon his bed; which fatal mark announces to the attendants that this



victim is to be carried away with the dead! He is accordingly thrown into a waggon appointed to remove the dead bodies to the grave, and is generally *strangled* or *smothered*! But notwithstanding these precautions, as the carriages move along to the place of interment, the cries and groans of the unfortunate men about *to be buried alive* may be distinctly heard on all sides! To this horrible fact I have myself been an eye-witness, as well as to what I am going to relate.

“ In the month of July 1797, after an action which took place near Salo, on the Lac de Guarda, Buonaparte gave orders that, *not only the dead, but the dying and wounded, should be buried!* The wretched victims were placed upon five waggons, and at midnight were dragged to an enormous ditch, and precipitated therein. The cries of the living being distinctly heard, the monsters threw down eight loads of burning lime upon them, which, falling upon the undressed wounds of the poor victims, caused them to send forth such piercing moans, that the virtuous curate of Salo, seized with horror at the transaction, died in consequence of the affright!

“ Such are the atrocities to which I have been an eye-witness, and which I denounce to all men and to all ages! If the Directory wish to be satisfied as to the truth of my assertions, they have it in their power to be so. I do not sign my name to this letter, as I am not desirous of being assassinated before the examination of the crimes that I have denounced can take place. I call upon the Directory to verify the facts; and, that done, I will immediately present myself before them as a witness. In the mean time, I shall make myself known to Rewbell.”

This letter speaks for itself; and if Rewbell did not denounce or punish Buonaparte at that time, it was because he had shared with him some of his plunder of Italy; and that the Corsican was, besides, necessary to the revolution which Rewbell, Barras, and La Reveilliere prepared, and which actually took place on the 4th of September, 1797.

Nearly at the same period when Buonaparte committed, or ordered to be committed, these enormities, he dispatched a letter to the Arch-duke Charles, with proposals for a termination of hostilities couched in terms of the most impudent hypocrisy as to his own sentiments, and insult as to



the conduct of Great Britain. "As for me, General (said Buonaparte), *if the overture which I have the honour to make to you can save the life of a SINGLE man, I shall pride myself more upon the civic crown which my CONSCIENCE will tell me I shall thus have deserved, than upon the melancholy glory which arises from military success.*" What a heart must that man have, who coldly speculates upon sufferings and destruction, by commanding, with a cruel indifference, the burial *alive* of his wounded soldiers! What barefaced impudence must he possess, and how great must his contempt have been, both for the prince to whom he wrote, and for mankind in general, to dare to talk of a conscience, and to make use of expressions of tenderness and humanity, whilst acting as the most profoundly perverted and atrocious of all tyrants, either ancient or modern? But such has been the hypocritical and deceitful jargon of all revolutionary heroes. Demons in their minds, sentiments, and behaviour, they were angels in their words. Robespierre spoke of liberty and virtue, while two hundred and fifty thousand families crowded his prisons, and hundreds daily ascended his scaffolds; just as Buonaparte writes of a conscience, when all his actions bid defiance to a divinity as well as to humanity.

Before the atrocious and sanguinary tragedy of the reduction of Switzerland was accomplished, treachery and ambition had carried Buonaparte into Egypt, and with him the wretchedness of French fraternity and the horrors of unprovoked aggression. While the uninformed in France, as well as other countries, were amused by pretences of a powerful preparation for the invasion of England, and Buonaparte went even so far as to swindle monied men out of a loan upon the credit of the plunder of this country; those who examined more considerately the place and manner of equipping the armament, were satisfied that its destination was for some other coast, and public expectation had already pointed out that of Egypt. It was so secret, that, during the monarchy, many projectors, who hoped to recommend themselves by suggesting extensive enterprises, had lodged, as far back as in the time of Louis XIV. in the offices of different ministers, projects for the subjugation of Egypt; but the old government, having always some regard to appearances, and some consideration for the lives of the peo-

ple, had not ventured to patronize an undertaking, which could not be achieved without the infamy of assailing the dominions of an ancient and unprovoking ally, and the probable sacrifice of a great portion of the army in conquering a tract of land situated in an untried climate, where privations and diseases of every kind would thin their ranks. and make them execrate the fatal ambition of their rulers. Recent travellers from France had described Egypt in terms widely different from those in which the experience of earlier and more honest ages had depicted it; and the hopes of possessing a land replete with means of colonization and commerce, combined with that of destroying the power of Great Britain in India, were supposed sufficient motives with republican France for the violation of all treaties and the oblivion of all rights.

Buonaparte was entrusted with the command of this expedition; and in assuming this station, his personal ambition to tread the ground which had been impressed by the victorious footsteps of Alexander and Cæsar was subservient to the views of the Directory, who hated, feared, and, according to Carnot, were anxious to destroy him. Probably both the rulers and the general were acting with refined artifice and duplicity; they hoped to deprive him of the advantages resulting from the command of an army which he had led *to glory*, by involving that army in a tedious and uncertain expedition; while he, relying on his renown and popularity, and desirous to avoid interfering personally in the transactions of the congress at Rastadt, which then engaged the attention of all Europe, accepted the command of the expedition, though intended, as his intercepted letters prove, to accomplish the first part of its destination only, and to return to France in the autumn.

Whatever sagacity might be exerted in conjectures respecting the destination of the French fleet, which, including transports, amounted to upwards of four hundred sail, nothing certain could be learnt: the troops sent for embarkation were called the right wing of the army of England; but the squadron being assembled in the port of Toulon, and the collection of *Savans*, of printing presses, and various other implements of science, demonstrated that its destination was for some other country. At length, on the 4th of May, 1798, Buonaparte repaired to Toulon for the

purpose of commanding this far-famed and mysterious expedition; and, as a preparatory measure, published a kind of military harangue, in form of a proclamation, reminding his soldiers of their numerous victories on mountains, in plains, and before fortified places, and that nothing now remained for them to achieve but maritime conquests; they would now, he said, even exceed their former exertions *for the prosperity of their country, the good of mankind, and their own glory.*

On the 19th following, the fleet sailed, and soon arrived off Malta, which the intrigues of France had prepared to surrender. On the nineteenth of June, Buonaparte commenced a farce of provoking hostilities, by demanding permission to water his squadron: an indirect refusal being conveyed, the military were disembarked, and, after two days of pretended resistance, a capitulation was signed, yielding the islands of Malta, Gozo, and Cumino to France. Some ridiculous stipulations were made for obtaining indemnities for the Grand Master at the Congress of Rastadt, and for assigning to each of the knights a paltry pension of seven hundred livres (29l. sterl.). Buonaparte, as usual, accommodated the new acquisition with a constitution on the French model; and, having plundered the island, again proceeded towards his final destination. Before he set sail, however, he put into requisition all Maltese sailors, and one hundred and ten young Maltese knights, all sons or relatives of emigrated French noblemen who were in the army of Condé, or in the Austrian or English service. They were distributed among the republican crews of different ships; and, in the action at Aboukir, many of them were killed or wounded in fighting with men and for a cause which they alike detested. Twenty-two of these unfortunate young men were blown up in the L'Orient, one of whom was a Chevalier de St. Leger, from La Vendée, whose father had been killed in the army of Condé, whose brother was butchered at Quiberon, and whose uncle had been shot as a Chouan.

On the 1st of July, Buonaparte with all his force appeared before Alexandria, being only two days after Lord Nelson had quitted that station. Apprehensive that Fortune might yet desert him, and the English fleet return to frustrate his operations, Buonaparte hastily effected a landing.

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of about four thousand three hundred men at Marabou.— Although this place was only two leagues from Alexandria, the French found no opposition from the natives ; not even a piece of artillery was planted for protection. Having subsequently augmented the number landed to upwards of twenty-five thousand, they advanced in platoons against the city, and reached it unopposed, except by a few Mamelukes, who, hovering around, cut off stragglers, and fought a few slight and partial skirmishes.

He began, before any attack was made on Alexandria, by circulating a printed address to his army ; in which, after observing that the Romans protected all religions, he requested, the soldiery to treat the “ *Muftis and Imans of Africa with the same respect* that they had exhibited toward the bishops and rabbins of Europe.” He also transmitted three proclamations, prepared beforehand, and dated on board the flag-ship ; the first to the Pacha of Egypt, stating, “ that he was come *to put an end to the exactions of the Mamelukes,*” and inviting his highness, in the oriental style, “ to *meet and curse* along with him the *impious* race of Beys.”— The second was addressed to the chief of the caravan ; and the last to the inhabitants ; in this he had the impudence to assert, “ that he was come *to rescue the rights of the poor* from the hands of their tyrants ; and added, with his usual hypocritical cant, “ that *the French respect,* more than the Mamelukes, *God, HIS PROPHET, and THE KORAN.*”

“ Cadis, Shieks, Imans, Chirbadgees !” continued he, “ tell the people that we are *the friend of true Mussulmen.*— Did we not *dethrone the Pope,* who preached that it was necessary to make war against the *true believers ?* Did we not *destroy* the knights of Malta, because *those foolish men* tho’t that God wished hostilities to be perpetually carried on against those of your faith ?” After stating, “ that *all towns and villages* which might arm against the French *should be burnt,*” he commanded every one to remain in his house, *enjoined prayers* to be said as usual, and concluded with “ *Glory to the Sultan, glory to the French army,* HIS FRIENDS, *curse* to the Mamelukes, and *happiness* to the people of Egypt.” It is hardly possible to point out any page of ancient or modern history, where impudence is more united with falsehood, deception and imposture with atheism and political treachery. Buonaparte, accompanied by his staff,

headed the advanced guard marching against Alexandria, a defenceless city, the property and possession of one of the most ancient allies of France. Gen. Bon commanded the column on the right; that in the centre was led by Gen. Kleber; while the left, under Gen. Menou, proceed along the sea coast. Alexandria was garrisoned by about five hundred unskilful Janissaries; and the remaining inhabitant in the forts, and on the tops of houses, waited the attack. It has been asserted, but without any proof that Alexandria was summoned; but the people answered only by the shouts of the garrison and the inhabitants, and by some cannon shot.—The French had not yet landed their ordnance; but the defences of Alexandria were so weak as to forbid all fear.—Buonaparte, therefore, bravely gave orders to beat a charge; and the French, advancing towards the walls, prepared to scale them. While the generals and privates were attempting to reach the summit, Kleber received a musket-shot in the head, and Menou was thrown back from the parapet, covered with contusions; but the walls were, notwithstanding, covered with republicans, while the besieged fled.—Here began a scene of horror and carnage, commanded by the sanguinary and barbarous policy of Buonaparte, which would hardly be credible, had it not been authenticated by the original letters of the French general's, intercepted by our cruisers, and made public by our government. After the butchery of every person on the walls or in the streets, all houses were forced and entered, and neither age nor sex spared. Trusting to the *proclaimed respect* of Buonaparte for their Prophet, numbers of Mussulmen took refuge in their sacred mosques; but the republicans pursued them with the rage of cannibals: men and women, old and young, children at the breast, all were inhumanly murdered without resistance, as well as without pity; and these bloody transactions lasted four hours; when at last these *improvers of the happiness of mankind*, glutted with massacre, desisted.

From the manner in which the capture of Alexandria by Buonaparte is narrated by persons not interested to impart false impressions, it is beyond a doubt, because it is positively affirmed, that this city was not summoned in order to found a pretence for storming it, and thus striking terror into the intended victims of Buonaparte's perfidy and barbarity. In an intercepted letter from the French Adjutant-



general Boyer, addressed to General Kilmaine, are the following paragraphs :—" We began by making an assault upon a place *without any defence*, and garrisoned by about 500 Janissaries, *of whom scarce a man knew how to level a musket*. I allude to Alexandria, a huge and wretched skeleton of a place, *open on every side*, and most certainly very unable to resist the efforts of 25,000 men, who attacked it at the same instant. We lost, notwithstanding 150 men, *whom we might have preserved by only summoning the town; but it was thought necessary to begin by striking terror into the enemy.*"

Possession of Alexandria having been thus obtained, the French commander, the Corsican Buonaparte, issued another proclamation among the miserable survivors of massacre, augmenting and improving upon his former ones, and which will signalise to all ages his contempt of divine institutions; a proclamation designed, undoubtedly, as a trick to allure the confidence of the natives; but which, whenever viewed impartially, must sink into the most degrading contempt the character of that military adventurer, who, in a piratical pursuit of plunder, not only committed the most unprincipled barbarities, but voluntarily announced the renunciation of his faith; which, even when done thro' compulsion, stamps on the delinquent the name of renegado, and is justly considered as the last test of a depraved mind, as devoid of religion, virtue, and integrity, as incapable of honour. In this proclamation, " he expressly denies Jesus Christ;" affirming, " that he himself, his generals, officers, and soldiers, are true professors of Islamism, who adore and honour the prophet Mahomet and his holy Koran;" that " as a Mussulman, he had overturned the throne of the Christian Pope, visited Malta, and drove out the unbelievers from that island."

From this period until his defeat before Acre, in the spring of 1799, except in some skirmishes which he decorated with the appellation of battles, Buonaparte had no regular enemy to encounter, no armies to combat; some strolling Mamelukes, or Arabs, were his only foes. To judge rightly, therefore, of the bombastic descriptions of his battle of the Pyramids, and others, another passage from the above quoted letter is useful, and proper to be extracted; as the competency of the writer, a general communicating



his sentiments and opinions to another general, cannot be questioned. Its date at Cairo, July 28th, 1798, proves it posterior to all engagements for the possession of Lower Egypt. "Our entrance into Grand Cairo," says General Boyer, "will doubtless excite that sensation at home which every extraordinary event is calculated to produce; but when you come to know the kind of enemy that we had to combat *the little art they employed against us, and the perfect nullity of all their measures, our expeditions and our victories will appear to you very common things.* After this (the assault of Alexandria), we marched against the Mamelukes; a people highly celebrated among the Egyptians for their bravery. *This rabble (I cannot call them soldiers), which has not the most trifling idea of tactics, and which knows nothing of war but the blood that is spilt in it, appeared, for the first time, opposed to our army on the 12th of July.*

"From the first dawn of day, they made a general display of their forces, which straggled round and round our army, *like so many cattle*; sometimes galloping, and sometimes pacing, in groups of ten, fifty, a hundred, &c. After some time, they made several attempts, *in a style equally ridiculous and curious, to break in upon us*; but finding every where a resistance which they probably did not expect, they spent the day in keeping us exposed to the fury of a burning sun. *Had we been a little more enterprising this day, I think their fate would have been decided*; but General Buonaparte temporised, that he might make a trial of his enemy, and become acquainted with their manner of fighting.

"This day ended with the retreat of the Mamelukes, *who scarcely lost five and twenty men.* We continued our march up the Nile till the 21st, which was the day that put a final termination to the power of the Mamelukes in Egypt.

"Four thousand men on horseback, having each a groom or two, bore down intrepidly *on a numerous army of veterans*; their charge was an act of fury, rage, and despair. They attacked Dessaix and Regnier first. The soldiers of these divisions received them with steadiness, and, at the distance of only ten paces, opened a running fire upon them, which brought down *one hundred and fifty.* They then fell upon Bonn's division, which received them in the same manner. In short, after a number of unavailing efforts,

they made off; and, carrying with them all their treasures, took shelter in Upper Egypt. The fruit of *this victory* was Grand Cairo, where we have been ever since the evening of the 22d."

Not counting those who perished in the massacre at Alexandria, from this official letter we learn, that no more than one hundred and seventy-five enemies were killed by the French in those *brilliant victories with a numerous army of veterans, over four thousand inexperienced Mamelukes*, which made them masters of one of the most fertile countries in the world,

At the period of the inundation of the Nile, Buonaparte, with accustomed pomp, made the cut in the dyke which conveys the water to Cairo; and the flow into the canal of Alexandria presented an opportunity, which was judiciously seized by Kleber, of transporting the artillery by water to Gizeh. General Andreossy sounded the Pelusian mouths of the Nile, the roads of Damietta, the Boghass, and Cape Boyau, as well as the Dibeh mouth; entered the Lake Menzaleh, where he overcame the resistance of the Arabs, who opposed him with a hundred and thirty of the Egyptian craft, called *dgermes*; constructed a map of the Lake, and measured with the chain the circumference of the coast, over an extent of forty-five thousand fathoms; determined the bearings of the islands, and discovered the ruins of Tinch, of the ancient Pelusium, and of Farama. Having performed this operation, he returned to Cairo; and speedily set out, attended by the *Savan* Berthollet, to survey the Lakes of Natron, where he acquitted himself with the same diligence and success.

All the other *Savans* who accompanied Buonaparte were engaged in pursuits of greater or lesser importance, according to their powers; some ascertained points in geography, surveyed canals, and made drawings of buildings and monuments; others made collections and investigations for natural history, *constructed windmills, arranged almanacks*, and even composed a journal.

During these transactions, General Dessaix, in pursuance of the directions of Buonaparte, waged an active and prosperous war against Mourad Bey, in Upper Egypt; although his enterprize was as dangerous as his proceedings were sanguinary.

It is impossible to ascertain how far the people had been deceived, by Buonaparte's hypocrisy, into an opinion that he was *the friend of their sovereign*, and a *zealous proselyte* to their religion; but on the 21st of October, 1798, immediately on the appearance of the *firman* declaring him an enemy to the Porte, an insurrection broke out, though without any apparent plan or system of operation. The assembling of the people, their discourse, and their menaces, excited neither curiosity nor apprehension, till they began to attack and plunder the dwellings of the French. The principal meeting was before a mosque; and General Dupuy, advancing at the head of a small troop, to disperse them, was slain, with all his followers: a few French were killed in the streets; but on the beating of the *generale* the main body flew to arms; the streets were soon cleared; the people took refuge in their mosques, the doors of which Buonaparte ordered to be forced, and the buildings fired; an immense and indiscriminate slaughter followed; *friends and foes, were alike exterminated*, to glut the vindictive fury of the republicans: the horrible illumination, occasioned by the burning of part of the city; the firing of artillery from the citadel, the screams and groans of people of all *classes, sexes, and ages, begging, in vain for quarter*, and the furious shouts by which the French rallied and encouraged each other, formed a combination of horrors, which, in modern warfare, seldom occurs. Quarter was at last tardily and reluctantly granted by Buonaparte; the city recovered a gloomy tranquillity; but the most ferocious and rigorous measures were pursued for preventing future insurrection.

This event occurred before Buonaparte had made his survey of the Isthmus of Suez; and while he was engaged in that research he learned that Dgezzar Pacha had seized and fortified the fort of El-Arish, and received such further intelligence as left him no longer in doubt of the hostile intentions of the Porte. Pursuing his accustomed policy, of assailing his opponents before they could become strong by union and formidable by preparation, Buonaparte arranged, without loss of time, a plan for attacking Dgezzar, setting apart for that purpose twelve thousand men, well supported with such artillery as could be transported according to exigency. He divided this force into five columns under Kleber, Regionier, Lances, Bon, and Murat; and, having

instructed his admiral Perée to embark heavy artillery on board three frigates for Jaffa, and taken precautions for securing the tranquillity of Cairo, prepared to head the expedition himself. Before his departure, hypocrisy, apostacy, atheism, and fanaticism, were again resorted to, as political measures to keep the ignorant natives quiet and submissive. The inhabitants of the capital, if not more loyal, had, since the late butchery, become more obedient to their new chief, who endeavoured to deceive and rule them by means of their prejudices; and, for this purpose, not only recurred to the *doctrine of fatality*, but wished to *instil a belief of his immediate intercourse with the divinity*. In an address to the "Cherifs, Imans, and Orators of the Mosque," Buonaparte enjoined them to inculcate in the minds of the people, "that those who became his enemies *should find no refuge either in this world or the next.*"

"Is there a man so blind," says he, "as not to see that *all my operations are conducted by destiny?* Instruct the inhabitants, that ever since the world has existed, it was written, that after having overcome the enemies of Islamism, and *destroyed the Cross*, I should come from the furthest parts of the west to fulfill the task which has been imposed upon me. Make them see, that, in the second book of the Koran, in more than twenty passages, that which has happened was foreseen, and that which shall take place has also been explained; let those, then, whom the fear of *our* arms alone prevents from pronouncing imprecations, now change their dispositions; for in offering prayers to heaven against *us*, they solicit their own condemnation; let the true believers then present vows for *our* success; *I could call to account each individual among you for the most secret sentiments of his heart; for I know every thing, even that which you never communicated to any person;* and the day will come when all the world shall witness, that, *as I act in consequence of orders from above*, human efforts are of no avail against me."

"Three days afterwards Buonaparte, who had expressed much resentment at the compassion manifested by his troops, and determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of three thousand eight hundred prisoners, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near Jaffa, where a division of French infantry formed against them. When the Turks

had entered into their fatal alignment, and the mournful preparations were completed, the signal gun fired. Volleys of musquetry and grape instantly played against them; and Buonaparte, who had been regarding the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not restrain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval; indeed, he had just reason to dread the refusal of his troops thus to dishonour themselves. Kleber had remonstrated in the most strenuous manner, and the officers of the Etat Major who commanded (for the general to whom the division belonged was absent) even refused to execute the order without a written instruction; but Buonaparte was too cautious, and sent Berthier to enforce obedience.

"When the Turks had all fallen, the French troops humanely endeavoured to put a period to the sufferings of the wounded; but some time elapsed before the bayonet could finish what the fire had not destroyed, and probably many languished days in agony. Several French officers, by whom partly these details are furnished, declared that this was a scene, the retrospect of which tormented their recollection, and that they could not reflect on it without horror, accustomed as they had been to sights of cruelty.

"These were the prisoners whom Assalini, in his very able work on the plague, alludes to, when he says that for three days the Turks shewed no symptoms of that disease; and it was their putrifying remains which produced the pestilential malady, which he describes as afterwards making such ravages in the French army.

"Their bones still lie in heaps, and are shewn to every traveller who arrives: nor can they be confounded with those who perished in the assault, since the field of butchery lies a mile from the town.

"Such a fact should not, however, be alledged without some proof, or leading circumstance stronger than assertion, being produced to support it, but there would be a want of generosity in naming individuals; and branding them to the latest posterity with infamy, for obeying a command, when their submission became an act of necessity, since the whole army did not mutiny against the execution; therefore, to establish further the authenticity of the relation, this only can be mentioned, that it was Bonn's division which fired, and thus every one is afforded an opportunity of satisfying



themselves respecting the truth, by inquiring of officers serving in the different brigades composing this division.

"The next circumstance is of a nature which requires indeed the most particular details to establish, since the idea can scarcely be entertained, that the commander of an army should order his own countrymen (or if not immediately such, those amongst whom he had been naturalized) to be deprived of existence, when in a state which required the kindest consideration. But the annals of France record the frightful crimes of a Robespierre, a Carrieré; and historical truth must now recite one equal to any which has blackened its page.

Buonaparte, finding that his hospitals at Jaffa were crowded with sick, sent for a physician, whose name should be inscribed in letters of gold, but which, for weighty reasons, cannot be here inserted: on his arrival he entered into a long conversation with him respecting the danger of contagion, concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick at present in the hospital was the only measure which could be adopted. The physician, alarmed at the proposal, bold in the confidence of virtue and the cause of humanity, remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty, as well as the atrocity of such a murder; but finding that Buonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent, with this memorable observation—'Neither my principles, nor the character of my profession, will allow me to become a human butcher; and, General, if such qualities as you insinuate are necessary to form a great man, I thank my God that I do not possess them.'

"Buonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations; he persevered, and found an apothecary who (dreading the weight of power, but who since has made an atonement to his mind by unequivocally confessing the fact) consented to become his agent, and to administer poison to the sick, Opium at night was distributed in gratifying food; the wretched unsuspecting victims banqueted; and in a few hours five hundred and eighty soldiers, who had suffered so much for their country, perished thus miserably by the order of its idol.

"Is there a Frenchman whose blood does not chill with horror at the recital of such a fact? Surely the manes of



these murdered unoffending people must be now hovering round the seat of government, and . . . . .

“ If a doubt should still exist as to the veracity of this statement, let the Members of the Institute at Cairo be asked what passed in their sitting after the return of Buonaparte from Syria: they will relate, that the same virtuous physician who refused to become the destroyer of those committed to his protection, accused Buonaparte in the full assembly of high treason against the honour of France, her children, and humanity; that he entered into the full details of the poisoning of the sick, and the massacre of the garrison, aggravating these crimes by charging Buonaparte with strangling previously, at Rosetta, a number of French and Copts, who were ill of the plague; thus proving that this disposal of his sick was a premeditated plan, which he wished to introduce into general practice. In vain Buonaparte attempted to justify himself; the members sat petrified with terror, and almost doubted whether the scene passing before their eyes was not illusion. Assuredly all these proceedings will not be found in the minutes of the Institute; no, Buonaparte's policy foresaw the danger, and power produced the erasure. But let no man, calculating on the force of circumstances which may prevent such an avowal as is solicited, presume on this to deny the whole; there are records which remain, and which in due season will be produced. In the interim, this representation will be sufficient to stimulate inquiry; and, Frenchmen, your honour is indeed interested in the examination.

“ Let us hope also, that in no country will there be found another man of such Machiavelian principles, as by sophistry to palliate those transactions; nor must the judgment abuse itself by bringing to recollection the horrors of the French Revolution, and thus diminishing the force of those crimes by the frequency of equal guilt in France, during her contest for *Liberty or Slavery*.”

Preparatory to his march for St. Jean d'Acre, Buonaparte endeavoured to terrify or cajole Dgezza Pacha by an hypocritical letter, in which he affirmed that *he had treated with generosity* such troops as had surrendered at discretion, though *he had been severe* towards those who violated the rights of war, and promised, that as God granted him victory, he would, *like him, be merciful*, not only towards the

people, but towards the great. He recommended to Dgezar to abstain from resistance, to become the friend of the French, and the enemy of the Mamelukes and the English : and in reward he should be taken *into favour*, and *experience more good* than he had previously met with evil.

This gross deceit was too clumsy to deceive even the most unsuspecting of men, with the testimony of damning and recent facts to prove how far every sentiment of honour, mercy, or clemency, was from the heart of the writer. Dgezar sent only a brief verbal answer, implying that he would rather bury himself in the ruins of Acre, than suffer it to fall into the hands of Buonaparte. In expressing this resolution, he was encouraged not only by his own force and the assistance of the Porte, but by the unexpected aid of the genius, judgment, and valour of a British Captain and a French Royalist Officer of Engineers ; who were destined to revive in a remote century those exploits which, in the days of chivalry, had rendered St. Jean d'Acre the theme of so much wonder and celebrity.

Sir William Sidney Smith, after attaining the rank of Post-Captain in the British navy, had, in 1789, when his country was at peace, offered his services to the King of Sweden, then at war with Russia, and conducted himself with such distinguished bravery during several actions with the Russian fleet, that the Grand Cross of the Military Order of the Sword was conferred upon him by Gustavus III. and he became the worthy *chevalier* of a great king, justly called *le Chevalier des Rois*. The war with France soon after made him as remarkable for his courage as for his talents and activity ; and it was to his care that Lord Hood entrusted the patriotic, but difficult task of destroying the fleet in the port of Toulon.

Become a prisoner to the French in consequence of an exertion of personal bravery in the port of Havre, he was, contrary to the laws of war and of civilized nations, by the orders of the infamous republican government, immured within the walls of the same temple where so much virtue and loyalty had suffered ; and every attempt for his exchange or enlargement was rejected. At length, however, the gates were thrown open by friendship, his liberty procured, and his return to England facilitated, by means that savour of romance rather than of history.

The priests at Jerusalem told several British travellers that Buonaparte had said, that should he ever obtain possession of JERUSALEM, *he would plant the TREE OF LIBERTY on the SPOT on which the CROSS of JESUS stood*, and would BURY the first FRENCH GRENADEER who should fall in the attack, in the TOMB of our BLESSED SAVIOUR!!!

His approach to Cairo was a moment of anxiety and apprehension—embarrassed as he was with dangers which required all his audacity to face, and all his cunning and fortune to avert. In a boastful letter, which was read in the Institute, he had used these expressions: “In three days I shall be at Acre; *when you open this, be assured that Dgezzar Pacha is no more.*” Nothing was left for him to veil his disgrace under the appearance of triumph, and assume the deportment, not of a leader returning *discomfitted* and *disappointed*, but of a *real conqueror*. Orders were accordingly dispatched to the government at Cairo, to prepare illuminations, triumphal arches, and a festival for the *Conquerors of Syria* and of *Dgezzar Pacha*. The troops, who had despondingly anticipated a different reception, whose murmurs against the man who had planned their expedition amounted to mutiny, whose expressions even menaced death to him, as an atonement for their seven thousand comrades who had perished, saw with surprise the honours paid to them; heard their chief and themselves styled conquerors; and, in the delirium of vanity, forgot their injuries and defeats. The next morning Buonaparte, assured of the intoxication still continuing, assembled the remnants of his army on parade, distributed rewards, then moved forward a battalion of grenadiers, whom he upbraided with having refused to make another assault on Acre, and sentenced them to carry their arms slung behind till their characters were retrieved. This extraordinary stroke of policy converted many of Buonaparte’s detractors into admirers. They confessed his knowledge of the nature and character of French slaves, when in a few hours he could so improve his situation and re-assume his influence, as to disgrace those very men, who the day before would, with the applause of their comrades who now approved of their dishonour, had he uttered a word of censure, have instantly assassinated him.

From this period, till the time when he added desertion to his other crimes, Desaix continued victorious in Upper

Egypt, and Buonaparte himself defeated eight thousand Turks who had captured Aboukir, of whom, although 2000 were saved, with his usual veracity, he declared, in his reports, the number of killed and drowned amounted to seventeen thousand men. This achievement terminated the military exploits of Buonaparte in Egypt. — The effrontery and ascendancy of his character, the celebrity of his name, and dextrous application of his talents to the purpose of maintaining his authority, were insufficient to prevent the formation of a formidable party in his own army, who were dissatisfied at seeing the honour of France tarnished by his wanton barbarities; while the troops seemed doomed to be sacrificed to the pursuit of a conquest which would never be thoroughly achieved, since every new success led only to the formation of more extravagant and diffusive designs. It has already been said, that on Buonaparte's return from Syria, the physician who had refused to administer poison, accused the general, in a full assembly of the Institute, of treason against the honour of France, her children, and humanity. The spirit of inquiry and resistance thus disclosed, and a conviction, derived from the conduct of the troops at Acre, that a time might come when his commands would not be sufficient to secure general obedience, powerfully stimulated him to the accomplishment of the wishes that he had always entertained of returning to France. To these motives were added others arising from intelligence that he had received of the victorious progress of the allies in Italy, which totally destroyed all hopes of succour from France for the army in Egypt. When Buonaparte had fully resolved to quit his deluded comrades, whom he so often and so solemnly had promised never to leave before he carried them back again to France, he prepared for the execution of his projects with the utmost secrecy, knowing that the slightest suspicion of his design must have proved fatal to him. He ordered Rear-admiral Gantheaume to equip, and keep in readiness for sailing, the frigates which remained in his possession, and to give notice the moment the combined British and Turkish squadron should quit the coast. The desired intelligence reached the general on the 18th of August, at six o'clock in the evening: at nine he dispatched orders to those who were to share in the dishonour of his desertion, and to accompany his flight, to hold

themselves in readiness to set out at midnight to attend him on a tour in Lower Egypt. They were to meet him on the beach; and each was furnished with sealed instructions, not to be opened till the moment of rendezvous.

Gantheaume had stationed in the road, at the distance of a league from the shore, two frigates; and Buonaparte, having secured the military chest, and sealed orders for general Kleber, repaired on shipboard, attended by a few confidential followers, leaving the army enraged, surprised, and despondent, to lament the miseries of their situation, and the perfidy of their chief. His voyage was at first retarded by contrary winds, and was considerably lengthened by the necessity of steering close to the coast of Africa, which was considered as most likely to be out of the track of any European vessels, and least exposed to the dangers of pursuit. At length, however, they reached the port of Ajaccio, in Corsica; and shortly afterwards Buonaparte landed near Frejus, in Provence.

From the next events that attended Buonaparte, it would seem as if Fortune, in the utmost caprice of her reputed divinity, had endeavoured to exhibit to the world a splendid and extraordinary specimen of her power to elevate a guilty individual, in defiance of circumstances and in contempt of merit. It can scarcely be supposed possible, that a general abandoning his army without even a pretext of orders, without the means of apprising government of his views, and without any strong party in the state formed to favor him, should escape severe animadversion, or avoid personal degradation, if not punishment; but at this period, so abject was the domestic situation of France, that the government, possessing neither power, ability, virtue, nor popularity, appeared to await with stupid resignation the new revolution, which was to terminate its too protracted existence; while individuals were endeavouring, with clumsy exertions, only to avert the weight of ruin from themselves, and establish such a character of comparative innocence, as would enable them to retreat in safety from the approaching storm. While the detestation of the Directory was general, accusations, recriminations, and denunciations occupied much of the time and of the debates in the two Councils. Jacobin clubs were already established at Paris and in many of the departments. The blood-suckers and



terrorists of Robespierre and of his accomplices, coming forward from their hiding-places, provoked laws of barbarous severity against seditious movements, and the tyrannical enforcement of decrees for a forced loan and levy of conscripts. The torch of civil war was again lighted in many departments, particularly those in the southern and western parts of the French Republic. A sense of the inability of government to surmount these disasters was universally prevalent ; and General Jourdan, a member of the Council of Five Hundred, had actually proposed a decree for declaring the country in danger, in the same manner as it had been decreed after the 10th of August, 1792, and which had been the indirect cause and the direct excuse for all the crimes and horrors committed during the reign of the National Convention.

One of the directors, Sieyès, was labouring with endeavours which could scarcely be termed covert, for the overthrow of the government ; he was secretly assisted by Talleyrand, whom the Jacobins had lately forced to resign his place of Minister for the Foreign Department. The exact views of these crafty intriguers cannot be developed ; but it is clear, that their past crimes, with a hatred of the right heir to the crown, on the one hand ; and a dread of the Jacobins, whom they had mortally offended, and therefore feared, on the other ; would impel them to avoid the re-establishment of royalty, or the alteration of the existing system to a form favorable to the ferocious band of Republicans. Strength as well as firmness was evidently wanting to the executive power ; and that could only be given by a dictator, or a protectorship residing in one individual, not embarrassed by councils who had shewn that they knew neither how to use nor to restrain authority, with whom faction was every thing, and virtue and liberty nothing.

Such is a true, though imperfect picture of the internal situation of the French commonwealth ; but if this was dreadful, the external actions and transactions of the French government, and its generals and troops, were as contemptible, dishonorable, and disastrous. The Congress at Rastadt had proved to all the world the bad faith, the dangerous pretensions, and the ambitious views of the Directory ; and the victories of the allies in Germany and Italy were convincing evidences of the weakness, disaffection, or disorganization



of the republican armies. The people, therefore, when fortune landed Buonaparte in France, far from inquiring into the causes of his past conduct, were happy to suppose that he brought the means of terminating their present misfortunes and disgraces; they flattered themselves that their destinies were in his hands, and that the success which had formerly attended his banner in Italy would again be extended over the whole country. His arrival in Paris was therefore hailed as a great national deliverance, and he became the centre of those intrigues which seemed to receive their final sanction and guarantee from the addition of his name. The two Councils prostrated themselves at his feet, and gave a splendid and solemn banquet in honour of his return, in the church of St. Sulpice, called, since the Revolution, the Temple of Victory. At this fete the Directory and the members of both Councils attended; but, although the efforts of art and taste were exhausted in rendering the scene illustrious and agreeable, and the fraternal banquet sumptuous and animating, the general aspect of the guests was replete with constraint and embarrassment. Suspensions prevailed on all sides; the machinations for the new overthrow of the Government and Constitution were ready to be carried into execution; Buonaparte appeared only for a moment in the hall, and retired; impressed, perhaps, with the fear which was never afterwards absent from his mind, that in some morsel or some goblet, to be presented by the hand of treachery or vengeance, he might swallow his death.

At length, three days after this fête, which, to please a new-converted Mussulman, had profaned a Christian church, and after many secret interviews had taken place with Sieyes, Talleyrand, Fouché, Volney, Rœderer, and other conspirators, Buonaparte determined to bury the Directorial Constitution amid the ruins of the four former ones, which, since the Revolution, had made France wretched, and troubled Europe; and to erect from their rubbish a code of government, which his bayonets should proclaim, his bayonets enforce; and his bayonets protect or change according to his whim, passion, or caprice. To achieve this, it became indispensably necessary to remove the scene of action from Paris, where both the loyal adherents to monarchy and religion, and the guilty partisans of a Revolution which had annihilated the throne with the altar, were still numerous

and powerful. The leading members of the Council of Ancients were therefore gained ; and, to conceal the real plot, a suppositious one was feigned, in consequence of which the Legislature assembled at St. Cloud. An attempt was then made to seduce the Council of Five Hundred ; but as the majority proved refractory, the Corsican Buonaparte, imitating the conduct of the English Cromwell when he dissolved the Long Parliament, and overturned that commonwealth which he had sworn to preserve, recurred to violence. The representatives of the French people were driven from their seats by the deluded soldiers of a foreigner ; three consuls were substituted in the place of a directory of five ; and a ridiculous Senate, an enslaved Legislative Body, and a mock Tribunate, succeeded the Councils of Ancients and of Five Hundred.

Before this usurpation was effected, he had as much flattered all parties, as he has since deceived them. By his known connexion with Sieyes and Volney, the republicans hoped for what he, *the day before the Revolution*, had so solemnly promised, a Republic founded on true liberty, on civil liberty, on equality, and on national representation."—His intimacy with Talleyrand and Rœderer, and the hints that he threw out, caused the constitutional royalists to hope for a revival of a constitutional monarchy ; while his past transactions at Toulon in 1793, and at Paris in 1795, and his present consultations with Fouché of Nantes and other notorious terrorists, made the Jacobins believe in the re-establishment of the anarchical conventional code of the year 2, and the return of the reign of terror. He therefore experienced but little resistance even from the Jacobins, who otherwise, on all occasions, have exhibited more energy and determination than the rebels of other factions.

But if General Buonaparte had imposed upon them all, the First Consul tried to reconcile them by an equal distribution of places and lucrative employments, and by mixing in the same Senate and Councils, the royalist and the demagogue ; the aristocrat and the democrat ; the republican and the terrorist ; the moderate and passive admirer of the Revolution, and the extravagant, desperate, and active jacobin. Sieyes has said more than once, that the whole revolution, or, rather, all the revolutions, have been nothing but continual change of places ; and that ambition, plots, and in-

trigues for places, have been the first and only movers of French patriotism ; the only wish and call for a liberty equally proscribed by all the heroes of the different revolutions for these last fourteen years. This heterogenous composition, of chief intriguers and pretenders for places, has therefore already preserved the consular revolutionary constitution longer than any of the preceding ones. It has besides, by preferring affluence to rank, and slavery to liberty and equality, made the power of the usurper unlimited, and the actions of the consular tyrant uncontrollable ; so that all French citizens, whom neither places can make courtiers, pensions can silence, nor money bribe, the Temple, the military commissions, the guillotine, or Cayenne, remove out of the way, or bury their clamours, murmurs, disaffections, or complaints.

Having united all the authorities, both civil and military, in his own person, it only remained necessary to adapt the yoke to the necks which were to bear it, to prevent discontent at first ; and in the early use of power to seem a benefactor dispensing blessings, and not a tyrant imposing burthens. Yet the First Consul and his principal advisers.—Talleyrand and Fouché, were not now to learn, that, in order to retain uncontrouled ascendancy, it was necessary to fetter the press. If the unlimited right of publication remained, no permanent usurpation and dominion could be expected among a people prone to changes, disposed to cavil, and disgusted with upstart governors and governments.

The Executive Directory, from the moment of their establishment, had severely felt the embarrassment arising from this circumstance : their utmost despotism had been exerted in vain ; presses had been seized, journals suppressed, and editors punished with exemplary rigour ; but yet new presses, journals similar in sentiment, though different in name, and editors of equal audacity and ability, daily arose. Buonaparte, however, at an early period of his sway, terminated this difficulty, by decreeing that only a certain number of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, should be tolerated ; and the new constitution contained not a syllable in favour of the rights of printing or speaking. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find in the pages of history three guilty characters, such as Buonaparte, Talleyrand, and Fouché, who had

more to apprehend from a liberty of the press, which might alike expose the crimes of the barbarous poisoner, of the crafty unfeeling intriguer, and of the ferocious terrorist, drowner, and plunderer. That it has been their constant plan, therefore, to enslave and fetter, in the same manner, the presses of the countries where French arms have penetrated, or French intrigues prevailed, is neither surprising nor unexpected.

Having thus paralysed one of the most formidable means of creating an opposition to a revolutionary government, and knowing, as he did, that it was not his victories, but his pacifications, not his valour and fortune in the field, but his former negotiations and avowed professions for a peace, that had made him popular with the French Nation (which now totally disregarded all laurels and trophies of triumph, and only sighed and prayed for the termination of hostilities, and desired the olive-branch of peace to close the temple of Janus for ever), he determined to preserve his popularity by the same hypocritical means by which he had obtained it, and to propose the cessation of war. He therefore wrote letters to the Emperors of Germany and Russia, and to the King of Great-Britain, containing the usual bombastic expressions of the deceitful revolutionary cant, and *declaring his abhorrence of war ; though war alone had dragged him from his obscurity, and made him every thing.* The first words in this letter which struck the eyes of lawful sovereigns were, LIBERTY and EQUALITY ! As this was the accustomed etiquette of the former republican usurpers in their correspondence with *neutral* Princes, it would not deserve any observation, had not the petty vain-glorious Buonaparte, on all occasions, with the ferocity of a tiger united the vanity of a coquet ; and therefore these words were neither written by chance nor by custom, but let all Europe know, that he pretended already to an equality with its first monarchs, though he had been only a fortnight an usurper : it proved to them what *right* and *equality* they might expect for the future, should fortune favour his vanity and pretensions, and that his intent and endeavour would be, not only to insult and dishonour kings, but by such an equality to undermine and destroy monarchy itself ; and as all possible power could never procure him the equal respect due to legal princes, nor the equal regard customary between hereditary

Sovereigns, his constant plans and plots would be to force them to descend to a level with him, as he can never ascend to an equal elevation, birth, and prerogative with them.

By addressing this letter to our King himself, Buonaparte likewise deserted the regular forms of diplomatic proceedings : Lord Grenville therefore very properly answered Talleyrand, by observing, " that the King, seeing no reason for departing from the forms of transacting affairs between foreign states, which prevailed throughout Europe, had directed him to answer the propositions of the First Consul, by a note to his minister." He traced the conduct of France from the origin of the existing hostilities, and noticed the repeated assurances made by every succeeding government of pacific intentions, *whilst all their acts were replete with aggressions.* " The new government had given no proofs of a despotism to adopt a different system, nor could any certainty be given of its stability. The best assurances which Great Britain could receive of the formation of a regular Government in France, would be the restoration of that race of princes, which, for so many ages, had preserved the French Nation in internal prosperity, and in consideration and respect among foreign powers. But although such an event would obviate every obstacle, his Majesty did not consider it indispensably necessary to the attainment of a *safe and durable peace* ; but whenever he should be of opinion that the *security of his own dominions, and those of his Allies, and the general security of Europe*, could be attained, he would eagerly seize the opportunity to concert with his Allies the means of an immediate and general pacification. *Hitherto no such security existed* ; and nothing remained for him to do, but to prosecute, in conjunction with the other powers, a just and defensive war."

At the very period when Buonaparte held the language of peace to Great Britain, his Ministers at Berlin, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, and his emissaries at St. Petersburg, were proposing and preparing the plan for that Northern Coalition against the British empire, which twelve months afterwards was concluded, and which Lord Nelson's victory dissolved. Our ministers, therefore, judged rightly of the First Consul's insincerity in a negotiation offered and undertaken only to shew his consequence abroad, to preserve his popularity at home, and to lull, if possible, England into a fatal security,



or to lessen the vigorous efforts of the late ministers to crush to pieces the French revolutionary monster, as the only certain means of terminating with honour, advantage, and safety, a war which it alone had provoked and commenced.

The attention of Buonaparte was next occupied by the disturbances that had taken place in the southern and western departments, and which seemed to augur a renewal of the Vendean conflict. Not satisfied with preparing an army to subdue the insurgents, his natural inclination, so well corresponding with the cruel and Machiavelian councils of Fouché, made him resolve by bribes, threats, intrigues, and murder, to finish what he called *an impious war*; and by gaining over or disuniting some of the royalist chiefs, he hoped to be enabled *bravely* to butcher the remainder without resistance, when either deserted or betrayed. Thus when d'Autichamp, Bourmont, Chatillon, and Fourmont received three hundred thousand livres each, the loyal and incorruptible Frotté was betrayed and shot, though with a republican *safe-conduct* in his pocket. If any doubt should remain of Buonaparte's humane, generous, and conciliating measures in the insurgent department, the following lines, extracted from the mandate which he sent to his military commissioners and to his *pacifying* generals, will dispell it: they were ordered "*to shoot every royalist who should be found in arms, and also every person liable to suspicion, without sparing either age or sex!—to strike those who negotiate—to kill those who hesitate or resist!!*"

Having in such a noble manner quieted or got rid of the internal enemies to his usurpation, Buonaparte issued orders for the assembling of an army of sixty thousand men near Dijon, in Burgundy, called the Army of Reserve. To encourage young men to join and enlist in the different corps composing this army, he issued an hypocritical proclamation, addressed to the passions of the French youths, and not to their reason, or to that of their parents:—

"You are desirous of peace," says he: "*your government* desires it with still greater ardour; its most earnest wishes, its *constant solicitude*, is for that, and that alone. But the English ministry, *eager to debase France to the rank of a secondary power*, and anxious to keep all the continental states at variance, on purpose to seize on their spoils, still reject the idea. The government, however, which was not



afraid to offer, and even to solicit this blessing, is well aware that it belongs to you to command it ; and to command it, money, steel and soldiers are necessary.

“ Let all, therefore, be eager to participate in the common defence. Let the young men fly to arms : *it is no longer for the support of a faction, it is no longer for the choice of a tyrant*, that they are called upon to take the field ; *it is for the safety of all that is dear to them ; it is for the sacred interests of humanity, for the support of liberty, and for the honour of France.*”

As, however, many doubted the stability of Buonaparte's government, and his solicitude for peace, while hitherto his *only passion and glory* had been war ; and were not quite sure that in fighting for an usurper they should be taking the field for the liberty and honour of France ; the proclamation had not the desired effect : the usual revolutionary measures were therefore resorted to. All young men, under the appellation of conscripts, were again torn from their families in the most oppressive manner, and compelled to serve ; but as he could not entirely depend upon these *volunteers*, he united with them the veterans who had fought in La Vendée ; well knowing that soldiers who had not objected to stain their hands in the blood of their countrymen in arms for the throne and the altar, would have no repugnance to force others to fight for and defend the cause of usurpation and rebellion.

Through the neglect, ignorance, or treachery of Melas, it was with an army thus composed, that Buonaparte was able to disorganize and enslave the European continent.

The different columns which composed the Army of Reserve marched early in May 1800 towards Geneva, and on the 12th of the same month were reviewed by the First Consul in the neighbourhood of Lausanne. They then continued their march along the right bank of the Rhone, until they reached the confluence of the Duronce, near to Martinack. Thus far the roads had been practicable ; but before they could arrive at the Valley of Aosta, it became necessary to traverse twenty Italian miles of the mountainous regions of the great St. Bernard, situated between those of Simplon and Mount Blanc, nearly inaccessible to man, and over which a carriage had never passed. After some dangers and great fatigues, however, the army reached Aosta ;

which, after a very slight resistance, opened its gates to the invader. Chatillon and the Castle of Bard surrendered in a few days. Master of these places, and the Castle of Ivrea, Buonaparte had before him two roads by which he might march to the relief of Genoa, then closely pressed by the Austrians, and bravely defended by Massena; the one by Chivasso, Turin, Asti, and Alexandria; and the other by Vercetti, Navarre, Milan, Lodi, and Placenza. The first was rather the shortest; but, in preferring the other, Buonaparte avoided the necessity of passing under the cannon of Turin and Alexandria, and gained the advantage of seizing the principal magazines and stores formed and collected by the Austrians on the Tessino, the Adda, and the Oglio, and which the fatal security and negligence of Melas had left almost unprotected.

Notwithstanding the numerous army that Buonaparte carried with him into Italy, and which was far superior to the Austrians, he ordered and received reinforcements from General Moreau of twenty-five thousand veterans, commanded by General Moncey; and thus his army amounted to eighty-five thousand men, while that of the enemy was only about forty-five thousand.

Although, in a fortnight after his descent from the Alps, Buonaparte was placed in the midst of his former conquests, yet he was with his whole army perfectly isolated, and it appeared certain that a single reverse must expose him to inevitable destruction; trusting therefore to fortune, and to the number of his troops, he was very desirous of bringing General Melas to a decisive engagement: he did not doubt but that the Emperor would send reinforcements; and had the two armies been equal in numbers, Buonaparte, probably, would not have had more reason to boast of his campaign in Italy in 1800, than that of Syria in 1799.

Genoa had capitulated on the 4th of June, and the blockading army under General Ott joined the chief corps under Melas on the 9th: preparations were made for a pitched battle, which on the part of the Austrians appeared only an ordinary encounter; whilst it was obvious, that upon the fate of this contest depended the power, reputation, and, perhaps, the life of Buonaparte.

At day-break on the 14th of June, the Austrians divided into three columns, passed the Bormida upon an equal num-

ber of bridges ; that of the right ascended along the bank ; while the centre followed the great road leading to the village of Marengo, and the left advanced towards Castel Cerialo. After an obstinate contest, which lasted six hours, the Austrians had gained possession of Marengo, and compelled General Victor, who commanded the left and the centre, to retreat ; and his movement forced Lasnes, who commanded the right wing, to adopt the same measure. The victory appeared complete ; the republicans, defeated in all directions, retired in confusion to the plain of San Giulio, where Dessaix was placed with a chosen corps de reserve. With this corps Dessaix made a sudden and desperate charge on the pursuing army ; the Austrians were broken in their turn ; and, after a close engagement of thirteen hours, victory remained with the French. The whole glory of this battle appertains to Dessaix, for the laurels of Buonaparte had that day withered on his brow ; the First Consul was defeated and in full retreat, when this General rushed forward and devoted himself for the preservation of his countrymen, though, by the caprice of fortune, the honour and advantages of the victory remained with Buonaparte, while the victor Dessaix was killed on the field of battle. Complete as this victory was, had not Melas been awed by the influence of circumstances, his judgment dazzled by the supposed ascendancy of Buonaparte, or his faculties enfeebled by the temporary failure of his troops, he would never have consented to sign such a degrading, impolitic, and dishonourable armistice as that concluded and agreed on two days after the battle of Marengo : the Imperial troops were not dispirited ; on the contrary, they called for the renewal of the encounter, because they would not allow that the incident which closed the day entitled their opponents to claim the honours of victory. But the intrigues of Buonaparte were more successful than even his armies : the great and experienced General Melas vanished from view, and nothing remained but an abject and dispirited individual, ready to yield to every terror, to purchase relaxation by every concession, forgetting alike his honour as a general, and his duty as a subject : influenced and blinded by a debasing panic alone, he gave up, in one evil hour, what had required years of victories and rivers of blood to conquer ; and in acting so, he changed with a stroke of the pen the general aspect of affairs, in such a manner, that the

court of Vienna was unable to refuse the ratification of this inglorious and injudicious compact between weakness and audacity.

From this brief account it is evident, that the subsequent disasters and humiliation of Austria, and the slavery of the continent, originated not from the battle of Marengo, which the Imperial commander lost to General Dessaix; but from the convention of Alexandria, which Buonaparte swindled from the trembling Melas.

Buonaparte was now again enabled to ravage wretched Italy; and that he did so, surprised nobody who had witnessed or suffered from his former dominion over that country; but though absent only three years, he had during that period proclaimed himself an apostate, renounced his Saviour, and adored Mahomet. It astonished even his generals and the Italian patriots, therefore, to see this arch-hypocrite, after the victory of Marengo, affect once more to be a Christian, by ordering *Te Deum* to be sung at the Metropolitan Church at Milan, *for the happy deliverance of Italy from heretics and infidels!* and dare to pronounce the name of his Redeemer, whom he, as a political Judas, had so frequently deserted.

At once the sovereign disposer of the immense resources of fertile Italy, as well as those of France, Switzerland, and Holland, Buonaparte expected to dictate terms of submission to his continental enemy; and to dishonour him, by compelling him to desert his British ally before his forces had been conquered by French arms. But had the Austrian army been as complete as its fidelity and spirit were great; and the First Consul, instead of Moreau, had commanded the republicans in Germany, where a young prince, and not an old woman, headed the brave Imperialists—the cowardly blunders of Italy might have been repaired, and Europe been yet free; because Moreau, though vastly superior to his opponents, gained the battle of Hohenlinden only by his brilliant and vigorous manœuvres, surpassing, in the opinion of military men, all that Buonaparte ever achieved, or pretended to achieve, by force of numbers, perfidy, and blood.

As the valour of Dessaix had procured Buonaparte Italy, so the successes of Moreau in Suabia, Bavaria, and Austria, made him powerful enough to oblige Austria, for the first time, to acknowledge, in a formal treaty, the superi-

ority of France, and to resign to the French republicans the first place among continental states, which it had for centuries maintained and defended. But the treaty of Luneville, if it be a monument of the weakened situation of Austria, is at the same time an eternal reproach to an ungenerous, fortunate foe, who by this pacification told all the world, that an universal republic, founded upon universal plunder, corruption, and overthrow, is the constant plan and determination of the Corsican ruler over the French; more so than an universal monarchy was formerly that of some of the lawful sovereigns during the French monarchy.

England being now the only active enemy of the French Republic, Buonaparte employed all his arts and influence in exciting such a spirit among his own subjects, and establishing such a system among the other powers of Europe, as would promote his views of crushing, and, if possible, destroying the British nation. Every commotion in France, every attempt of expiring factions, every crime dictated by political enthusiasm or personal vengeance, was imputed to the *secret* agency of the British administration; and enslaved as was the French press, and prejudiced and ignorant as were the people, it was not more difficult now, than during the former periods of the Revolution, to dupe their credulity and excite their passions by the grossest absurdities—They easily believed, therefore, when Buonaparte's countryman Arena, and several other jacobins, in revenge for being imposed upon by his revolutionary hypocrisy, conspired, or rather *were accused*, of having conspired his destruction, and when some enthusiastic anti-republicans endeavoured by their infernal machine to rid the earth of a rebel who had long dishonoured it by his crimes before he oppressed it by his tyranny, that both these plots were paid, by British gold, and planned in British councils. To confirm the French people in their belief, a fabricated narrative, the production, and worthy of the genius, veracity, and humanity, of the regicide Fouché, was published, and made use of as a *political* instrument to inflame the republicans against the British Government and Nation, by imputing to them a design totally repugnant to the nature of Englishmen, that of assassinating an enemy. They willingly accredited every fiction, however gross, and not only gave implicit faith to the tale suggested by the late transactions, but



were *convinced* by the official consular *Moniteur*, that all the horrors and murders which had disfigured France in the course of the Revolution were directed and paid by the British Government, that Mirabeau and Brissot, Marat and Robespierre, Rewbell and Barras, had all obtained instructions and salaries from Pitt, to guillotine, to murder, to shoot, to drown, or to transport the virtuous French Citizens.

But while Great Britain maintained the indisputable sovereignty of the ocean, the effect of French or Corsican hatred was little to be apprehended. To countervail, therefore, the ascendancy of the British naval power, Buonaparte availed himself of some jealousies and disputes between England and two of the Northern Powers; and by one of those strange turns of politics, which often derange the best projects of human wisdom and foresight, the Emperor of Russia, totally changing those noble principles which had entitled him to the greatest share of admiration, from a loyal defender of all thrones was become a zealous partizan of French usurpation, and the soul of a league with Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, fabricated under the auspices of Buonaparte, for the ruin, as it was hoped, of Great Britain. As success gilded the banners of the Corsican, the eyes of the Emperor Paul became dazzled; and, seduced by French emissaries, he panted to share his friendship. Buonaparte easily appreciated the character of this unfortunate prince; and saw that he rather admired what was splendid, than pursued what was just; that he as often confounded fortune with merit, as caprice with reason: he therefore flattered the Emperor's vanity, and desire of being thought a model of heroism and virtue, by the most abject and incessant soothing; but such is the blasting curse of Buonaparte's friendship, that the Russian monarch had not been six months connected with, or attached to this republican ruler, before a premature death broke those ties, which victorious crime had no intention to respect any longer than interest demanded, or hypocrisy continued to dupe capricious or imbecile power. Under these circumstances the victor of the Nile, gathering new laurels before Copenhagen, again blighted the hopes of Buonaparte, and dissolved in one day a confederacy which French emissaries and intriguers had been months preparing and concluding.



Obtaining at the same time information of the victories and progress of the British arms in Egypt, Buonaparte determined to try to gain by the cunning, sophistry, and Machiavelism of his negociators, those advantages for which his warriors and those of his allies had in vain been combating both in Europe and in Africa, both in the Sound and before Aboukir. For near six months Citizen Otto therefore corresponded, presented plans and counter-plans, for a pacification between Great Britain and France ; but he did not sign the preliminaries before he had ascertained that no Frenchman commanded any longer in Egypt, by the surrender of Alexandria to Lord Hutchinson.

As the perfidy of Buonaparte and his representative, in giving up Egypt, *only as a compensation* for the restitution of the French colonies, at a time when they were fully acquainted with the fall of Alexandria, has been doubted by many, the author, who during the summer of 1801 was a prisoner on parole at Marseilles, can affirm, that on the 21st of September; a vessel anchored in its neighbourhood from Alexandria, which it had left on the 1st of the same month, and brought the official account of the capitulation of General Menou, concluded two days before, or August 30th. This capitulation was known upon the Exchange at Marseilles before three o'clock that day ; in the evening at the play-house, both the Prefect La Croix, and the Commander General Cervoni, made no secret of it, or that they had expedited couriers to Paris with information to government of this event. Orders were besides publicly sent to the commissary of marine, and to the inspector of the quarantine, to prepare provisions, refreshments, &c. for the garrison of Alexandria, of which four hundred men arrived on the 1st of October in the road of Marseilles. The distance between this city and Paris is two hundred leagues, which a courier may easily travel in four days and nights ; no doubt therefore can remain, but that before the 26th of September the surrender of Menou was known to Buonaparte, who, in consequence, ordered Otto to conclude a peace, which though highly honorable to the good faith and sincerity of the British cabinet, treachery alone signed on the part of France.

The impolitic eagerness to applaud Lauritson, who brought over the preliminary treaty, and the honours (humiliating to all loyal Britons) which were shewn to this emissary of an

usurper, caused Buonaparte and his minister Talleyrand to believe that such was the want and desire of peace amongst all classes of Britons, that they might do, contrary to the interest of England, any thing that caprice, passion, or ambition should instigate or demand, to gratify humour, avarice, hatred, pretension, or vanity. A peace, or rather, a *treaty* of peace, was therefore swindled from the Sublime Porte, and an army sent to St. Domingo. Buonaparte usurped the supreme magistracy in Italy, and added Parma, the island of Elba, and Louisiana, to his other dominions. All these indirect threats to Great Britain, and real acquisitions to France, took place within six months after the preliminaries had been agreed to, and before the definitive treaty between England and France was signed ; and the very day after its signature, he insulted our country by another treaty with Holland, which deprived our ancient ally, the Prince of Orange (the relative of our beloved Sovereign,) of all his claims in the Batavian Republic. These repeated and barefaced provocations made the most enlightened politicians, both in England and upon the Continent, conclude that Buonaparte had no intention to live in peace and amity with the British empire, and they, in consequence, anticipated a speedy renewal of hostilities.

And, in fact, from the beginning to the end of this (for the happiness of the world) short-lived peace, every act of Buonaparte was as imperious as unjust, as humiliating as vexatious to us : new restraints were laid upon our commerce, the debts due to British subjects were never paid, and all British travellers (with some few *political* and *patriotic* exceptions) were either vexed, insulted, plundered, or arrested ; the representative of our nation, as well as the lowest of its members, felt the effects of Buonaparte's unmanly and ungenerous hatred toward this country ; and, as if afraid that his audacity and ill-will should not be sufficiently known throughout Europe, the political monster, in his official *Moniteur*, continued to accuse and calumniate Great Britain, and to dictate to its government in the manner that he was accustomed to command the enslaved nations of Italy, Switzerland, and Holland. When at last, therefore, the patience and moderation of our ministers were exhausted, and we were permitted to call a man our enemy who had never been our friend, the unanimity was greater in favor of war, than the rejoicing had been for the cessation of hostilities.

Short as the peace was, however, it had been useful, by exposing in its true light to all deluded, factious, or seduced Britons, the real character of a man in favor of whom many had been so infatuated ; whose hypocrisy was as great as his cruelty ; who offered freedom when he intended slavery, and held out equality when all his actions and transactions had proved that he could no more endure an equal than a superior.

Wherever Buonaparte was only known by his fame as a fortunate general, he was admired ; but people of all countries and climates, in America as well as in Europe and Africa, when cursed by his presence, or the presence of his armed or disarmed slaves : soon changed admiration into detestation—the tyrant has been abhorred, and the victor hated or despised. Under pretence of encouraging commerce, and extending his *paternal* protection to the colonies, he duped, arrested, and murdered Toussaint L'Ouverture, and violated the plighted *honour* of the nation to the unhappy negroes, who had by their arms preserved St. Domingo as a French colony ; but whom his treachery made ferocious, and whose valour and despair, assisted by the diseases of an unhealthy atmosphere, have annihilated numbers of those veteran troops, who had escaped the fire, sword, and bayonets of the English, the German, the Italian, the Turk, and the Mameluke. Buonaparte could not trust in France, and therefore sent to perish in St. Domingo, near two-thirds of that ill-fated army, consisting of chosen men, who had fought and distinguished themselves under Generals Pichegru and Moreau, but were suspected by the Corsican, with whom transportation or death always and immediately follow suspicion.

By the religious Concordat, which he put the Pope in requisition to approve and sign, Buonaparte published his own disbelief in all religions, and that he was actuated only by policy and not by faith ; and therefore, instead of tranquilizing the consciences of the timorous, he troubled those of the really devout christians, who, seeing a murderer and a poisoner, an apostate and a blasphemer, sacrilegiously usurp the right of proclaiming himself the restorer of the worship of our Saviour, began to doubt whether it was possible that a God could exist, and permit such outrages and unheard-of impiety and profanation, by suffering this cruel man to augment the mass of his revolutionary crimes, and with a revo-

lutionary religion, to prophane the altars of his God, as he had already done the throne of his king.

In creating a corps called the *Legion of Honour*, Buonaparte, in a republic of equality, has erected a revolutionary nobility, with rank, precedence, and privileges, far superior to those of all former nobles, either in France or Europe. What causes the French people to suffer so much the more from these *NOVI HOMINES*, or republican & upstart patricians, is, that most of them are men sprung from the very dregs of the revolutionary mobs, who within these last fourteen years have committed the most enormous crimes ; possessing no more education, probity, or patriotism, than honour, morality, or religion ; who are only slaves to the Corsican, that they may, unpunished, tytanize over their countrymen.

It is a curious fact, that *regularly every year*, since Buonaparte usurped the throne of the Bourbons, he has, by some changes or other, once or oftener, violated that constitution which made him a First Consul. In 1800, the return of the emigrants and of the proscribed clergy ; in 1801, the concordat with the Pope ; in 1802, the amnesty for the emigrants, and the consulate for life ; in 1803, the legion of honour—are all despotical acts, and institutions contrary to the very letter of the republican code, which he, in 1799, had so solemnly sworn to respect. Knowing the changeable and unsteady French character, he has taken care to provide yearly some new subjects for the speculation and occupation of philosophers as well as of politicians, to encourage the hope of the royalists, without diminishing the expectation of the republicans, or the hope of the Jacobins. He has promoted and employed men of all parties, deceived men of all parties, and punished men of all parties ; and thus, by making them by turns his accomplices, slaves, or victims, he rules over them all and has already reigned longer than any of his revolutionary predecessors.

With the same cunning, impudence, and audacity that he allures, cheats, or oppresses French citizens, he undermines monarchy, and, in the persons of their representatives, insults and degrades foreign monarchs ; shewing that he does not intend to respect the prerogative of lawful sovereigns more than the rights of free people, the independence of states more than the laws of nations or etiquette of courts. The vulgar language of the *corps des gardes*, and the command-

ing language of the camp, are oftner heard in the castles of the Thuilleries and St. Cloud, than the decorous conversation and dignified address of a chief magistrate and commander over one of the most civilized nations in the world. At Buonaparte's diplomatic audiences, at his military reviews or levees, at the court circle with his wife, the ambassadors of emperors and kings tremble and blush, not for themselves, but for the First Consul, who so often forgets his rank, and stoops to a behaviour and conversation which his lowest valet should be ashamed to make use of among *his equals* in the republican servants'-hall or in the consular kitchen. It is true, the Temple is no longer in fashion, to teach *privileged* diplomatic agents the revolutionary laws of nations; but the First Consul, in the audience chamber at the Thuilleries, is often more illiberal, unfeeling, and ungenerous, than was formerly the FIRST JAILOR over the official dungeons in the republican Temple-bastile.

When, in 1786, Louis XVI. went to Cherbourg, he was escorted by no more than *forty of his life-guards*: when Buonaparte, in 1803, went to Normandy and Brabant, his escort consisted of *twelve hundred horsemen*. All the expenses for the journey which Louis XVI. made, did not amount to a *million of livres*, or forty-two thousand pounds; the *daily expences* of Buonaparte and his suite, during the late journey, were calculated by his minister Marbois at the rate of *six hundred thousand livres*, or twenty-five thousand pounds sterling. Such is the difference between the order and economy of a regular and paternal government, and the tyrannical one of an upstart and usurper; as extravagant now as he was formerly poor and distressed.

Bourrienne, Buonaparte's confidential secretary, was last autumn, dismissed with disgrace, and disgraced with *eclat*; some indiscreet observations, on what had come to his knowledge during the seven years that he shared the confidence, and perhaps the crimes of Buonaparte, was the cause of a rupture, which many thought impossible, because they believed impolitic on the part of the Corsican. In hopes to regain favour, or with a design to revenge wrongs, Bourrienne published a pamphlet called *The Livre-Rogue of the Consular Court, dedicated to the Economists, and other Modern Reformers*.



Before it could be offered to the public, the police at Paris seized it, and the author and printer were both sent to the Temple. With the exception of three copies, the whole was destroyed : from one of these copies we shall present the public with an extract.

Bourrienne's preface to this pamphlet contains no less than twenty-four pages, intended to prove the near connection between revolutionary government and revolutionary finances ; that the confusion of the one is inseparable from the anarchy of the other ; and a decree of the First Consul, or a Senatus Consultus of his slavish senate, may as well declare it against the honour of the Great Nation to have any national debt, as it has already decreed and declared it political to dishonour the Great Nation with a Corsican Consul for life.

It is a fact, says Bourrienne, which Frenchmen and Foreigners have not sufficiently attended to, that since our financial quacks, the economists, began to put their absurd theories into practice, we have no more order or regularity in our finances, than, from practising the no less absurd and dangerous theories of our political quacks, we have received the blessings of liberty for our persons and principles, or the happiness of security for our property and possessions. So long as France continues to have no stable government, it will continue to have no finances ; and the French Government can never be called stable, whilst its stability depends upon the life of one individual, and that individual a foreigner, or at least no Frenchman, but a cruel and vile Corsican intriguer.

*Mella jubes Hyblæa tibi vel Hymettia nasci,  
Et thyma Cecropiæ Corsica ponis api.*

MART.

Corrupt, divide, and terrify, are the three great pillars of Buonaparte's throne ; and on these it may stand for a time, but without other support it can never be permanent. Let him array himself in all the borrowed splendour of usurped authority, let him put on his purple robes steeped in the blood of innocence, and his diadem torn from the brow of a murdered monarch ; let him call himself Emperor of the Gauls, or the French, or any other slaves, he pleases, yet all this will not add one atom to his comfort or security, nor

shield him from the contempt of insulted humanity: the worm will still gnaw at his heart, if he has any thing human about him; his subjects will yield him only constrained submission, and should Providence permit his destruction, when that is accomplished, the shout of exultation will resound from the frozen territory of Lapland to the thirsty deserts of Arabia. The continuance of the imperial government will depend not on the general acquiescence of the people, but on the strength of the revolutionary party; if they can overpower the royalists, by obtaining the support of the army, the new dynasty may be established; if they have not address nor interest enough to manage this point, the return of the Bourbons is secured, it will be completely a struggle between two opposite forces, and it is difficult to say which will prevail; for as to the preference of royalty to republicanism, that is already settled; it is only whether monarchy shall be administered by an old family or a new one. The prejudices in favor of royalty are chiefly derived from its antiquity: whatever seems to lose itself in the obscurity of past times, derives a degree of respect from that single circumstance; a coin, a marble, a house, a tree, or a castle, though insignificant in themselves, become venerable from the length of time which they are supposed to have existed. The monarchies of the old world claimed their origin from heaven, in order to reconcile men to their novelty on earth; and there is hardly a royal family in Europe whose ancestors cannot be traced back through fifty or sixty generations; for their progenitors, if not royal, were noble, and had been so from remote antiquity. A band of robbers, sprung from the lowest of society, who should call themselves kings and princes, might be feared, laughed at, and worshipped, but they could never be respected. On the other hand, the claims of merit, added to official rank, can never be despised for want of noble origin, they derive their respect from their evident utility, sanctioned by the reason, and not by the folly of mankind. How ridiculous must a set of self-created kings and princes appear who claim a title chiefly supported by prejudices, without having any of those prejudices in their favor; they may be feared, but fear is a treacherous guardian of security: if they wish to be loved, they must seek for it in their virtues, real, and not pretended. The newly-assumed dignity of Buonaparte and his family has

two difficulties to contend with, the want of prejudice and the want of virtue ; and these time alone can overcome. If it passes quietly from the first possessor to another, it may take root and flourish ; but if it cannot bear the first transmission, it will fall never again to be raised. Should this be the case, the two Buonapartes who are omitted in the succession to the empire, will then be considered the most fortunate of the family : yet this omission is a striking evidence of the new Emperor's mean and revengeful spirit : the one, it is said, has affronted, and the other has disgraced him, and he took that opportunity to stigmatize them as unworthy of any share in the imperial dignity.

The Imperial constitution, whatever may be its merits or defects, with such as Buonaparte at its head, will be mere waste paper ; it may amuse speculative politicians, and an ignorant populace, the dupes of his artifice ; but while he lives, it will remain a dead letter ; it is a compliment to the spirit of the times, because it contains some provisions favorable to liberty, but of little use to the people for whom it is intended. Buonaparte is not a man to be controlled by paper constitutions or political philosophy ; he smiles at the impotence of both when measured against his all-powerful mind, a mind superior to the common restraints of law or policy, and limited only by the utmost bounds of possibility ; and had it been as strongly turned to virtue as it is to vice, might have blessed the world with lasting tranquility.

The fortune of Buonaparte has been more singular than even his talents, for every thing conspired to forward his views of ambition and conquest. The tyranny and folly of the Directory opened the way to his attempts, and finally put every thing in his reach ; the obstinacy of Pitt gave him the victory of Marengo, and seated him in his power more firmly than if he had instantly concluded a peace with him, on his first accession to the government. The period of the revolution at which he came into power, was also favorable to him ; for the nation, weary with the struggles of contending parties, and disappointed in their hopes of liberty and prosperity, gave him credit for his first professions in favor of tranquility and social happiness, and they reposed on him as their saviour, after all their dangers and difficulties. From these hopes on the side of the people, and by these professions on his own, he secured the confidence of

the country, and, in the plenitude of their faith and generosity, they gave him more than they will find it easy to recover; and by placing him in the sovereignty of France, enabled him from thence to direct his cannon against the liberties and independence of Europe.

The restless activity of Buonaparte's disposition, forms a part of his character the most dangerous to mankind, from the station wherein he is placed, which, combined with the magnitude of his objects, and the evil tendency of his mind, has been the means of hitherto embroiling the world in confusion and warfare. The benevolent nature of Washington was a circumstance which contributed materially towards tranquilizing America, and as the world is at present governed by a few individuals, no greater happiness can fall to the lot of nations, than that those individuals should be pacifically inclined; and history will furnish us with examples sufficient to prove, that the prosperity of a country is more effectually promoted by the cultivation of the peaceful arts, than by all the conquests of ambition. The quiet reigns of Henry the Seventh and James the First, did more for their country than all the boasted victories of the Edwards and the Henries. Under the former, the tyranny of the feudal system first began to be shaken, and commerce first began to flourish; and, from the latter, Ireland first received the benefit of English law and English generosity. Under the peaceable administration of Sir Robert Walpole, the prosperity of England was carried to its highest pitch. Had Buonaparte possessed the mild virtues of Washington, both France and Europe might have been now at peace, or, had Washington been tormented with the savage ambition of Buonaparte, America might have been involved in all the broils of Europe, and, to the curse of herself and her neighbours, become a military nation, than which no greater evil can befall the civilized world. Should monarchy be restored in France, Europe may regain her peaceful habits and commercial relations and society, instead of degenerating, as it is likely to do, into a state of barbarous slavery, may become gradually more civilized, and the rights of nations, and their duties to each other, more respected and better understood.

History has left upon record many great men whose characters are not yet settled. Cicero has been equally praised

and depreciated—Cæsar has found many admirers, Pompey has been extolled by some and depressed by others, and even Sylla has found an advocate in a Christian divine : but Buonaparte, notwithstanding the present adulation of Frenchmen, will descend to posterity without dividing the opinions of mankind on his character ; ambition is the ruling passion of his soul, to which all his other wicked propensities are in their turns subservient. By talents formed for command, he has obtained an empire over his fellow-creatures, without possessing any qualities which can render him worthy of power : cruel, treacherous, revengeful, crafty, and unprincipled, he has thrown down every barrier which the laws of civilized society, in modern times, had placed against the encroachments of ambition ; and, availing himself of revolutionary tumult, has assumed a power infinitely greater than the revolution had destroyed ; like Augustus, he affects to preserve the forms of a republic, and thus reconcile the nation to his tyranny ; yet it is a republic in which liberty appears only in name, and in which equality is frittered away by arbitrary institutions, without either respectability or dignity.

Though qualified both by inclination and talents for every species of artifice and intrigue, yet his violence sometimes so far gets the better of him, as to set all disguise at defiance ; conscious, perhaps, of this weakness, he has been careful to employ men in his service who have a greater control over their passions than himself, and are capable of the most refined villainy. His general character has already had a fatal effect on the manners of the French, who, from being the most polished people in Europe, are now little better than a nation of banditti ; for, having ceased to respect the rights of other nations and the laws of civilized society, they can be considered in no other light. His military character and propensities have also been fatal to the general situation of Europe. The opposition to the French revolution, by the other European powers, first changed its original direction, and established, as Lord Landsdown foretold, a military republic in the heart of Europe. Buonaparte confirmed what Robespierre had begun, and converted the government from being defensively, to being essentially military ; and by this means extended the system to other nations, who are compelled, for their own defence, to keep up large and expensive military establish-



ments, to the great annoyance of their peaceful subjects, and the destruction of many other pursuits, which can only thrive under a light or moderate taxation.

To say what are the virtues of Buonaparte is a matter somewhat difficult, though there is hardly one which he did not assume before he had secured his authority; the irascible passions have their full sway over him, though he is said to be exempt from the lust of concupiscence; his court is not a brothel of debauchery, but it is a den of thieves; he is free from the vices of the body, and therefore more fully possessed by those of the mind; his continence is not a virtue, but a defect of nature, which, so far from rendering him amiable, is, perhaps, the cause of that cold-hearted villainy which makes him insensible to mercy or compassion; for nothing softens the human heart more than a propensity to the female sex, even when carried to excess; but the man who is inaccessible either to lust or to love, must be hardly human; he must be either above or below the rest of mankind. Gratitude is certainly not one of the Emperor's virtues, for the three men to whom he is most indebted in the world, are now driven from his presence. A truly great man is great in every thing; Buonaparte is great in nothing but his ambition: in every thing else he is beneath contempt. His cruelty, more savage than that of Borgia or Philip, is a horrid mixture of calculation and passion, just as interest or revenge happens to prevail: he has risen to a throne by the disregard of every human ordinance, and seems to stand alone in the world, not so much by the dignity of his nature, as by a total want of all those finer moral sympathies which attach men to each other.

Buonaparte is almost the only instance upon record of a man being wholly engrossed by one object; other great men have had their moments of weakness, their hours of voluptuous indulgence, which have diverted them from their great pursuits, and rendered them assailable to the attacks of their enemies; but the mind of Buonaparte is never turned for an instant from the great object of his ambition; the increase and maintenance of his power alone employ his thoughts, and engage his undivided attention, and this it is which makes him so formidable; he leaves no hope that he may ever be surprised in an error, or that a body enervated by luxury may yield to the attacks of disease or intemperance.

The remark, that good sometimes arises out of evil, or rather, that what is evil in one light may be good in another, may be applied to the situation of this country, arising from the menaces of Buonaparte. The state of France, and other countries on the continent, has taught us to be content with our own, in the search after improvement, to be guided by experience rather than trust to uncertain speculations, and to estimate duly the many blessings we enjoy, which can only be increased by gradual advancement. The danger on the other hand is, that those governments which have withstood the whirlwind and tempest of the French revolution should hold too strongly to their antient abuses, and, thinking themselves secure in their strength, should condemn the strength of this people. The true lesson they ought to receive from all that is past is, to bear themselves moderately, and to remember that their power is a trust which may be resumed, and otherwise confided.

The sudden elevation of Buonaparte, joined to his original temper, will in a great measure account for the imprudence with which he has thrown away both his own happiness, and that of the nation. Men raised suddenly from the lower ranks to much lesser situations than that of Buonaparte, seldom make a good use of their advantages; they retain all the leading ideas of their humble origin, and consider the power or money they have acquired, to be useful to no other purpose than their own gratification. They seldom possess any enlarged notions of virtue or happiness; and mere gross indulgence, whether their leading passion be ambition, avarice, or pleasure, is the sole object of their pursuit. Buonaparte, therefore, though superior to other men in his talents, and the opportunities that have been afforded him for their display, has his heart still narrowed with his original selfishness, and like a merchant who has arrived at riches by his talents for calculation, remains without virtue or humanity. Having arrived at power without one amiable quality to reconcile men to his usurpation, he is now supported solely by violence, and when he falls, he will fall unlamented, even by those who shared his power, his honors, or his bounty. On a full review of his character, it may safely be pronounced, that his heart is filled with every bad passion, while hardly one solitary virtue is to be found in their company, and it may safely be pronounced, that he resembles none of the great men who have gone before him.

Francs.\*

The annual civil list establishment of the First Consul, - - - - -	24,000,000
His wardrobe, plate, china, the crown jewels that he has appropriated to his use, those plundered or extorted in Italy, Spain and Portugal, - - - - -	20,000,000
The private jewels, plate, &c. of Madame Buonaparte, - - - - -	3,000,000
Her pin-money, annually, - - - - -	1,000,000
For the establishment of Joseph Buonaparte, paid at once, - - - - -	2,000,000
A yearly pension, - - - - -	1,200,000
An annuity to four relations of Madame J. Buonaparte, - - - - -	200,000
Presents to J. Buonaparte for his negotiations at Lunéville, Amiens, &c. - - - - -	1,500,000
The establishment of Lucien Buonaparte, - - - - -	2,000,000
A yearly pension, - - - - -	1,200,000
His wardrobe, china, plate, pictures, and the diamonds that he extorted from Spain and Portugal, - - - - -	4,000,000
Annuities to the parents and relations of his late wife, daughter of an inn-keeper at St. Maximin, - - - - -	200,000
Debts paid in France and Spain, - - - - -	3,000,000
The establishment of Louis Buonaparte, - - - - -	2,000,000
A yearly pension, - - - - -	1,200,000
Debts paid at Berlin, and in other parts of Germany, in 1800 and 1801, - - - - -	1,000,000
At his marriage, - - - - -	600,000
Ditto, to his wife Mademoiselle Beauharnois, - - - - -	600,000
At the birth of her child, - - - - -	600,000
For an hotel at Paris, and two estates in the country, for the future establishment of Jerome Buonaparte, - - - - -	1,500,000
A yearly pension until married, - - - - -	600,000
Money deposited in foreign banks, in the name of Jerome Buonaparte, - - - - -	1,000,000

\* A Franc is about tenpence halfpenny.

## THE FIRST CONSUL'S SISTERS.

	<i>Francs.</i>
1. Madame Bacchiochi, an establishment, -	1,000,000
A yearly pension, - - - - -	600,000
Presents in diamonds, &c. - - - -	600,000
To several of her husband's relations, annuities, - - - - -	200,000
2. Madame Santa Cruce, an establishment, -	1,000,000
A yearly pension, - - - - -	600,000
Presents in diamonds, &c. - - - -	600,000
Annuities to two of her husband's relations, -	100,000
3. Madame Murat, an establishment, - - -	1,000,000
A yearly pension, - - - - -	600,000
Presents in diamonds, &c. - - - -	600,000
To five of her husband's relations, annuities, -	200,000
4. Madame Le Clerc, an establishment, - -	1,000,000
A yearly pension, - - - - -	600,000
Presents in diamonds, &c. - - - -	600,000
Ditto for going to St. Domingo, - - -	500,000
To some of her husband's relations, annuities, -	300,000
To Madame Buonaparte, the Consul's mother, an establishment, - - - - -	2,000,000
A yearly pension, - - - - -	1,000,000
Presents, &c. - - - - -	600,000
(As she lives mostly with the Consul, she distributes her pension among her other children.)	
The Consul's uncle, the Archbishop of Lyons, an annuity, - - - - -	600,000
For an establishment, - - - - -	500,000
To pay for a library, - - - - -	300,000
To eight poor cousins, and twelve more distant relations of the Consul, annuities, - - -	500,000
To a butcher, a second cousin of the Consul, paid on condition of his not leaving Corsica, -	300,000
Annuities to his wife and children, on the same condition, - - - - -	50,000
To young Beauharnois, an annuity, - - -	600,000
A present at his sister's marriage, - - -	300,000
An hotel and an estate for his future establishment, - - - - -	6,000,000
Paid for his debts, - - - - -	1,200,000
To Madame La Pagerie (Madame Buonaparte's mother) for an establishment, - - - -	1,000,000

	<i>Francs.</i>
A yearly pension, . . . . .	600,000
To six of her relations, annuities, . . . . .	500,000
To fifty private spies of the First Consul, yearly, Barrere's name is among them; but he is, besides, in another part of the Livre Rouge, a Censor over the Press, with a stipend of 42,000 francs. Pensions to 406 other persons, either distant relations of the Buonaparte family, or favorites; amongst others, Ruostan, the favourite Mameluke, of 24,000 francs; six women, ruined by Lucien, of 3,000 francs each; Madame Louis's dancing-master, of 3,000 francs, &c. &c. . . . .	300,000
Secret service money, among the household troops and in the interior of the castles of St. Cloud and the Thuilleries, annually, . . . . .	5,000,000
The Second Consul, yearly, . . . . .	1,500,000
To his relations, do. . . . .	2,000,000
The Third Consul, do. . . . .	200,000
To his children, do. . . . .	1,500,000
To other relations, do. . . . .	300,000
To other relations, do. . . . .	200,000

[PRIVATE.]

SECRET EXPENCES OF THE FIRST CONSUL.

YEAR VIII.

To the members of the Council of Ancients, in Brumaire, year viii. . . . .	
To do. of the Council of Five Hundred, do. . . . .	1,500,000
To the Directorial Guard, do. . . . .	3,000,000
To General Le Fevre, for the military at and near Paris, . . . . .	1,000,000
To the disposal of Fouché. . . . .	2,500,000
The Constitutional Committee, . . . . .	1,200,000
For accelerating the acceptance of the Constitution, with addresses, &c. . . . .	2,000,000
The army of the West, during the negotiation with the Royalists, . . . . .	6,000,000
For the pacification of the Royalists, . . . . .	3,500,000
To the army in Switzerland, . . . . .	2,400,000
To the army in Germany, . . . . .	1,200,000
Do. on the War, and in Liguria, . . . . .	2,000,000
Do. in Egypt (Ventose) . . . . .	1,000,000
Do. of Reserve (Germinal) . . . . .	1,500,000
	500,000



	<i>Francs.</i>
To Adjutant Duroc at Berlin, - - -	2,000,000
To Citizen Otto in England, - - -	1,000,000
Do. for the inspections over the Bourbons, -	100,000
For do. do. in Poland and Holstein, - -	100,000
For do. do. and the army of Condé, - -	200,000
Remitted to Madame Bonœille, for secret services in Russia, - - - - -	800,000
To the different members of the Senate, -	600,000
Do. of the Legislative Corps, - - - -	600,000
Do. of the Tribunal, - - - - -	500,000
To twenty-five generals, - - - - -	1,800,000
Distributed at Brest, - - - - -	1,200,000
Do. at Toulon, - - - - -	600,000
Remitted to private agent at Vienna in Floreal and Fructidor, - - - - -	3,000,000
New remittances to the army of Egypt on account of some captures by the English, -	1,200,000
To Generals Menou and D'Estaing, - -	1,000,000
YEAR IX.	
To Louis Buonaparte at Berlin (Frimaire) -	1,500,000
Do. at Königsberg and Dantzic, for Russia, -	3,000,000
For private information at the armies of Moreau and Angereau, - - - - -	1,200,000
Do. at the army of Interior, - - - - -	600,000
Do. at do, against Portugal, - - - - -	300,000
Do. at do. in Italy, Switzerland, and Holland, -	300,000
To some leading members of the Senate, -	500,000
Do. of the Legislative Body, - - - -	300,000
Do. of the Tribunal, - - - - -	200,000
Remitted to Adjutant Lauriston at Copenhagen (Germinal) - - - - -	600,000
Do. to Adjutant Duroc at St. Petersburg, in Prairial, - - - - -	3,000,000
Do. to Citizen Otto in England, - - -	1,200,000
Do. to General Menou, - - - - -	600,000
For the inspections over the Bourbons in England, Poland, and Germany, - - -	600,000
Among the naval armies at Brest and Toulon, for secret information, - - - - -	300,000
To sixteen generals, - - - - -	800,000
For secret influence at the Military Special Tribunals, - - - - -	300,000

	YEAR X.	Francs.
For the return of some bishops and priests,		1,600,000
The Consulta at Lyons, - - - -		4,000,000
To some leading Members of the Senate, on the motion of the Consulate for life, - -		800,000
Do. - - - - -		700,000
Do. of the Council of State, do. - - -		600,000
Do. of the Legislative Body, do. - - -		500,000
Do. of the Tribunate, do. - - - -		500,000
To the different Prefects, do. - - - -		12,000,000
To fifty generals, do. - - - - -		3,500,000
To the different armies, do. - - - -		3,000,000
To the navy at Brest and Toulon, do. - -		600,000
For accelerating the votes and proposing ad- dresses at Paris, to Fouché and Dubois, -		300,000
Do. in the departments, - - - - -		3,000,000
For the inspection over the Bourbons, -		600,000
Remitted to Citizen Otto, - - - - -		500,000
For the private inspection over the ministers and at their offices, - - - - -		100,000
Among the military at Paris, per General Junot,		100,000
Do. in the departments, - - - - -		4,000,000

To prove with what indifference and profusion millions are squandered away, and with what contempt the squandered millions are accounted for, the *budget presented to the Legislative Body at its last meeting, in February 1803, and published in the official Moniteur*, contains the following concise narration, how nearly three millions sterling have been expended.

## YEAR IX.

32 millions expended in negociations (pour frais des negociations.)

## YEAR X.

10 millions unforeseen expences (depences impreviues.)

15,505,000 francs expended in negociations (pour frais des negociations.)

Let those who complain of the show and prodigality of princes, who libel the expences attending monarchical governments, who praise the simplicity and economy of republican administrators; who speak of the absurdity of hereditary sovereignty, and of the advantage of electing rulers: let them read the above authentic extract, and then say what France has gained by exchanging an ancient monarchy for a fashionable commonwealth—a Bourbon for a Buonaparte:

People who have not resided for some time in revolutionary France can form no idea of the disorder that reigns in her finances, of the uncertainty and insecurity of property, of the total want of confidence, of the scarcity of money, of the immorality and crimes of her government, and of the vices and slavery of her inhabitants. Of France it may truly be said, for these last eleven years, that

*Her slaves are soldiers, and her soldiers slaves,*

*Her knaves are rulers, and her rulers knaves.*

And, in fact, any upstart in place or in affluence, who is even notoriously known to have committed murders and assassinations, to have intrigued, robbed, betrayed or plundered ever so much, *is respected as an irreproachable character.* Many good and innocent persons have, besides, since the Revolution, been suspected, accused, judged and condemned by former factions as criminals; this has introduced a confusion in ideas, advantageous to those really guilty and deserving of punishment; the public opinion is therefore always uncertain and hesitating about the innocence or guilt of the accused. But the immoral indifference and cowardly baseness of the French republicans would be incredible, were it not manifest, that notwithstanding they are convinced of the enormous crimes, both of the First Consul and most of his senators, of his counsellors of state, &c. crimes that, under a regular government, and in a country where honour, morality and religion were revered, would long ago have forced them to descend from power, and to renounce their rank and riches for a gibbet, the galleys, or a prison;—they continue to submit to Buonaparte as they did to Robespierre, and speak of the *great virtues* of the former in 1803, as they did of the *unparalleled humanity* of the latter in 1793. On all others, as well as on the present king of faction, the prostitution of praise, and every degree of encomiastic veneration, have been bestowed. Terms peculiar to the adoration and worship of the Supreme Being have been applied to Marat and Robespierre, as well as to Buonaparte; wretches, all, whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men, and whom nothing but riches and power, fear or meanness, prevented those who published or proclaimed their deification from hunting into the toils of justice, as disturbers of the peace of nations.

In a pamphlet called “*La Sainte Famille*,” the following calculation is made and published, of the number of per-

sons who had perished by the commands of Napoleone Buonaparte, before he was firmly seated upon the republican throne of France as a First Consul.

In December 1793, Brutus Buonaparte commanded the cannons and bayonets which killed, or rather murdered, twelve hundred men, women, and children, at Toulon. In October 1795, eight thousand men, women, and children, were butchered in the streets of Paris, by Barras, Buonaparte, and his satellites. During the campaigns of 1796 and 1797, in Italy and Carinthia, according to the official report in the war-office, twenty-six thousand four hundred and sixty French citizens were killed by the enemy on the fields of battle, and nine thousand three hundred and fifty-two perished in the hospitals: of whom the author of the pamphlet supposes *at least three thousand* to have been *strangled, poisoned, or buried alive*, by the orders of Buonaparte, after having been dangerously wounded in combating for this atrocious general. During the same campaign, according to Berthier's, and other generals' reports, upwards of forty-four thousand enemies in arms were killed, besides fourteen thousand two hundred disarmed inhabitants, men, women, and children, who perished in cities, towns, and villages given up to pillage, taken by storm, put under military execution, or who were stabbed and shot, or burned alive as insurgents, as refractory, or as fanatics.

Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt and to Syria, and the battle of Aboukir, cost the lives of twenty-two thousand Frenchmen, forty thousand inhabitants in Egypt, and six thousand in Syria; and, according to Menou's account, thirty-six thousand Turks and English were killed by the republicans or by the climate. (The number of Frenchmen poisoned in the hospitals by the orders of Ali Buonaparte, Menou does not mention.) During the campaign of 1800, in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, and until the Peace of Luneville ensured Buonaparte's usurpation, twenty-six thousand eight hundred Frenchmen died on the field of battle, or in the hospitals; and according to Moreau's, Berthier's, Massena's, and Macdonalds accounts, more than double that number of enemies perished in the same campaigns. And thus upwards of three hundred thousand lives have been sacrificed to procure Buonaparte a rank and a power, of which he makes no other use than to confer an organized misery and slavery on mankind, by a continual

oppression, plunder and tyranny ; by his religious and political hypocrisy, as much as by his revolutionary plots, pretensions, intrigues, and agitations.

Thanks to the courageous, loyal, and able historian, Sir Robert Wilson, who relating in a style equally pure, nervous, elevated, and clear, incontrovertible facts, has exposed the hitherto unheard of, or disbelieved, atrocities of Napoleone Buonaparte, and made the world more intimately acquainted with the principles and conduct of this fortunate, but misconceived man, and proved, that neither command nor affluence, neither authority nor prosperity, neither a throne nor popularity, "*can make a villain great.*" Success has sometimes meliorated the sanguinary characters of former usurpers. The Emperor Augustus was very different from the Triumvir Octavius ; but the tyranny and ferocity of Buonaparte increases with his prosperity ; and the fortunate First Consul never ceases to exhibit the cruel character of the adventurer and terrorist Brutus Buonaparte at Toulon of 1793, of the jacobin and murderer Barras Buonaparte at Paris of 1795, and of the poisoner and butcher, Ali Buonaparte, at Jaffa of 1799.

Future ages, more happy, more independent, and more impartial, will do the British Nation that justice, and bestow on it that admiration, which, terrified by revolutionary threats, and gained over by *regicide* indemnities, some contemporaries have refused ; and draw an honourable conclusion concerning the spirit, patriotism, and morality of modern Britons, from the irreconcilable hatred with which they have been distinguished by all French rebels and regicides, of all factions, of all parties, and of all constitutions ; by the Brissot, Danton, Marat, and Robespierre of the year one, as well as by the Talleyrand, Ræderer, Fouché, and Bounaparte, of the year twelve.

As to Napoleone Buonaparte, either considered as a powerful usurper, or as a private citizen, either as a warrior, or as a politician, it has before been justly said, " That success may, for inscrutable purposes, continue to attend him. Abject senates may decree him a throne, or the pantheon ; but history shall render injured humanity justice, and an indignant posterity inscribe on his cenotaph :

*" Ille venena Colchica,  
Et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas  
Tractavit."*



## JOSEPHINE BUONAPARTE,

### EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

Ah ! si l'on connoissait le néant des grandeurs  
Leurs tristes vanités, leurs fantômes trompeurs,  
Qu'on en détesteroit le brillant esclavage !!!

JOSEPHINE Tascher de la Pagerie is not the first person of her sex in France, whom, from a subject, fortune has elevated to be the consort of a sovereign. King Casimir of Poland, and Louis XIV. of France, were both married to French gentlewomen, who had, however, the modesty and prudence not to expose to derision, danger, or contempt, that grandeur which had descended from its native dignity to gratify an unbecoming and impolitic passion. And, indeed, had Madame de Maintenon been so ambitious as to desire the publicity of those sacred ties which united her lawfully to Louis XIV. notwithstanding the unlimited power of this king, which the French people had so long and so quietly obeyed and respected, it is very probable that a civil war would have been the consequence. Any prince of the blood, who had then appealed to the honour of his countrymen for avenging the outrage offered himself, his ancestors, and the throne, by such an act, would have been sure of numerous adherents, not only among the nobility but among the inferior classes. Frenchmen, in the end of the seventeenth century, were not so depraved and unprincipled as their descendants have shewn themselves in the beginning of the nineteenth. Men who can submit to salute a guilty Corsican adventurer their emperor, and to remain his slaves, could reasonably have no objection to bow as subjects to his worthy partner, a Creole empress, though she had previously been by turns the harlot of courtiers and of regicides, prostituting herself in the boudoirs of Versailles, or rioting in vice and debauchery in the dens of a committee of public safety, or in the anti-chambers of an executive directory.

Josephine la Pagerie was married at the age of twenty-

two to Viscount Alexander de Beauharnois, then second major in a regiment of infantry: a rank which he owed, not to his military capacity, but to his assiduity at Versailles, in the anti-chambers of favourites and ministers; and to his reputation among the courtiers, of being an agreeable and able dancer. The marriage of the rich Mademoiselle le Pagerie with the poor Viscount de Beauharnois was concluded with love and affection on one part, and from interest and necessity on the other; because de Beauharnois was both in debt, and some years younger than his wife. Both were born at Martinique, and educated in France; and both descended from noble but obscure or reduced families, who had transplanted themselves to the West Indies, in expectation of making in the colonies a fortune, of which they had neither a prospect nor a hope in their mother country.

Notwithstanding that Monsieur and Madame de Beauharnois were, soon after their marriage, introduced at court, and presented to the king and to the royal family, yet their usual society chiefly consisted of persons who, like themselves, possessed some property, no claim to eminence, but great envy towards those who with riches united distinction and favour. Both sexes of this society were immoral citizens, ambitious and dangerous intriguers, and the principal though indirect plotters and conspirators both against the throne and the altar, against the privileges of the nobility and clergy, as well as against the happiness and tranquillity of Frenchmen in general. Talleyrand, Charles and Alexander La Methe, Beaumetz, La Tour Maubeuge, Sillery, and Flahault, were some of the persons most visited by Madame de Beauharnois and her husband; characters who have, with their ladies, more or less figured in the French revolutionary annals, and prepared, by their atheistical, disaffected, and seditious conversations and writings, the subversion of the monarchical government, and the wretchedness of France and Europe. They were known *frondeurs* as the French called them; or, what is the same, sticklers against the government, without cause or reason, as well as without shame, gratitude, duty, or policy. Among these coteries of the *second* class, or petty nobility, vice walked barefaced, and the sacred ties of matrimony were less respected than in the *first* class, otherwise reported, or rather ca-

*luminated*, as the most debauched and unprincipled; though a regard to their names, and to the known virtuous character of Louis XVI. forced many of them at least to save the appearance of virtue, or to be discreet in their vices, and to avoid all scandal and publicity, as the only means of preserving the good opinion and favour of their prince. This was not the case with the *familiar* company of Monsieur and Madame de Beauharnois: burning with desire to become notorious, their constant and criminal emulation was to obtain an infamous applause, to be fashionable in the immoral French capital, and to gain renown by making the public acquainted with their reciprocal intrigues, their mutual infidelities, and their equal refinements in vice and debauchery. The gallants of Madame de Beauharnois were therefore as numerous as they were notorious; and her vanity was no doubt flattered, at hearing that her amours were the common topic of conversation not only at Versailles, but at Paris, in the theatres, as well as in the coffee-houses. In March 1789, at the hotel of the Countess de F—, (the *bonne amie* of Talleyrand) Madame de Beauharnois said, in the large circle of ladies and gentlemen assembled there, and in the presence of Mr. Beauharnois, that, *of her several pregnancies, she could not reproach her husband with any, except the first, which ended in a miscarriage.* This sally was heard, commended, and envied by all the ladies present; and the next day trumpeted about Paris by the gentlemen, and laughed at or admired every where. A few days afterwards, when Madame de Beauharnois appeared in her box at the opera, she was saluted with the repeated applauses of the *good* and *virtuous* Parisians, who then were preparing the moral regeneration of France, of Europe, and of the world.

Mr. de Beauharnois had about this period been chosen, by the nobility of the bailiwick of Blois, a deputy to the States-General. Dazzled by this honour, and by the flattery which *his friends* paid to the charms of his wife and to the good dinners of her cook, and convinced of his own superiority in dancing, he thought himself a man of consequence; and, to prove himself such, determined, with a degree of impudence, as dishonourable as ineffectual, in gratitude for all the favours and benefactions that he had received from the generous bounty of Louis XVI. to de-

claim, and to declare his implacable enmity to this Sovereign and to the Royal family. But, in the assembly of the States-General, afterwards called the National Assembly, when he ascended the tribune, he read his treacherous speeches with an ostentation which his chilling and unfeeling voice made ridiculous; and the orator was as contemptible as the traitor was detestable. His accomplices La Fayette and La Methe, however, caused him, notwithstanding his want of abilities, to be elected, in June 1791, president of this National Assembly; and as such, he signed the proclamation addressed to the French people, when Louis XVI. was arrested at Varennes. In October of the same year, he made his peace with the court, was promoted to the rank of adjutant-general, and served as such under General Biron when the French troops, in April, 1792, were routed near Mons.

Beauharnois was the friend of La Fayette as long as he was popular; but afterwards joined his enemy and successor in popularity, Dumourier; and when the latter was proscribed, he courted Custine, whom, when proscribed also in his turn, he succeeded in the command over the army of the Rhine; which place he, contrary to the wishes of the jacobins, desired to resign, but was forced to occupy until August 1793, when the representatives of the people suspended him from all functions, and ordered him to retire about twenty leagues from the frontiers. He was soon afterwards, with his wife, arrested as suspected persons; and on the 23d of July, 1794, he was sent to the guillotine, as an accomplice in the imaginary conspiracy of the prisons. The day before his execution he wrote a long letter to his wife, in which he recommended to her, in the true republican style, *her children*; and *in particular not to neglect to re-establish his memory and reputation, by proving "that his whole life had been consecrated to serve liberty and equality."* This revolutionary hypocrisy of a man who had been twenty years a courtier, and only four a patriot, will not seem surprising, when it is considered that at this time liberty and equality were very fashionable words in republican France, and Mr. de Beauharnois no doubt intended to die as he had lived, a fashionable man. It is said, however, that when he ascended the scaffold of the guillotine, he exclaimed, "*If I had served my King with the same zeal and fidelity*

as I have done his murderers, he would have rewarded me in a different manner." It is a consolation to proscribed and suffering loyalty, and an evidence that providence does not always permit successful crime to remain unpunished, that most of the nobles who revolted against their lawful Sovereign have either perished by the hands of their sovereign people, or what is worse, and more painful both to real patriots and to patriotic intriguers, are forced to live the abject slaves of the vilest of all tyrants, and to endure, under a foreign usurper, a bondage as dishonourable as oppressive, after sacrificing the real liberty which they enjoyed under the best of all the French kings.

During the revolutionary career of General Beauharnois, his wife lost many of her former friends; either by emigration, as the two brothers La Methe; by proscription, as Talleyrand and La Fayette; or by the guillotine, as Barnave, Sillery, and Flahault. It was, therefore, when at Strasburgh in July, 1793, her intention to emigrate; which her husband prevented, however, by sending her back to Paris; where, soon after, she, like him, was immured; but not in the same prison.

It has been said, and believed every where, that in 1794, to save her life, Madame de Beauharnois threw herself into the arms of one of the indirect murderers both of her husband and of her king; and that she had no choice left but the impure embraces of the regicide Barras, or death from the republican guillotine. That it was not from necessity, however, but from a vicious habit and scandalous perversity, that she began to intrigue with Barras, was at the time well known at Paris, and may easily be proved in London. General Beauharnois was beheaded on the 23d of July 1794, five days before the death of Robespierre, and six days before the guillotine ceased to kill *en masse*. In the 25th number of Fouquier Thionville's printed lists (counting from the day which made her a widow) Madame de Beauharnois's name was inscribed; and had not Robespierre perished, she would certainly have ascended the scaffold in her turn; and Barras was the last of all the conventional regicides who could have saved her, being himself marked out upon an anterior list, as one of Robespierre's first victims. Besides, when Madame de Beauharnois, on the 24th of



Thermidor, or 12th of August 1794, recovered her liberty, she was released, not by Barras, but by the Parisian butcher and representative of the French people, the regicide Legendre, who *kindly protected* her for some time in his house, where she made acquaintance both with Madame Tallien and with Barras, who, to the great disappointment of Legendre, in September of the same year, caused the seals to be taken off her house in the Rue de Victoires; and to *protect* her in his turn, he occupied an apartment in her house, until he exchanged it in October 1795, for the Palace of Luxembourg, and procured her, in his accomplice Napoleone Buonaparte, a husband to cover the *embarrassed* state to which she was at that period reduced by her intimacy and connection with him as her lover.

All those ladies of noble families in France, whose licentiousness got the better of their duty during the revolution (and to the honour of the sex they are not many) have made their *pretended* dangers an apology for their *real* guilt. Danger was the excuse of Madame de Fontenay, for marrying the regicide Septembrizer Tallien; of the Duchess of Fleury, for divorcing herself to marry a gamester; of the Marchioness of Bourdemont, for marrying her coachman; and of Madame de Beauharnois, for living in adultery with the married jacobin Barras. But the revolutionary crimes of the revolutionary factions are manifest, public, and numerous enough, without any augmentation from libertinism to extenuate private corruption; and if those ladies who, like the Princess of Monaco, the Duchess of Biron, and the Marchioness de St. Luc, preferred death to infamy, deserve the warmest admiration; those who forget themselves, when surrounded by the examples the martyrs of loyalty and religion, and with the scaffolds of virtue and innocence, and who, in those dreadful days gave loose to their vile passions, deserve to be exhibited both as a shame to themselves, and as a warning to others whom future revolutions may tempt to future imitation and degradation.

While Madame de Beauharnois thus, in company with Barras, consoled herself for the loss of her husband; Madame Tallien, a beautiful woman, but whose character is as depraved as her form is perfect, was the then fashionable idol of the gay, corrupt, and giddy Parisians.

These two female friends of Barras soon became rivals in the Scandalous Chronicles, in which were recorded their mutual efforts to outshine each other; to make conquests, and to desert the conquered; to change lovers, as they changed their clothes; and to exhibit at the theatres, in the public walks and assemblies, their new and motley suitors, as impudently as their more-than-half-naked persons.

During the years 1795 and 1796, Madame Tallien always had the precedence in the Parisian popularity and favour, and was the most fashionable idol of those times. Madame Beauharnois gained no applause or approbation when her second marriage was known. Her choice, Napoleone Buonaparte, was the detestation and abhorrence of all Paris, where he, two months before, had made so many widows and orphans; and even his *brilliant* campaign of 1796, in Italy, caused the Parisians to shudder at the very name of the victor Buonaparte, whom they always remembered and regarded as a murderer.

By the peace of Campo Formio, or rather by the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, or 4th of September 1797, Buonaparte silenced, without reconciling, his enemies. The flatterers of his fortune, however, caused his wife to share in his triumph, and forced Madame Tallien to renounce, or at least to admit a partner upon, the throne of fashion, which for two years she had occupied without any rival; and though Madame Napoleone (*ci-devant de Beauharnois*) was advanced in years, and never had been a beauty, the Notre Dame des Victoires, as the military called her, was more the talk of the day, than Notre Dame de Septembre, as the royalists had styled Madame Tallien, on account of her marriage with a regicide, who was, besides, a Septembrizer.

When Buonaparte sailed for Egypt, in May 1798, he left his wife in greater affluence than he had found her in 1795: in distress at that period himself, he had married her for her poverty, and not from any attachment to her person. The amiable and insinuating manners of Madame Napoleone, however, made some impression upon the mind of an unfeeling, cruel, and ambitious man, who, no doubt, took that for love which could only be vanity or interest; and he left his wife, if his own letters are to be believed, *with regret*, or probably with fear that more

riches, more notoriety, and more means to attract the attention of the public, would make an already vain and dissolute character still more criminal. Buonaparte was not mistaken. According to the pamphlet called "La Sainte Famille," his mother's letters overtook him at Malta, with information, "that his wife, the same day that she received information of his departure from Toulon, had left Paris for Grosbois, and settled herself with her former protector Barras; who had caused great complaint, and attached great scandal to the other Directors, by having deserted his duty and the Luxembourg for his scenes of debauchery at Grosbois, where, besides several noted courtezans, were Madame Tallien, Madame Napoleone Buonaparte, Madame Killmain, Madame Guidal, Madame Grand, General Verdier, Talleyrand, &c. &c. all persons whose examples it was well known might ruin the morals of a republic even more vicious than the French. It was in consequence of this maternal information, that Napoleone wrote, on the 25th of July, 1798, a letter from Cairo to his brother Joseph; in which he said, "I have many domestic troubles and family vexations; the veil is entirely withdrawn: you alone remain to me upon earth; your friendship is very dear to me: nothing is wanting to make me a *complete misanthrope*, but that I should lose you, or that you should betray me. Such is my melancholy situation! *I possess all possible sentiments for this same person, whilst another reigns in her heart!* You understand what I mean." The tender-hearted, humane, unambitious Napoleone to become a misanthrope, because his *worthy* wife intrigued with the same regicide with whom she lived in open adultery at the time when he married her! he, who with *sang froid*, if not with pleasure, had commanded the murder, poisoning, &c. of so many thousand individuals of both sexes, of all ages! this Corsican hypocrisy probably could not dupe even his so partial Corsican brother. A man at the head of forty thousand armed banditti, employed in plundering the country and butchering the subjects of a *friendly* and *allied* power, must make a very novel and curious misanthrope indeed!

After the issue of the battle of Aboukir became known in France, the policy of Barras got the better of his amour; and, following the example and conduct of the

other directors; he rather shunned than courted the company of a lady whose husband, by his absurd imprudent orders to the French admiral, had caused the destruction of more than half the remaining French navy: which great national loss excited a general clamour and discontent all over France. Even the son of the Director Rewbell, who had long been dying of love for Mademoiselle Fanny de Beauharnois (the daughter of Madame Napoleone during her first marriage), and to whom he was betrothed, broke off a match which Lord Nelson's victory had made ominous. To augment Madame Napoleone's chagrin and humiliation, her former defeated rival, Madame Tallien, again usurped and assumed the reign of fashion; was again followed at Tivoli, at Frescati, and in other public walks or gardens; was again exclusively admired at the directorial and ministerial assemblies; and was again applauded at the opera and in the Theatre de Feydeaux; again her pictures were exposed in the Palais Royal and in the Rue St. Honoré; and again her beauty was sung in the Boulevards, and at the Theatre de Vaudeville. To console herself for so many misfortunes, which the troublesome visits of her own and her husband's creditors did not diminish, Madame Napoleone resigned the pleasures and delicious pretensions of her *boudoirs*, for the deceitful golden prospect of the gaming table, and for the petites soupées of the gamester, where Burgundy and Champagne made her often forget, with herself, both Barras and Napoleone, and the rouleaus of Louis-d'ors of which an unkind fortune had deprived her. In the spring of 1799, Madame Napoleone was reduced to such distress, that not only the diamonds and jewels which her Napoleone had collected for her in Italy were in the hands of pawnbrokers and usurers, but an execution in her house was only prevented by *the then anonymous* pecuniary assistance of General Moreau. If the Scandalous Chronicle be to be believed, and the reports in the Luxembourg circles were true, Madame Napoleone tried all sorts of expedients to extricate herself from her difficulties; and even to raise succours for her present wants and extravagance, upon the ruins of her former attractive, but now faded charms.

When the spoiled child of fortune, Napoleone Buona-

parte, from an infamous deserter became a powerful First Consul; and when victory and the peace of Luneville and of Amiens had respected the claims of his usurpations, Madame Napoleone had not to fear any rival upon the throne of fashion, more than her husband had upon the republican throne of France. It was now, therefore, no longer a question about the petty intrigues of the petty *boudoirs*, of the petty cabals of the petty minor beauties, such as Madame Tallien, Madame Recamier, Madame Marmont: the First Consul had decreed, "that Madame Napoleone, in the castle of queens....in the apartment of queens....with the treasures of queens....and with vices and vanity above all queens....should play in a *decent* manner all the parts of a queen." To begin this task, all former familiar acquaintances were to be set aside, thereby convincing the republican world, that at the age of forty-six Madame Napoleone was born to be a queen, to give splendour to the throne of a queen, and to do honour to the rank of a queen. Madame Tallien therefore received, through the prefect of the palace, Duroc, orders not to appear any longer at the castle of the Thuilleries; Madame Napoleone not being able to endure the presence of a woman who had two children during her husband's absence; any more than the First Consul, who had been a poisoner and Septembrizer *only* at Jaffa, could suffer the fraternity of his friend Tallien, who had been a regicide and Septembrizer *only* at Paris.

All old debts and demands of money, all *ancient* pretensions to familiarity, and all public complaints for *injury*, neglect, or ingratitude, were privately settled by Citizen Fouché, in the Temple at Paris, or, by his satellites, in the wilds of Cayenne.

This done, it yet remained for her to be instructed in the etiquette of queens and of courts; for Madame Napoleone had only been four times in her life at the Court of Versailles, and not above an hour each time. Napoleone himself had now regular lessons from the actor Talma, to declaim and talk like a king; from Vestris, to salute and dance like a king; from Benezeth, to eat and drink like a king; from Talleyrand, to confer and negotiate like a king; and from Segur, to smile, to sneeze, and to sneer like a king. To instruct Madame Napoleone, after long consultation with Madame Genlis, and with Madame



Stael, all the former court ladies who escaped the republican guillotine were put in a state of requisition: but, to his great disappointment, hearing at the Thuilleries the continuance of the language of the Rue des Victoires, the First Consul discovered that those ladies had conspired to make his spouse a ridiculous gossip, instead of an amiable and elegant queen. After ordering these female conspirators thirty leagues from the Thuilleries, the faithful servant of all work, Fouché, was again applied to, and, by the activity of his agents of police, *alias* spies, found out a lady, whose patriotism to serve the cause of the Revolution, or, what is the same, the cause of Buonaparte, could not be doubted. Madame Campan had, at the beginning of the Revolution, a place as chamber-maid to the late queen of France; which she lost in June 1791, as a person more than suspected of having given La Fayette and his accomplices information concerning the preparations of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette for their unfortunate journey to Varennes. Since that period, Madame Campan had resided at Versailles, where she kept a republican boarding-school, in which the Sunday of the Christians had given way to the revolutionary decade; and under her care Mademoiselle Fanny de Beauharnois had been educated for some time. The lessons of Madame Campan had a wonderful effect upon the superannuated genius, manners, and allurements of the superannuated person of Madame Napoleone, who, to the visible satisfaction of her Consular husband, was in a short time as accomplished a queen as he was a king.

In the French republic of *equality*, to be presented to this republican queen, a *certificate of presentation* at the court of his own sovereign, was as indispensable for a foreigner; as it was for him in the French republic of *liberty*, if he wished to avoid imprisonment, or interruption on the high roads or in the streets, to be always provided *with a pass in his pocket*. The duty, discretion, and judgment of the foreign diplomatic agents were never confided in; certificates and passes must be produced, inspected, revised, and approved at the office of Talleyrand, at the prefecture over the palace, as well as at the prefecture over the police, before the drawing room of Madame Napoleone could be entered. With such severity was this regulation enforced, that when the agents from the Imperial cities, Hamburgh, Bremen, Lubeck, Frankfort, and Nuremberg,

demande to bow before Madame Napoleone, they were not admitted till a whole decade had passed in consultations and deliberations: an express was sent to Versailles for Madame Campan, and to the Theatre Français for Madame Raucourt; the Court Section of the Council of State was convoked, and obliged to give their written decision, that "an exception for producing court certificates, was admissible *only* for the deputies of the Imperial cities, *because their sovereign citizens had no courts; no kings, and no queens.*"

It was after the peace of Amiens that Buonaparte first put in requisition the Senate, Council of State, Cardinals, Bishops, Judges, Tribunes, Prefects, Legislators, and his whole pack of revolutionary gentry, to praise the beauty, modesty, and virtue of his wife, as much as his own humanity, greatness, and generosity. But it was between the preliminaries and the definitive treaty with England, that the First Consul, *in his wisdom*, decreed the exhibition of his wife to the best advantage, during his journies to the provinces; he therefore dragged her with him to the Italian Consulta, at Lyons, in January 1802, where she was officially complimented. It was, however, in his journey of the year 1803, on the coast, and in Brabant, that the most disgusting and fulsome flattery and adulation were bestowed *en masse* upon the consular couple, and where revolutionary cardinals and bishops sacrilegiously blasphemed the Creator, by styling an atrocious usurper His PROVIDENCE. They have scandalized all Europe, dishonoured their rank in the church, and debased their characters as citizens. They have tried to degrade the whole female sex, by repeatedly holding up Madame Napoleone as "THE MODEL OF HER SEX, *of manners as simple as her morals were pure, with innocence in her looks, and virtue in her heart.*"

Those, and other republican public functionaries their cowardly imitators, must be consigned to infamy without vindication, for having deserted the cause of religion and virtue, and committed, against full conviction, the crime of obliterating the distinction between good and evil, innocence and guilt; and instead of opposing the encroachments of wickedness and vice, having incited their progress and celebrated their conquests.

Though Madame Napoleone disposes at present of thou-

sands of Louis-d'ors, as she did formerly of livres and shillings, she is, by her extravagance in dress, and by her gambling, several millions of livres in debt. Lately at Brussels, she lost in six days, at cards and dice, fifty thousand Louis-d'ors, paid for her by the minister of the national treasury, Marbois. According to the periodical print, *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, of Vendemiaire, year xii. or October 1803, Madame Napoleone never puts on any plain gown twice, and she changes her dress four or six times every day. In the summer, she makes use of four dozen of silk stockings, and three dozen of gloves and shoes; and in the winter, three dozen of the best *English* cotton stockings, and two dozen of *French* silk stockings, *every week*. She never wears any washed stockings, nor puts on twice the same pair of gloves or shoes. All her *chemises* are of the finest cambric, with borders of lace that cost ten Louis-d'ors each. Six dozen of chemises with lace are made up for her every month. Every three months she exchanges her diamonds and jewels, or has them newly set, according to the prevalent fashion. Four times in the year her plate, china, furniture, tapestry, hangings, carpets, &c. are changed according to the seasons. She has ordered, as her regular establishment, two new carriages and twelve different horses every month; and of the thirty-six horses in her *private* stable, her master of the horse has a power to dispose of twelve every three decades, to be replaced by twelve others of a fashionable colour. Twelve times in the year, all persons belonging to her household receive new accoutrements, or liveries. Her own wardrobe is divided every thirty days between her maids of honour.

Madame Napoleone has four distinct established wardrobes, different diamonds, &c. for travelling, for the Thuilleries, for St. Cloud, and for Malmaison; and though she can reside but in one place at the same time, yet in the Thuilleries, as well as at St. Cloud and Malmaison, four changes of furniture, &c. are always ordered for the same period. At St. Cloud, she has (at the expence of six thousand Louis-d'ors) improved the bathing cabinet of the late unfortunate queen. By touching certain springs, she can command what perfumes her caprice demands to mix with the water; the reservoirs always containing, for fifty Louis-d'ors, the finest odours, and best perfumed waters. By touching other springs, she commands the appearance

of drawings or pictures, elegant or voluptuous, gay or libertine, as her fancy desires. When she wishes to leave the bath, at the signal of a bell, she is, by a mechanical invention, lifted, without moving herself from the bathing machine, into an elegant moderately warm and perfumed bed, where she is dried in two minutes; and from which she is again lifted and laid down upon a splendid elastic sofa, moved, without her stirring, by another piece of mechanism, into an adjoining cabinet for her toilet, of which the furniture and decorations cost 100,000 livres. For the improvements only of her luxurious, though less expensive bathing cabinets, at the Thuilleries and at Malmaison, the French Republic has paid 200,000 livres.

To shew her pretensions to equality with empresses and queens, Madame Napoleone bespoke at Brussels two magnificent lace gowns, made after the pattern of one presented by the consistent Belgians to the model of her sex, her Consular Majesty. One of these gowns was destined for the Empress of Russia, and the other for the Queen of Prussia. The former, report says, has, to the great humiliation of Madame Napoleone, been declined; the French republicans, however, do not doubt but that the latter will be accepted, because they remember perfectly well, that the Queen of Prussia presented at Berlin, in 1799, to Buonaparte's emissary Duroc, a scarf of the Prussian guards; and her Majesty cannot therefore refuse a gown of honour offered from the *amiable* wife of Duroc's master.

As no happiness is perfect in this world, Madame Napoleone, though equally adored by her husband and by the French Republic, has numerous and serious family misfortunes to complain of. Her mother-in-law calumniates her *innocent* motives for not going regularly to confession; and her brother-in-law, Lucien, calls her a hypocrite when she talks of confessing. Her sister-in-law, Madame Murat, is a dangerous rival in extravagance and in the fashions of the day; and another sister-in-law, the Princess Borghese, *ci-devant* Madame Le Clerc, is an intolerable mimic of her juvenile airs, gait, and dress, contrasted with her antique wrinkles, plump person, and worn-out voice. Sometimes in his moments of frenzy, when he doubts of being soon proclaimed the English First Consul, even her Napoleone himself does not use her in the most tender manner. But instead of imitating her mother-in-law, who in her troubles

calls her confessor and conjurors to her assistance, Madame Napoleone sends for her cup-bearer, vulgarly called butler, to strengthen her nerves and invigorate her courage with his all-powerful cordials, with his delicious wines, and with his no less delicious liqueurs: and while one Madame Buonaparte in her calamities looks up for relief to heaven, the other, more timid, more modest, with her downcast regards, seeks for, and implores the consolation of her cellar and of her buffet.

Of the children that Madame Napoleone had *during* her first marriage, two only are living. Eugenis de Beauharnois, who is a consular colonel of the guides in the consular guard; and Fanny de Beauharnois, married to Louis Buonaparte, the younger brother of Napoleone, a consular colonel of a consular regiment of dragoons.

The same *senatus consultus* which, on the 16th of May 1804, decreed Napoleone Buonaparte the title of an Emperor of the French, covered the frailties of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie with an imperial mantle. The first person who complimented her as such, publicly and officially, was the *ci-devant* second consul and regicide, Cambaceres, just transformed by Napoleone the First into a *serene* highness, and since decorated by Frederic III. with the order of the Prussian Black Eagle. "It was," says a French publication, "an edifying spectacle to all lovers of equality, to see and hear, on Whitsunday, May 20th, 1804, Cambaceres, who had assisted in sending his king to the scaffold, and for ten years afterwards, three or four times in every month, sworn hatred to royalty, address the wife of a *ci-devant* true sansculotte, as an empress, as an imperial majesty; and to observe with what revolutionary bashfulness, and *artless* coquetry, the new sovereign listened to these new expressions of her new subject. No farce was ever better acted even on the Boulevards than this drama was performed in the palace of the Thuilleries, though the actor had forgotten his numerous oaths, and the actress the *sincere* and serious admonitions of her first and guillotined husband, who, chained in a prison, praised liberty, and, with an axe on his neck, extolled equality. Cambaceres was followed by the *republicans* of the senate, of the ministry, of the legislative body, of the tribunate, of the council of state, of the army and navy, all striving to evince their zeal in swearing allegiance at the feet of a



princess, the model of her sex, whose many admirable virtues deserved a sceptre long before destiny did justice in presenting it. At this ingenious flattery, the empress's natural bashfulness and unaffected sensibility nearly overcame her delicate feelings. She assumed one of those piercing and electrifying looks, which made those who had just professed themselves the most faithful subjects of the empress the most submissive slaves of Josephine. O, Barras! thousand times happy Barras! go, and hang thyself! What would not every senator, minister, counsellor of state, legislator, tribune, general, and admiral, present, have given for a single *tête-à-tête*, for one of the many *tête-à-têtes* of which you, wretch, did not know the value! Again, unfortunate exile, hang thyself!"

"When the bustle was over in the drawing-room, her majesty entered into her *petit salon*, accompanied by her imperial husband, whom, by ardently pressing to her *ci-devant* bosom, she almost petrified with her caresses, and terrified with her embraces. This ecstasy, notwithstanding the silver helmet which his majesty prudently wears concealed between his waistcoat and shirt, and the explanatory imperial robes that decorated her person, made him tremble as if pursued by another Charlotte Corday. No doubt he remembered that Barras was now his sworn enemy, and that his Josephine had more than once been the tender friend of Barras. The terror was, however, as unreasonable as the suspicion was unfounded. Her majesty was intoxicated; not with wine or *liqueurs*, but with joy, satisfaction, gratitude, vanity, and pride. For her Napoleon she would that instant willingly have sacrificed every Barras in the world. Her regret or passions were then not sensual. The voice of reason had silenced the demands of her senses. Every body may rest assured, that during this whole day Barras never once occurred to her. As to her thoughts or dreams in the night, they are her secrets, and will, it is supposed, remain so. She is doomed to endure with patience in bed by her side the insignificance of a shade, or the impotence of a phantom, recollecting at the same time to whom she is indebted for her grandeur, and that in the imperial palace, among the high and low valets, as well as among the stout grenadiers, she may at leisure find more than one Barras to console her. The Thuilleries does not contain a single man, in or out of li-

very, not excepting even his majesty's favourite mame-lukes, whom she may not command, and be obeyed." In such a manner did Josephine pass her first days as an empress. The incorrigible mistrust and innate fear of her husband embittered the sweets of the rank which policy had induced him to bestow on her. She felt that, although an empress, she had still a master.

Shortly after his elevation at Paris, Buonaparte determined to join the camps on the coast. His object was not to invade Great Britain, but to accustom his officers and soldiers to the new changes, and to be hailed as a sovereign by troops who but lately saw in him, though supreme chief of the state, nothing but a fellow citizen. This absence from his capital would also give him and his wife an opportunity to organize the new officers of their household, and foreign princes time to consider about, or to make out new credentials for their representatives in France. He at first intended to have Josephine for his travelling companion; but upon her intreaties, and with the advice of Talleyrand, the *medical* section of his council of state, presided by his physician Corvisart, was convoked, when it was determined that the use of the waters at Aix-la-Chapelle would probably be of eminent service to the constitution of the empress. To their benign influence it was stated, that Charlemagne, who had no children by his first wife, had afterwards a very numerous offspring by his wives as well as concubines. To this opinion Buonaparte assented, notwithstanding the protest of Cardinal Caprara, who ascribed to miracles solely the fruitfulness of Charlemagne's bed. He had no objection, however, to the empress's visit to Aix-la-Chapelle; but he desired her to have more confidence in the prayers of the faithful than faith in the notions of the faculty. Upon which, Buonaparte ordered, that, during his wife's stay at Aix-la-Chapelle, an extra mass should be said every day in all the churches at Paris, to implore the miraculous assistance of the holy Virgin, for the accomplishment of his and *his subjects'* wishes, which so completely reconciled the Roman prelate, that in a fit of enthusiastic fervour he predicted *that the imperial throne should at all times be occupied by an heir in a direct line.* Had Louis XVIII. any children, this oracle would probably not have been very acceptable

to a diffident usurper, who might have chastised the well-meaning and innocent prophet as an insidious and artful conspirator.

The public functionaries upon the road from Paris to Aix-la-Chapelle began, as might have been expected, a laudable emulation who should be foremost to prostrate themselves before their new sovereign. The generals, prefects, and mayors, consulted the dictionary of harangues and "the art of addressing princes;" and the bishops, rectors, and curates, rummaged "the legends of saints," the "chronicle of martyrs," and "the register of miracles." Never at any period was more cringing exhibited, more absurdities expressed, or more ridiculous declamation thrown away. Never before was such meanness better appreciated and more despised. A letter from the gay and good humoured empress to her accomplished and charming daughter, Hortense Eugénie, commonly called Fanny de Beauharnois, the wife of Louis Buonaparte, explains this assertion better than can be done by an indifferent pen.

*Aix-la-Chapelle, Friday.*

"Here I have been, my dearest child, ever since last Wednesday, weary of assiduities, harassed by visits, disgusted by flattery, by the duplicity of men, and by the hypocrisy of women. For seven long days, and seven, nay, seventeen times in the day, I have been compelled to keep a good countenance while hearing falsehoods addressed to me as truth, impieties pronounced as compliments, and improprieties declaimed as the elegance of rank and refinement of wit. During the whole journey I got into a perspiration when I saw a village; I trembled in approaching a bourg; and I was in a fever on entering a town or city. I open to you my secret thoughts without disguise. At the introduction of every deputation, I really was in an agony for fear of not being able to conceal the feeling of my mind. My heart was always full: at one time ready to burst by concealing the laughter which my contempt inspired, at another almost choaked to stop the tears pity provoked to flow, in contemplating perversity. Oh! if my husband felt what I do, if he perceived the wickedness of sycophants, the selfishness of his friends, and the corruption of his courtiers, how much would he despise the

whole crew! how much beneath him would he not find it to occupy all his thoughts for their welfare, to lose his rest to procure them quiet, and to expose himself to hourly risks for the happiness and comfort of a worthless, unprincipled, and degraded people, who worship him to-day to idolatry; but who to-morrow would be ready to hoot, insult, and murder him *en masse*, if the factious, envious, or treacherous, were to succeed in erecting a gibbet for him. I hear you say, that as affairs are now advanced the Emperor has no choice left but between a throne and a grave. True, my child; but in the mean time, the slaves confined in our galleys are often less tormented by the weight of their iron fetters, than great folks, who, in troublesome and unsettled times, residing in imperial palaces, are harassed by the lustre of those golden chains which they are forced to wear as ornaments.

“ I have read but little, and meditated less on what I have read; but the book of common sense tells me every day, that my Napoleone rules the most ungrateful, immoral and fickle nation in the universe, and that his dangers increase in proportion as he advances towards the pinnacle of supremacy. He has done too much already. Another glorious peace with England, and nothing more remains to be done; and we have all seen, that in this country the instant a sovereign ceases to be admired he is hated, and runs the hazard of ceasing to reign.

“ The Prince of B—, who has arrived here from Dusseldorf, is chiefly the cause of these gloomy, or, as you will perhaps have it, anti-philosophical, ideas. No sooner had he been presented to me, than he demanded a private audience. If the shades of his ancestors had listened to his conversation, how would they have blushed at the ignominy of their descendant! He desired no less of me than to employ my interest with my husband to effect another revolution in the heart of Germany; and, like another Orleans, to exterminate the elder branch of his family, in hopes of succeeding to, or seizing, their authority. His offers were brilliant indeed, if any thing could be brilliant to me, who am tired even to satiety of brilliancy itself. Upon my firm declaration, that by a promise to the Emperor I was bound not to interfere with political transactions or intrigues, I got rid of him, but the impression his overtures made remain behind.

"Twice already have I bathed; but to tell you the truth, neither the opinions of physicians nor the prayers of priests inspire me with the confidence of being able to give an heir to the French empire. The cause you know. I was born a dozen years too early; but your dear boy, our little Napoleon, makes me perfectly resigned to what I cannot change.

"In the forenoon a courier brought me a letter from the coast. The Emperor is highly satisfied with the reception given him by his brave troops, and I rejoice at it with all my soul. I cannot, however, help remembering, that these brave troops are the same Frenchmen, who, after obeying and adoring them, have seen with indifference, Louis XVI. murdered, Robespierre guillotined, Barras exiled, Pichegru strangled, and Moreau dishonoured. He does not expect to join me so soon as he first intended. He is provoked to the highest degree at the audacity and insolence of the English cruizers, and he is determined to make them repent of it before he leaves Boulogne. May heaven preserve him! otherwise, I am certain to find the road of my return to Paris planted with thorns, though during my late passage it was strewn with roses.

"The *inseparable* consoles me every night with his *conversation* for a couple of hours; but he begins to acknowledge himself an invalid, and that an *honourable* retreat in the senate will soon be necessary. Among your young and gallant conscripts at Compeigne, take care not to lay aside discretion and prudence. I know your husband's character, I know the character of his family; and the revengeful spirit of his countrymen. If he once suspect you, you are undone: you will not only be deprived of his love and esteem, but of the regard and affection my Napoleone has for you. But the emperor's Argus tells me that it is time to go to bed. Am I not very complaisant to steal from my sleep two hours to chatter (*jaser*) with you. Embrace your husband and child."

The authenticity of this and some following letters the French publisher guarantees, having found them in the portfolio which was lost by Princess Louis Buonaparte in her removal from the camp of Compeigne to Paris, last autumn. The contents undoubtedly do credit to the judgment, to the *honour*, and to the heart of the empress, though at the expence of the morals and character of the nation



which her husband sways with such an oppressive and unlimited power. It also removes a part of the veil which covers without concealing the disgraceful behaviour and selfish views of so many German princes. In the end, confidence and coquetry report the perpetration of adultery with the same indifference as if relating the particulars of a route. The mother and the daughter seem to be tolerably unreserved, and in the perfect secret of each other's intrigues. From Madame Louis's affection and generosity towards her mamma, it is supposed that at least from charity, she has taken the hint, and spared some of her young conscripts to relieve the invalid. In what light Louis Buonaparte, who at that time commanded the camp at Compeigne, and who is not very tolerant or enduring, has, since the printing of these letters, considered this maternal effusion of tenderness, is not known. The scandalous chronicle states, however, that as a true philosopher, instead of reprobating his mother-in-law, or repudiating his wife, he consoled himself in the arms of Madame de C. the beautiful wife of his ugly aid-de-camp, colonel de C.

From the following letter it is evident, that the stay at Aix-la-Chapelle did no more exalt the spirits than the use of the waters improved the health of the revolutionary empress.

*Aix-la-Chapelle, Sunday.*

"I write to you, my beloved Fanny, indisposed by drinking the waters, so benign to others, and enervated by bathing, which has so often given the vigour of youth to old age, restored strength to the feeble, blessed with consolation the unfortunate, with content the depressed, and with hope even the wretched.

"I see round me so many unthinking beings, who judge the situation of mankind from external appearances only, who confound happiness with greatness, and internal comfort with external splendour: how wretchedly mistaken they are! The natural weakness, and the human frailties, from which the highest is no more excepted than the lowest, are all censured in those placed above them, while their virtuous inclinations, their generous sentiments, their liberal actions, and honourable acts, which even confounded in the crowd, would command distinction from equals, are left always unperceived, unnoticed, or if remarked, only

supposed an ordinary duty, expected from a superior by his inferiors.

“ My presence here has attracted not only a number of Frenchmen, but foreigners of all nations in amity with France. They are all busy and attentive to pay me their homage, and, like the statue of the virgin in the cathedral, I am for hours, nay, every hour in the day, forced to stand upon my pedestal, and receive with a good grace the worship of the wicked and the good; of the wise and the foolish; of the man who, from his birth, I know must despise me; of the woman who, from her pretensions to beauty, envies me; of the enlightened, who knows his own worth; and of the ignorant, who despises the worth of others, having none himself. The Virgin in the heavens, or at least her statue in the church, is, however, much better off than the empress upon earth. At night, her temple is shut against all intruders. But when all the tiresome, dull, and disagreeable ceremonies of the day are over, I—poor I—am, at the expence of my sleep, obliged to hear read to me all the letters or petitions with which persons of rank, pretended *scavans*, needy artists, the adventurer, the miserable, the profligate, the ambitious, the vain, the covetous, the sick, and the schemer, so profusely choose to plague me. Poor Deschamps! (her secretary) I really pity him, who, on my part, answers this mass of nonsense, of frivolity, pride, imposture, want, and lamentation. Oh, how I regret my former humble, but quiet retreat in the *Rue des Victoires*, when, undisturbed and uninterrupted, my ever regretted de Beauharnois and I were meditating at leisure on the time that was necessary for business, we could spare to pleasure, or was requisite to revive the corporeal as well as intellectual faculties. *Ils sont passé ces jours de fête, ils ne reviendront plus.*

“ Since my last to you, four couriers have brought me four letters, of four lines each, from my husband. He is discontented on account of the delays his plans against England are subject to; and therefore, in his ill humour, blames me for being too condescending, and not of a mind and manner exalted enough for the situation in which he has placed me. My demands to know in what I have erred, he passes over in silence, but continues to harshly reprobate faults with which I am unacquainted, and to hold out threats of which he must be well aware that I dread the

effect. Good God! how different was your good—too good father! May heaven give me strength to submit to my destiny! *I have perhaps already lived too long!*

“I am glad to hear of the advanced state of your pregnancy, and that your husband has found some diversion in the attractions of the coquetry of Madame——. Show yourself prudently jealous, but not irremediably hurt. Indifference on your part, in present circumstances, would be as impolitic as an explanation would be foolish, and an explosion dangerous. Be rather more reserved in your usual train of pleasure, at least until he is convinced that you are no longer a stranger to his infidelity. Then if he should discover your intrigues, he will have reason to think them rather the vengeance of an outraged wife, than the enjoyment in which a disappointed woman seeks to forget the irresistible temptations, or *cruel cause*, which made her renounce eternal honour for a momentary gratification of her passions. I am always agitated in opening your dear letters, apprehensive that the want of my experience may have led you into difficulties, from which my, and even your, future affection will find it no easy matter to extricate you. I repeat again, be circumspect, but be also vigilant. Collect proofs, and search for evidence, before you receive his, or expose your own act of accusation.

“The day before yesterday a courier from Mr. d’Arberg brought me a letter from the queen of P——. How condescending she is, or rather how agreeable is her duplicity, in writing to a person for whom in her heart she must entertain the most sovereign contempt: and she styles me her DEAR SISTER! me whom she well knows that fortunate bayonets, and not birth or merit, have made her equal, if not superior. My husband’s and my own secret correspondence with certain princes and princesses, were it made public, would be more serviceable to the plots of demagogues than all the tenets of republicans and sophistry of levellers.

“To please my husband, I have seriously studied the voluminous ceremonials sent me by Champigny, concerning the etiquette of the court of Vienna, as well as those forwarded to me by La Foret, concerning that of the court of St. Petersburg. What ridiculous littleness, and what petty trifles am I to learn and to observe! At my time of life to go to school; to submit to be instructed like a miss

of twelve, to repeat lessons, and to perform parts repugnant to reason, and a libel on the sense of all those presented to me, cannot be very agreeable. What, however, will I not do to escape the rod of my severe master? Madame Remusat, as well as Madame d'Arberg, is content with my progress, and applaud my zeal. As to the regulation of our household, it is more easy to decree or invent places, than to find persons proper to fill them. You know the old nobility shun our court, from which my husband has determined to exclude all upstarts. Of ten ladies of ancient families, to whom I have offered places round me, two only have accepted, six have declined, and two have not even condescended to give me an answer. Although those first two are females whom Louis XVI. banished from the court of Maria Antoinette, on account of the scandal of their lives, I must regard their acceptance as an honour. Take care not to mention to any body the contempt with which I have been treated on this occasion. Should it come to the ears of Napoleone, woe to the families, relatives, and friends, of these refractory persons. They are all ruined by the revolution, and their misery is punishment enough. I embrace you, your husband, and child, affectionately."

The latter part of this letter requires some explanation. Unprincipled and vicious as many modern Frenchmen have shown themselves, the most respectable of the ancient French nobility, though beggared by a rebellion which has made a Corsican vagabond their sovereign, have, however, always refused, not only with dignity but with obstinacy, to wear his livery as placemen and courtiers. A late publication relates several interesting particulars on this subject. In order to introduce into their new court a princely magnificence, Buonaparte and his wife wanted that which neither influence nor wealth could procure, viz. a numerous retinue of nobility. Whatever Buonaparte may have achieved, and how far he may flatter himself with having succeeded; however assiduous and submissive Madame Buonaparte may have been towards Madame Montessan, at whose house the most ancient noblesse used to assemble, she could obtain no other favour for herself and family than admission to some of their small parties, where she had occasionally the honour to be seated between dukes, marquises, counts, and barons, and to hear these fine titles

tingling in her ears; but to draw only a few members, and even the most *unworthy*, from this holy circle, in order to place them in her own retinue, was utterly impossible.

“Segur, the ex-minister, being newly appointed to a high office in administration, indulged his youngest son so far as to allow him to accept the place of a vice prefect of the palace. The noble league instantly rose against him in a body, as he was reckoned among high and ancient nobility, on account of one of his ancestors having been a *maréchal de France*. All the citizens with “*de*” before their surname, who figured at the new court in the liveries of prefects, vice prefects, &c. were looked upon by the rigorists as the servile and lessèr nobility of former times.

“But fortune will not always smile; her greatest favourites will one time or other meet with some impediment in their way, some obstacle to their desires. He who rode triumphant over Mount St. Gothard, and through the sandy deserts of Syria; he who gives law to most countries of Europe, and disposes of the finest states at pleasure; this mighty chief, at the head of so populous an empire, feels desires that he cannot satisfy. Casting his longing eye around, he fixes it, by chance, upon the saloon of *Madame de Montessan*. It happened at that moment to be crowded with persons of the first rank. “Those nobles shall be my attendants,” he cries, and immediately dispatches his devoted dæmons with invitations, offers, and promises. But promises, offers, and invitations, are ineffectual; the messenger returns disappointed and chagrined; he tells him that all his efforts have been fruitless, that their demands were far beyond what he would accede to.

“The angry, fearful man, is thus compelled to stand alone on the pinnacle of his newly acquired dignity, watching night and day these rebels to his will. Their words, their actions, their looks, are equally objects of his suspicion; not even a gesture is suffered to escape him. Alarmed by continual fears when they assemble in great numbers, he immediately disperses them. If they flee back to the coast, they are driven to the mountains; if they take refuge among the rocks, they are hunted to the sea. His slaves obey the hint, pursue them, and, panting for breath, return to catch the despot’s new orders, and find their pale-faced master leaning on his still more pale-faced harlot, both



turning their faint and envious looks towards the saloon of Madame de Montessan, the resort of this disobedient and obstinate noblesse. These noble sufferers are the only persons who dare stand in opposition to Buonaparte. They live in their own country as in a strange land; they take no notice of the new court, its festivities, or brilliant assemblies. They adopt none of the new fashions introduced by the new comers. Even those among them who have saved great estates, or still possess sufficient property to live in a sumptuous style, do not make any public display. Their small social assemblies contain alone what may be called *la bonne compagnie*; and as most of them are men of refined manners, and many of them well informed, and of great fame, several of them, even the most distinguished literati in royal France, they keep within their own circle. All foreigners of education, naturally disgusted with the awkward behaviour and the tasteless luxury of the present court, endeavour to be admitted into their society; an honour by no means easily obtained. Still it must be confessed, that the fine Paris of old, which had so much attraction for every man of taste, talents, and good breeding, can only be met with in these select societies. I will not blame Madame Buonaparte, who lived as maid of honour to the late queen, for sighing after the only respectable company at Paris; but she must renounce the happiness of seeing these persons in her suit at court. Many inducements have certainly been given them, but they all seem to say, restore us the old court, with all its appendages, that will be well; but we shall never be brought to acknowledge these upstarts for its rightful owners.

“The very cause which renders Madame Buonaparte so desirous to associate with the old noblesse, must induce the latter to keep at a distance. There is nothing of that politeness, ease, vivacity, and grace, which signalised the societies at the royal court. Every body stares with a slavish gaze at Buonaparte, who treats them indiscriminately in a dry, cold, and harsh manner. He sometimes attempts to be polite and witty, but his politeness is a proud condescension, and his wit is satire. There is always something rough or low in his way of expressing himself. He frequently makes use of terms only to be found in the mouth of the upstart soldier, and proscribed by all good company. He is capable of uttering the most abusive language with

the greatest indifference. The tone of his voice is deep and hoarse, and what he says is often accompanied with such a disagreeable laugh, that nobody can feel easy with him, even when he intends to say the most agreeable things. The highest officers of state must sometimes hear themselves addressed by epithets which certainly never escaped the lips of a sovereign. If he supposes that he has caught any of his ministers or privy-counsellors in something contradictory, he frequently says, "*Vous etes un homme de mauvaise foi*," or "*Vous me trompe*," (You are an impostor, or You deceive me.)

During the continuance of her stay at Aix-la-Chapelle the empress's only agreeable amusement until her husband's arrival, was the gambling-table, having by her physician been strictly warned not to indulge her inclination for good eating and drinking. She was not fortunate either at cards or with dice; and the pecuniary allowance of Buonaparte not being over liberal, she was under the necessity of laying under contribution the purses of her friends and courtiers. They were, however, soon drained, and other expedients were resorted to. Several German princes and princesses having implored her protection to obtain from her husband a large share of the *plunder* of their country, called *indemnities*, her secretary Deschamps addressed himself to them on the part of his sovereign. Their supply was, as might be expected from the object they had in view, scanty. Some deputies from certain imperial cities, hearing of the empress's dilemma, came voluntarily forward with offers to avoid apprehended forced requisitions. But Talleyrand, regarding the regulation of these kinds of patriotic donations as belonging exclusively to his department, stopped this resource by a letter to Deschamps, in which he threatened to inform the emperor of these exactions, if continued. He advised, at the same time, as a sure means for the empress to recover her losses, *the seizure of all the public and privileged gambling banks*; to take from them the sums lost, and to restore them the remainder. Orders were given in consequence, and the police commissary Deville, under pretence that he had received depositions and denunciations from several quarters, that these banks contained many forged bank-notes and false Louis-d'ors, laid hands on their whole stock. After a very *minute* investigation, two millions of livres, in paper

and money, the exact sum lost by the empress, were confiscated as fabricated bills, or base coin. The bankers complained to the minister of police, senator Fouché, to whom they paid one hundred thousand livres (4000*l.*) a month for their privilege; but he prudently answered that he should always protect them as fair gamesters, but could do nothing for them when accused of being forgers or coiners. He recommended them to be silent about what had happened, and think themselves fortunate to have escaped so *cheap*, with the sacrifice of an insignificant seizure, instead of being sent to the gallows, as their crimes deserved. For Deville, the empress procured in a short time afterwards the knighthood of the legion of honour.

The empress has a fault common with all the members of the Buonaparte family: *she never pays her debts*. Instead of satisfying her creditors with the money plundered in the banks, she laid it out in purchasing brilliants or diamond trinkets for herself and her children. After stripping most of the visitors at Aix-la-Chapelle, of their bracelets, necklaces, and rings, she sent her valet de chambre, Tarüe, to Amsterdam, to spend the remainder of her cash in the jewellers' shops of that city. It is supposed that the *ecrin* or jewel-box of Josephine is of more value than those of all other continental princesses together. It is estimated at two millions and a half sterling, or sixty millions of livres. To review, arrange and admire its contents, is her constant and most delightful occupation every morning, whilst her *friseur* valet de chambre is curling her hair or putting on her wigs, and when her chamber-maids of honour are washing, dressing and painting her.

When Buonaparte laid hold of the famous and precious crown diamond, called in France "the Regent," and in England, "the Pitt diamond," which now glitters at the hilt of his state-sword, and is hung up with other trophies at his bed-side, his Josephine would not be behindhand. She seized upon the rich and magnificent golden toilet of the late unfortunate queen, which had hitherto escaped all the former shameless thieves in authority, the natural, but depraved progeny of the revolution. The empress is, however, growing more ugly since she looked into the mirror of the beautiful and accomplished Maria Antoinette. Can it be the tenderness of her conscience, that has occasioned such a sad alteration? Is it not rather from

spite and despair, at seeing her own antiquated features, and remembering the elegant and youthful form and traits of her late royal mistress? This toilet may augment the value of her stolen treasures, but can neither make her wrinkles less numerous, change the colour of her grey hair, whiten her teeth, sweeten her breath, or whitewash her skin more than her morals.

All the members of the foreign diplomatic corps in France, whose sovereigns had so far forgotten their own dignity and interest, as to acknowledge Buonaparte in the new title he so impudently had assumed, preceded him to Aix-la-Chapelle, where a kind of mock congress was held by Talleyrand, who, to soften his master's rage at not being able to annihilate the independence of the British empire, published, in a revolutionary manifesto, a political excommunication against the British government. That this act was, however, far from even calming the violent passions of the disappointed usurper, his wife's letter clearly proves.

“ *Aix-la-Chapelle, Friday.*

“ From my former letters, my beloved child has seen that my mind neither possessed content, nor enjoyed tranquillity, and that the sufferings of my body equalled the agitation of my soul. But if I was really unhappy then, what shall I call my situation since my husband has joined me? Having been obliged to postpone his vengeance against England, all the wrath of his disappointment is poured out on me. He has never ceased to ill-use, and even to ill-treat me when we are alone; and in public, in the presence of princes and their representatives, from whom he wishes me to command respect, he expresses himself to me harshly, vulgarly and rudely. I am sure, because I have experienced it, that I inspire the audience with no other sentiments than those of compassion or pity. They do not want much penetration to observe, or sagacity to conclude that the most exalted among them is also the most wretched.

“ To quiet his unbecoming fury, Talleyrand has in vain tried to convince him, that the political annihilation of Great Britain may be more easily effected by intrigues and influence in the cabinets of the continent, than by attacks and battles in the plains of the British islands. These, as well as all other efforts of his ministers and favourites to

divert his attention and compose his mind, have not been able to produce even a momentary tranquillity. He has lost all relish for the trifling rest he formerly took: he goes, however, to bed at his usual hour, but he hardly slumbers (sleep he has none) for five minutes together; and, good God, what a slumber! all his limbs are trembling as from convulsive-fits; his eyes are rolling, his teeth gnashing, his breast swelling, his pulse beating, and his whole body burning as if consumed by a fever; and when he wakes, he starts suddenly, and often jumps out of his bed to seize his sword, pistols, and dagger, as if pursued by assassins. Though you may easily guess I am not asleep, or if asleep, disturbed by such violent motions, I dare not, for my life, let him suspect it. The beautiful verse of De Lille often occurs to me;

*Le lit de Cromwell le punit pour son trône.*

And I am convinced that the obscure condition of Richard Cromwell, the philosopher, was millions of times preferable to the illustrious one of Oliver Cromwell, the protector. This state of my husband has greatly impaired my health, and if he is incurable, or does not lose his senses, he will drive me out of mine, or kill me. We intend, however, soon to leave this place, and to continue our journey to Mentz along the delightful banks of the Rhine. He will then have more occupation to attend to, and more diversity of objects to attract his notice. May they palliate if they cannot relieve his terrible complaint!

“As for the officers of our court and round our persons, I have by some pecuniary sacrifices made a very valuable acquisition. Segur has accepted of the place of grand master of the ceremonies, and has promised to recruit among the nobility persons agreeable to my husband to fill the several other vacancies. I have given him my bond for 600,000 livres, 25,000*l.* which Gauthier (the minister of finances) has promised to take up, and, when a proper opportunity offers, discharge it with the money of the state; which certainly cannot be better employed than to keep up the necessary splendour of the chief of the first empire in the world.

“General Mortier has presented me with eight beautiful cream-coloured horses of the King of England’s stud in



Hanover, as trophies of the success of my husband's armies. I thought it would be an agreeable compliment to him to surprize him with the sight of them. Accordingly I ordered Colonel Fouler, one of my equerries, to bring them before our windows immediately after our breakfast; but how astonished was I when, instead of appreciating my good intent, Napoleone first rebuked me with one of his terrifying frowns, and then, after a moment's silence, said, loud enough to be heard by all persons present: "Madam, you are always stupid or malicious enough to find out some unpleasant subject or other to remind me of the existence of a nation, the ruin of which I have sworn so long ago, but which unforeseen circumstances have hitherto prevented me from accomplishing." A tear I was unable to restrain procured me the order "to retire instantly to my apartments, and to remain there until he permitted me to leave them." I have now been shut up for five hours, and a part of that time I have employed in searching for the sole consolation yet left me upon earth, to unbosom myself to my dearest child, the only sincere friend fortune has left me. I hope, however, my imprisonment will soon cease. We have announced, that we will see company to night, and expect in consequence numerous attendants. His pride and vanity will therefore restore me that liberty of which his cruelty and want of tenderness have deprived me.

"I have just received my husband's orders to dine alone in my room, but to dress immediately afterwards for the circle. I embrace you, your husband, and dear baby most affectionately."

This letter confirms the many reports concerning Buonaparte's brutal, indelicate, ungentleman-like, and violent behaviour towards his wife. He is stated more than once, and for the most insignificant mistakes or trifling errors, not only to have rebuked her in gross language, but to have used her with low brutality by beating and kicking her out of his presence, and even sometimes, as a punishment, confined her to her room upon bread and water for forty-eight hours. Had it not been for the interference of his daughter-in-law, (the present Madame Louis Buonaparte,) for her mother, it is supposed he would either long ago have divorced, or, to *avoid scandal*, dispatched her with a good dose of poison. She has been obliged to change all her

former habits of life ; to go early to bed, to rise often before daylight, to dine at hours she formerly breakfasted, and to devour rather than to eat, because Buonaparte is always in a hurry to get up from the table. As to his pretended love for her in always sleeping with her, it is nothing else but a well calculated manœuvre for his personal safety. A thousand little things, tending in appearance only to their comfort, are measures that suspicion, guilt, and fear, have thought necessary and dictated for the preservation of existence. The empress has her instructions, which are carefully attended to every night, and in every house where they chance to sleep. Under pretence of being fond of a good bed, she visits every mattress, has the bed made before her, and, after having convinced herself that no places of concealment for revengeful or wicked persons are in the room, she locks it, puts the key in her pocket, and when supper is over gives it to her maid in waiting, who opens the door, enters with her, and, after assisting her to undress, retires. Then another domiciliary visit is made, and the mattresses are again turned before the ringing of the bell announces to her husband that he may enter without danger. Not confiding, however, entirely in the assurance of his wife, he begins and goes through a general search before he undresses. As caprice or fear dictates, he varies his place inside or outside of the bed, not only every night, but sometimes three or four times in the night. By the bedside is always suspended his sword, under his pillow lays a dagger, and by the bedside are two double-barrelled and loaded pistols. In such a state of siege the mighty emperor and empress pass their nights. Is grandeur worth possessing when it can only be acquired and preserved at the expence of happiness? The journal of one week of Buonaparte's life since an emperor would be the most valuable gift loyalty could present to rebellion, and the best lesson lawful princes could publish for the perusal of ambitious, conspiring, and treacherous subjects.

"Buonaparte," says a work already quoted, "uses no restraint in addressing his own wife in abusive language. He can publicly speak to her in the severest manner if, by chance, he does not approve of her dress or deportment, as being too free, too improper, or unbecoming. The beautiful Madame Tallien, the intimate friend of Madame Buonaparte, when once, after a somewhat long absence of

her husband, she appeared in a visible state of pregnancy in her saloon, which was full of company, was asked by him, quite loud and sternly, how she could dare to appear in that situation before his wife? and he then ordered her instantly to leave the room.

“The present wife of the minister Talleyrand, who is reported not always to have acted the part of a rigid prude, when Madame Grand, was complimented by him, at her first introduction into the circle of Madame Buonaparte, in the following manner: “*J'espere que Madame Talleyrand fera oublier Madame Grand.*” The poor woman is said to have answered in the greatest confusion, “that she would always be proud to follow the example of Madame Buonaparte.” If Madam Talleyrand had been looked upon as a lady of parts, her answer might have been thought a witty one.”

Such anecdotes evince that the age of chivalry is gone for ever, even in France, and that the petty vain usurper is merely a pretender to refinement of manners, as well as to noble achievements; a tyrant in the drawing-room as well as in heading armies or presiding in cabinets. It requires a man of another stamp of character to polish the language of upstarts, and to correct the morals of rebels.

With the ferocity of a tiger and the cunning of a fox Buonaparte unites the ridiculous pride of a capricious and spoiled child. His fury against England, which neither the humiliating fawning of foreign ambassadors, nor the base flattery of his own ministers, could diminish, the Pope, by promising, at the expence of honour, duty, and conscience, to place the crown of St. Louis upon the head of the assassin of his descendant, immediately calmed. The tears of the empress are dried up, and in present caresses she forgets past sufferings as well as those awaiting her for the future. While the gaudy plaything with which Pius VII. has consented to amuse by decorating the imperial baby, Napoleone the First, attracts his whole attention, his wife's whole study and occupation are how to profit by this respite, how to enrich herself and her children, and how to procure places and pensions to her relatives, friends, and favourites.

*“ Coblentz, Sunday.*

“ How fortunate I am to announce to you, my dearly beloved child, an unexpected and favourable change in my dear Napoleone. A courier from Rome has brought him the certain intelligence of his holiness the Pope having at last consented to undertake a journey to France during the autumn, to perform in person the ceremony of our coronation. This generous condescension on the part of the Roman pontiff has been a balm on the wounded spirits of my husband. He is now what he was to me last May. Though often agitated with real or imaginary apprehensions, and troubled with the weight of affairs of state, he is unusually attentive to me as his wife, and confidential with me as with his sincerest friend. It would have been wrong in me to neglect profiting of this fit of good disposition and good temper to advance the private concerns of myself, family, and friends. Marbois (the minister of the treasury) has already received orders to pay into my hands from the tribute of Spain, 1,500,000 livres, 64,000*l.* to Eugenius (her son) 500,000 livres, 21,000*l.* and an equal sum to you. I gave him, before his departure for the coast, a list of thirty-two persons allied or dear to me, for whom I demanded places as senators, legislators, tribunes, prefects, &c. I have twice before, since he joined me, attempted to mention this list, but his terrible frowns struck me mute. This morning I was agreeably surprised when he informed me, during our breakfast, that all my recommendations had been attended to, except those of two persons, respecting whom he asked me some questions. Being satisfied as to their attachment to his person, he bade me write, and he signed my note, to Joseph, who is to order the senate to include them among the new members of the legislative body. Of the sixty persons I presented for the legion of honour, poor La Roche alone was excluded, by somebody having informed my husband that he had for six years served in La Vendee and among the Chouans. Upon my assurance, however, that it must be a mistake from similitude of names, and by shewing him a letter, in which our friend professed himself ready to shed the last drop of blood in the support of our throne and house, he not only ordered La Cepede (the chancellor of the legion of honour) to put the name of La Roche upon the list of the other members of the legion of honour, but promised

me to grant him the first vacant place in the staff of our guard. Do you not rejoice at the hope of having such a *tender* friend settled at Paris?

“The people in this country seem to me not so insinuating as our Frenchmen, but I believe they are more sincere. They have almost overpowered me with their stiff caresses and awkward presents, as well as with their eternal petitions. As Napoleone is now in a humour to listen to me, I have strictly enjoined Deschamps to pay serious attention to their demands; that, if the least probability of justice exists, I may, by forwarding and pleading their cause, gain, with popularity, their affection.

“By an agent from the Prince of O—— I have been offered a handsome sum for procuring an electoral dignity; by another agent from the Elector of B—— yet more is promised for a kingly title; and the old Marquis de L—— has presented me with a *carte-blanche*, could I obtain for his sovereign the election of a king of the Romans. Besides these, a number of German Barons wish to pay for being made counts, and these latter for being exalted to the rank of princes. I have declined giving any answer to these proposals until my arrival at Mentz, where I am assured many similar proposals are waiting for me. Could any body ever have dreamed that a little Creole wench from Martinico should once have in her power to influence in Europe the destiny of empires and nations; to make princes electors, electors kings, and kings emperors in petto? Do we not live in an age of wonders?

“What do you think of the gallantry of my dear Napoleone? Just as I was finishing my letter he entered my room, asking me to whom I wrote? Upon being informed that it was to my beloved child, he said: “Tell her, that from the day of my coronation I will increase her and her brother’s allowance with 600,000 livres annually, and add to yours double that sum in the year. How lovely he is when he chuses! I pressed him most tenderly in my arms, assuring him that every minute of my existence should be employed to meditate his comfort. “From your late patient conduct I do not doubt the sincerity of your promises,” said he, giving me one of the sweetest kisses in his life. If you mention to your husband the late presents of Napoleone, bind him to secrecy, that his mother, brothers, and sisters may not hear of it. You know that they



have all got enough, but nevertheless they never cease to tease him for more.

“ Caffarelli (Buonaparte’s aide-de-camp) is ordered to set out immediately for Rome, with a letter from my husband to his holiness the Pope. As I am indebted to this respectable head of our church for all my present happiness, I have, with Napoleone’s permission, joined to his a letter of mine, expressing my lively feelings and sincere gratitude. Before I sealed it I gave it to my husband, who said : “ Well done, my dearest Josephine ! you are as eloquent as tender.” My dearest Josephine ! This is the first time during seven months that I have been blessed with such an appellation.

“ You can form no idea how Napoleone rejoices at your present advanced state of pregnancy. Should heaven bless you with another boy, I do not know what he will not do for you. From his conversation, I am certain that either your husband has no suspicions, or that Napoleone has judged them unfounded and silenced them. He has not, even when angry or in ill-humour, thrown out the most distant hint on your account ; on the contrary, he always speaks of you with the most tender affection ; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that, in case of reciprocal accusation, he would sooner listen to you than to your husband, who must be well aware of the power you possess over him, and that it therefore is his interest to preserve peace and good understanding, were he even informed of intrigues, which it will be your own fault if he ever penetrates into. Be, however, always on your guard. In your actual and delicate condition I know from experience that *you cannot stand in need of many consolers or the assistance of lovers to supply the absence or neglect of your husband.* At present any efforts of yours, from idleness or a heated imagination, to obtain pleasure or force nature, may be injurious to your own health and destroy the fœtus. A plain diet, simple nourishment, calming and cooling liquors, with moderate but frequent exercise, are more necessary for your welfare than the *tête-à-tête* or embraces of all the most handsome, elegant, and powerful beaux in the universe. For my sake, as well as for your own, spare yourself, and do not indulge a momentary gratification, which may cause eternal regrets or instant death. What would become of me, of your brother, whom you love so affectionately, was

any passionate *étourderie* or foolish caprice to bereave us of our sole support? You know that all the Buonapartes envy and detest us. Depend upon it, that any imprudence of yours at this moment may make you not only a fratricide but a matricide; and instead of living the pride, preserver, and protector of your mother and brother, die their assassin and executioner. Some few weeks more patience, and when once you are safely delivered, depend upon it that you shall again find in me the same *most indulgent* and affectionate mother and friend."

Never a princess or a favourite mistress of a sovereign existed who was so eager to seize wealth and to obtain every thing as the Empress Josephine. She always accepts, and often extorts, presents or money from all persons who demand her protection, or who owe to her their promotions, places, or pensions. She has her fixed price for each office in the empire, from that of a senator to that of a clerk, from that of a cardinal to that of a curate. The recommendation of a law-suit or the release from a state prison, contracts for the navy or army, or commissions for the colonies, have all their regulated prices in her imperial tariff. If this be contrasted with the unheard-of prodigality by which her husband enriches her children and his own brothers and sisters, it can only be explained either by supposing all the French and Italian members of the family infested with the meanest and most insatiable avarice, or by imagining in them a due sense of their precarious situation, a design to be at all events prepared for the worst, and to possess means to command respect from their affluence, should they survive the destruction of the power of Napoleone, to which alone, and not to their talents, they owe their rank and distinction.

Arrived at Mentz, the empress and her husband found plenty of food for vanity, as well as abundance of prey for cupidity. The oldest legitimate reigning prince from age, and the most respectable by character, the venerable Elector of Baden, the grandfather of the Empress of Russia, of the Queen of Sweden, and of the Electress of Bavaria, had, at fourscore, by the unrelenting and barbarous Corsican, been forced to attend there. Instead of obtaining redress in his rights as a sovereign for the outrage committed in his territory by the seizure of the Duke of Eng-hien, or any relief to his feelings as a man, a friend, and a

christian, for the murder of this princely hero, he was under the necessity of dancing attendance at the levees of the assassin, bowing in the drawing-room of his strumpet, and waiting in the anti-chambers of his ministers and satraps, the instruments of his cruelty and the accomplices of his guilt. The elector arch-chancellor, though deserving, on account of his Gallo-mania, less pity, was subject to the same insulting, and, to his exalted station, unbecoming, humiliations. Besides these, many other inferior German princes and, nobles, their wives, their sons, their counsellors, and favourites, *volunteered* their high rank in this race of ignominy and degradation within the ramparts of Mentz. Here, instead of being ashamed of their baseness, they seemed proud of their infamy. The revolutionary empress faithfully depicts those *loyal* visitors, those heroes of the genealogies of sixteen centuries.

“ *Mentz, Wednesday.*

“ The journey from Coblenz, beloved child, though through a wild country, on bad roads, and among a people with whose language I am unacquainted, was, nevertheless, very agreeable. As usual, I was feasted every where, addressed every where, petitioned every where, and prayed for every where. Every where they did the best in their power to please me; and being the object of all their attentions, it would ill become me to blame well meaning ignorance, or to hold good intentions up to ridicule. Happy in knowing my Napoleone content, persons, as well as things, shewed themselves to me in an agreeable form, in an enchanting view. Rags inspired me with no disgust, precipices with no fear, and the darkest forests with no melancholy. All nature seemed to dance round me, and I heartily shared in the general joy.

“ I believed that I had seen at Aix-la-Chapelle enough of the pride and meanness, ostentation and poverty, ambition and imbecility, of some of the great folks from the other side of the Rhine, to judge tolerably of their national character; but the scene presented to me here is not only new and variegated, but surpasses what the most fertile imagination can invent, and the most inventive genius imagine or produce. When I am surrounded by my German visitors here, I think myself, from their dress, gait, and manners, among our fashionable gentry of the sixteenth

and seventeenth centuries, so different are they from the former courtiers at Versailles, and from ours at the Tuilleries.

“ No person can be introduced to me or to the emperor without previously having proved to Talleyrand, that from his birth or rank he is worthy of such an honour. This etiquette was necessary, to prevent hundreds of German *savans*-sansculotte and sansculotte-*savans*, thousands of beggarly German patriots, *illuminati*, and other revolutionists, without probity, as well as without capacity, from intruding upon us; and under pretence of having plotted or written for the French revolution, demand rewards, claim pensions, and ask for protection and support in their present plots against their own sovereigns. Five waggon loads of this patriotic or rebellious crew were, by our police commissary, exported early this morning to Cassel. The *patriotism* of the vile Irish raggamuffins in our pay, has perfectly cured Napoleone of all inclination to encourage patriots of other countries to settle in France. I am therefore sure to converse here only with *gens comme il faut*, who all, however, take care to let me understand that they are so. After two minutes conversation with the young prince of S. he said, “ My ancestors have long been attached to France, they even fought under St. Louis in Palestine.” The emphasis with which he spoke, convinced me that he only repeated a lesson of his vain mamma; I, therefore, perhaps rather maliciously, determined to humble, not him but his preceptor. “ Sir,” observed I, “ being all descendants from the same parent, Adam, I am inclined to think, that we have all the same number of ancestors, and that few, if any, families exist, that had not some of their former members who, from an absurd fanaticism, fought or bled in the pretended sacred wars.” He seemed confused, and I have not since heard of the boasting of ancestry, or the exploits of ancestors.

“ I wish that I could persuade my Napoleone to show himself above the prejudices in favour of birth, and declare to all these proud and pompous idiots who glory in the merits of others, having none themselves: “ I Napoleone the First, Emperor of the French, &c. &c. am the son of an humble sansculotte: you, with your brilliant and ancient parentage, are all at my feet, my petitioners, nay, my valets. It depends upon me to make you sovereigns, or

to continue you my slaves; to *indemnify* your cringing with a principality; or to commiserate your poverty, by giving you, from charity, a commission in my corps of guides. I do not ask who were your forefathers, but what are your own achievements to deserve the rank you desire, or the property after which you seem so greedy." Unfortunately, my husband is as proud of his *nobility* as any German. A Bavarian *philosopher* taking advantage of this weak side of his, presented him with a *curious* genealogy, which makes it *clear* as day, that the Buonapartes were seven hundred years ago rich and powerful nobles in Tuscany. My Napoleone rewards like an emperor. Five hundred Louis-d'ors were given the Bavarian for his discovery. Another German genius has offered me to prove that my family name, de la Pagerie, originates from a favourite page of Charlemagne, a thousand years ago, one of whose descendants was aide-de-camp to Columbus in his discovery of America, and hence our possessions in the West Indies. I declined the honour, and with the loss of ten Louis, got rid of a forger, fool, and impostor, and my ancestry remain in *statu quo*. Far be it from me, however, to blame the emperor; he has too great a soul not to despise all artificial grandeur. Policy, in present circumstances must require that he should condescend to count birth any thing.

"How you would have smiled with contempt or pity, had you witnessed the behaviour at the emperor's review, or in my circle, of these birth-proud gentry! Their rivalry to watch every one of his words, and to catch every one of his looks, was truly ridiculous. As at a word of command, or a given signal, they were all ready to faint when he frowned, and to kneel when he smiled. You will conclude from this, that the branches of the adulation family are very extensive, and have taken root on the right as well as on the left side of the Rhine.

"My campaign on the banks of this river has been successful beyond my most sanguine expectation. Not only my coffers are full, but Tarue is on his way to Paris with good bills of exchange, for sums sufficient to make the most precious choices and purchases in the jewellers' shops; both in the Palais Royal, in the Rue St. Honoré, and on the *Quay d'Orfevre*. Thanks to my Napoleone, I have really already gathered and housed here a golden harvest.



It has, nevertheless, cost him nothing but promises, which chance, fortune, and time, may carry into effect, or make impracticable to fulfil. But I am not the only one who has profited by his good nature. Talleyrand and his agent, by their political transactions, and Fouche and his agent, by their adroitness at the gambling tables, have not only entirely emptied the pockets of the poor Germans, but have extorted bills which they will hardly be able to pay, and mortgages which, if paid, will ruin their posterity for ages. I do not approve of such selfish and interested acts, so contrary to the laws of hospitality, and to the *known French generosity*.

"Yesterday I passed a very unpleasant quarter of an hour. With an irony of which I well know the meaning, as well as the danger, my husband said to me, "Count de L——, I dare say, is not a favourite of yours?" I directly assumed those looks of innocence which you have so often admired, answering, "that the count had indeed twice obtained from me private audiences, but his whole conversation turned on one single topic; how, through my recommendation, to gain your kind assistance to be elected a coadjutor to his uncle, the elector arch-chancellor. My dear, retorted he kindly, such a step would alienate from me Austria, with whom, for certain reasons, I must for *a year or two*, live upon good terms; but Count de L—— is an insinuating man, and malicious tongues are very busy; I therefore have asked his uncle to send him back to Ratisbon. He fixed his eyes on me to discover if this step vexed me; fortunately, the count had, by a confidential friend, informed me of it; and I therefore said with indifference, "so much the better, I am glad to be delivered from his importunities." You see that the dæmon of jealousy still sometimes torments him; this makes me remember the fable of the dog and the hay-stack. Two persons only knew of my secret interviews with the count: uncertain which of them has betrayed me, I am under the necessity, and shall take the first opportunity, of dismissing them both. I pay my attendants too well, to let want tempt them to sell themselves to my husband, and become his spies on me. Upon the whole, however, the emperor is well satisfied, and of more even temper than he has been for a long time. And can he be otherwise, having the

Pope's promise to crown him an emperor of the French, the certainty of being, when he likes, proclaimed a king of Italy, and even an *infallible* prospect of one day uniting with these diadems the imperial crown of Germany.

"You know, my beloved child, that we are such machines, that when the mind is not at ease, the body always suffers. Restore happiness and tranquillity of soul, corporeal complaints will soon cease. My health is now better than it has been for years; Doctor Napoleone has cured me entirely.

"Your approaching *accouchement* will hasten our return to the capital. I shall present you a collection, rare in its kind, of upwards of five hundred poems, addressed to me by the wits on both sides of the Rhine. Deschamps is arranging them, and adding notes to them. They may serve as models for poetical flatterers of all countries, and of all times. Their extravagance or absurdity, I am convinced, will be an entertainment for you during the time you are obliged to keep your bed. I embrace you all affectionately."

It must make every partial observer, as well as every friend of rational freedom, revolt to think that in France, persons on the eminence where Madame Buonaparte is seated, alone seem to discover the littleness of the world below, and the folly or wickedness of those who try by every art and vileness, to soar above their fellows. The tyrant is less to be blamed for his oppression and despotism, if, from being encompassed by base, selfish, shameless flatterers and hungry slaves; if, by being greeted by an abject rabble, dreaded and belied by all, as far as his eyes can reach, he despises mankind, and judging them after Frenchmen, he thinks them incapable and unworthy of genuine liberty. By such homages, execrably offered him, by mean and contemptible beings on all sides, and not interrupted by one single sound of reproach or just remonstrance, the intoxicated fortune's tool loses himself, and forgets that by terror he has stifled the voice of truth.

Was there a man found in his extensive dominions who had spirit and patriotism enough to speak out? It looks, however, as if the moral depravity of Buonaparte's subjects has banished from among them all energy, and excluded from their bosoms all honourable sentiments. Such is, in consequence, their degraded condition, that the most

resolute among the brave, and the most artful among the cunning, will now bend their knee to the tyrant, whose fury inflicts an equal punishment on the man who spoke freely, or the bravado who drew his dagger on the patriotic writer, or the dastardly conspirator, who with eager and revengeful looks, is more watching for the moment when he can poison or stab the patriot than dispatch the assassin. Nevertheless, if the daring, and hitherto prosperous usurper be not the most crafty among the insidious, the most watchful among the suspicious, and the quickest to punishment among the revengeful, he will not be secure against the embrace of a treacherous Judas, who may give the signal for his destruction. Nay, be he ever so vigilant and observant, still he may, in the pretended embrace, meet his doom. He knows it.—Dreadful existence!

On her return to Paris, the empress was chiefly occupied to arrange her dresses, and to regulate the fêtes for her coronation. Her whole wardrobe was renewed, and after many long consultations with her husband, and with Talleyrand, and Segur, another ceremonial was ordered to be introduced, and another etiquette to be observed at her court, as well as at that of the emperor. It was determined that no person except Buonaparte, not even her son or daughter, could address her singly with the appellation of “Madame,” without adding immediately, “your imperial majesty.” No person, except the members of the imperial family, could for the future be admitted at her table, and they only when invited. The distance between her chair and theirs should always be four French feet. They were not to speak but when asked, and their answers were to be short and respectful. Under pain of incurring the empress’s displeasure, they were prohibited ever to smile in her presence, and should they forget their duty so much as to laugh, they exposed themselves to be forbid the court, and even to be exiled. They could never sit down in a room with her without first being permitted, or ordered to do so. Even if invited to her private parties, they were to be in full dress. All conversation, or even whispering among themselves, at her court must be laid aside; all their attentions should be to pay their *devoirs* and homage to their sovereign, from whom they were never to withdraw their looks, which were to accompany her in all her turns or movements, *observing always to face her*. The princes

and princesses of the blood were commanded, in entering or leaving the empress's apartments, to make three bows or courtesies in no less time than a minute, always stooping as low as if her majesty permitted them to kiss her hand. The senators, and all other public functionaries, together with prefects, colonels, bishops, and judges, with their wives, should make the same number of bows and courtesies, but as low as her majesty's knees, and in no less time than two minutes. All other persons of inferior rank who were admitted at court, should make their bows and courtesies rather lower and in a kneeling position upon one knee, in which position they should remain until her majesty gave them a signal to stand upright. No gentleman of an inferior rank to that of a colonel could kiss her majesty's hand, and no lady of less distinction than the wife of a general of brigade could have that honour. With regard to foreign ambassadors, their ladies, and countrymen of rank, the same etiquette would be observed as at the courts of the Empresses of Germany and of Russia.

As he had promised, Segur recruited persons for the different offices and places at her court. Being unsuccessful among the French nobility upon the whole, he filled the vacancies with the ladies of some German nobles of the provinces on the French side of the Rhine, and resorted even to women nameless, as well as shameless and disgraceful. By the side of Madame D'Arberg, by birth a German countess, figures therefore Madame Lasnes, who was picked up by her husband in a brothel, and lived with him as a mistress for two years before he was divorced from his former wife to marry her.

The following is the official list of persons of both sexes in the principal places at the empress's court, and of her household:

*The first Almoner.*

M. Ferdinand de Rohan, late archbishop of Cambray.

*Maid of Honour.*

Madame Chastulé la Rochefoucault.

*Lady in Waiting.*

Madame Lavalette.

*Ladies of the Palace.*

(Dames du palais.)

Madame Delucay,

Madame Lasnes,

Madame Remusat,

Madame Duchatel,

Madame Baude de Tallouët,	Madame Seran,
Madame Lauriston,	Madame Colbert,
Madame Ney,	Madame Savary,
Madame D'Arberg,	Madame Octave Segur.

*First Chamberlain.*

The General of Division Nansouty.

*Chamberlains.*

M. de Beaumont, introductor of ambassadors.

M. Hector Daubuson la Feuillade.

*Master of the Horse.*

Senator, Harville.

*Equerries.*

Colonel Foulcr.

General Bonarde de St. Sulpice.

*Secretary.*

M. Deschamps.

*Council.*

The council of state of the empress's household is composed of

The maid of honour,

The lady in waiting,

The first chamberlain,

The master of the horse.

The lord chamberlain of the emperor's household, M. Claret de Fleurieux, a counsellor of state, and the empress's secretary Deschamps.

All these *great* matters, of *great* consequence for a revolutionary court, were hardly adjusted and finally promulgated, when the empress was ordered to accompany her husband in a revolutionary pilgrimage to Fontainebleau, to meet a trembling pontiff, whom the treachery of bribed counsellors had sent to France, there to dishonour his grey hairs, by becoming the sacrilegious tool of an atheistical usurper, the most wicked of men, the most unprincipled of vagabonds, the most audacious of upstarts, and the most atrocious of tyrants.

The manner in which Josephine was selected and *blessed* by his holiness; how she confessed her sins and obtained absolution; how devoutly she kneeled, how piously she prayed; how she reformed her habits, silenced her passions, and quieted her conscience; how she edified by her example, and seduced by her edification, and how her confessor



was near becoming her admirer, are all those *sacred* and family secrets, of which the less is said the better. What is known, and can be no injury to her *honour* to make better known; what can neither hurt her *virtuous* character, nor give any scandal to the *morals* of those *virtuous* people she governs, is, that her *virtuous* and *magnanimous* husband, the same day that she returned to Paris, sent one of his military aids-de-camp first to the Temple, and from thence to Cayenne, upon suspicion that he had been an uninvited domestic and conjugal *aide de major*.

Whether this anecdote originates in authenticity, or is invented by envy or malignity, it is an undeniable fact, that near two months elapsed before the *tender-hearted* Napoleone could forgive his no less *tender-hearted* moiety some supposed mistake. It may be, that the many anonymous and threatening letters with which relatives and friends, rivals or enemies amused themselves to torment his revolutionary majesty, kept up his imperial sansculotte-anger, troubled his *innocent* soul, and perturbed his *pure* heart; but even on the glorious 2d of December, 1804, the day of the solemn mockery of his mock coronation, he was cross, fearful, ill-humoured, and agitated. He looked suspicious and agonizing; treating his dear Josephine as if he intended to vent all his wrath upon her for dreading assassins, for expecting death, or apprehending a gibbet. With looks more than words he worried her, teased her, provoked her, and insulted her, even in the presence of the revolutionary pontiff, his revolutionary cardinals and clergy, and of all the foreign, princely, and noble revolutionary amateurs. During a ceremony of eight hours, poor Josephine was in an uninterrupted fever. She trembled for fear her imperial husband should be murdered in the church, or that he would murder her at their return to the palace; that she or he would cease to outlive that very day that they were inaugurated to reign; that the celebration of their coronation would be changed into a funeral service; their imperial throne into a funeral pile; and that the pontiff, put into requisition to organize their elevation, would be prevented even from pronouncing their apotheosis.

This explains why all the principal performers at the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, were so little at their ease on that great occasion, and why they committed so

many blunders. Even at their return to the Thuilleries, they looked at each other; they gaped; they stared with surprise, with astonishment. Their silent loquacity seemed to pronounce, Am I alive? Art thou alive? Is he alive? Are we alive? Are you alive? Are they alive? After having for ten minutes first passed each other in review, and then nearer reconnoitred each other, they became more confident of present existence, if not tranquil about its future continuance. Their dinner, however, passed over without any appetite; their concert without relish; their illuminations were unnoticed; their fire-works unregarded; their supper untouched; their night restless; troubled with dreams, plagued with remorse, and terrified with visions, which for once made the imperial couple conclude that thrones are more easily seized by guilt and fraud, preserved by force and crime, than occupied with tranquillity and real enjoyment. The most elevated, they were also the most miserable in their empire.

The next day a council of conscience was held, at which the emperor and the empress, the pope, six cardinals, four archbishops, and three bishops, together with the ministers Talleyrand and Portalis, assisted. This latter acted as secretary. Many cases of conscience and conscientious cases were that day proposed, debated, discussed and settled, during a sitting of six hours. The principal determination was, that another marriage ceremony was absolutely necessary to make Napoleone and his Josephine lawful husband and wife. It was acknowledged that they, as well as all other inhabitants of France, who had been coupled together according to the revolutionary laws, were not married in this world, though they run the risk of being damned in the next. To avoid, however, numerous law-suits, with fatal and cruel consequences both to parents and children, it was resolved to keep this determination secret. But, according to the Pope's requisition, Portalis was to write confidential letters to all French prelates, that they might send monitories to the clergy of their dioceses, exhorting them to make it a scruple to confess, or at least to absolve those of their parishioners who have been married since 1793, and refuse to re-marry again according to the rights of the Roman catholic church.

To set an example of submission to the decrees of his

holiness, Napoleone Buonaparte and Josephine de la Pagerie, widow of Viscount de Beauharnois, were re-married on the 6th of January, 1805, and Pius VII. gave them the nuptial benediction in his private chapel of the Pavilion of Flora, in the palace of the Thuilleries, twelve years before inhabited by the harlot who was worshipped by the *truly* religious French republicans as a Goddess of Reason. The act of marriage was signed by the Pope, by the elector, arch-chancellor of Germany, and by eight cardinals, with the different princes of the Buonaparte *blood*. The former and municipal wedding of the imperial couple, had, on the 8th of March, 1796, been celebrated with different pomp, in the presence of persons of different descriptions. The municipal officer and Septembriser Panis, had joined their immaculate hands, and the butcher Septembriser and regicide Legendre, the Septembriser and regicide Tallien, and the regicide Ex-viscount Barras had signed the municipal registers as witnesses of their union, worth, and affection. From the hall of the municipality, they went to dine in the then directorial palace of the Luxembourg, where Barras presented Buonaparte with his wife's fortune, the commission as commander in chief of the army of Italy. In a week afterwards, Madame Buonaparte was delivered of a still-born child—a dead-born Barras!

Much might be said on these curious occurrences, and many conclusions drawn not honourable to our age, to the parties, and particularly to the nation that has suffered, and still suffers itself to be the play-ball of every villain in power, of his interest, vices, and passions. But discussions of such a nature appertain to historians: they require too wide a space for the biographer.

As soon as Napoleone's and Josephine's new marriage was performed, Joseph and Louis Buonaparte, Bacchiocchi, and Murat, and all other relatives of the Buonapartes, were re-married by the Pope. Even Talleyrand was suddenly seized with scruples which his holiness alone could remove, and the ex-bishop was also for a second time married to his chaste spouse. The fashion of re-marrying afterwards spread quickly among the French republican tiger-monkies. It was a golden harvest-time for the French clergy. Those of all classes of Frenchmen, whom motives of religion did not influence, were, to avoid ridicule or contempt, under the necessity of imitating their neigh-

bours, whom faith sent to the altar. It became in the highest degree unfashionable to live together without a new wedding, and it is well known that fashion sways every thing among the fickle and corrupted French: Within six months, 52,000 couples were re-married at Paris and in the department of the Seine, and a hundred times that number in the different provinces. What a people!

The feasting and dancing usual on such occasions entered not a little into this matrimonial rage. Nothing was heard of in France, from January to March, 1805, but wedding-dinners and nuptial-balls. It may easily be guessed that Buonaparte did not interrupt the rejoicings of his slaves, as long as they did not attempt to shake off the yoke or complain of the weight of their fetters. No public feast was, however, given at the Thuilleries on this occasion, but Josephine was permitted to invite to a private or family ball at Malmaison, his brothers, sisters, and some select favourites. A trifle here caused a coolness between him and his brother Joseph, and his sister the Princess Santa Cruce. He supposed or suspected them of not having admired his adroitness in dancing, and his complacency to dance with persons whom he regarded so much beneath him. The fact was, however, that Buonaparte having learned to dance at the common wine-houses in Corsica, is a very awkward dancer; and in seeing him jump about, tread upon the feet of his partner, kick one neighbour, tear the dress of another, and put all in confusion, it is more difficult to refrain laughing than to express admiration. At all these balls, where he thus has exhibited himself, the pleasure expected has been changed into disappointment. To many persons, orders of exile, mandates of imprisonment, and condemnations to transportation have shortly followed his cards of invitation. He is a tyrant in the ball-room as well as every where else; and truth is excluded, and common sense must be laid aside there, as well as at his military reviews or diplomatic levees. Numbers of anecdotes are related and have been published on this subject, even when he was a first Consul.

In the winter of 1803, Madame Buonaparte had a small party at Malmaison, where he ventured to dance with his dear step-daughter, Madame Louis Buonaparte. As usual,

his performance was ridiculous, and, as usual, he found an opportunity of shewing his despotic and unfeeling heart. When it came into his head to dance, he took off his sword and offered it to the next by-stander without looking at him. This person happened unfortunately to be a man of birth and an officer of rank, who thought it against the point of honour to accept it, and therefore stepped back to wait till one of the servants might come and take it. Observing this act of becoming dignity, the Corsican usurper looked at the officer sternly, and said in a terrible hoarse kind of voice, "*Mais oui ! Je me suis bien trompé.*" He then made a sign to General La Grange, on whose readiness he could depend, and gave him the sword, which this cringer snatched with great eagerness. When the too punctilious officer returned home he already found an order, by which he was directed to depart on the next day for St. Domingo. La Grange, on the other hand, was made a grand officer of the legion of honour, and in 1805, obtained the profitable, though not very honourable, place of leader of the gang of freebooters Buonaparte sent to plunder the British West India islands. The usurper has no favourite near his person, and no man in his service, who, with the livery of bondage, does not also possess the soul of a slave.

As the revolutionary gentry admitted to these private parties have always been proposed by Madame Buonaparte before approved of by her husband, he often bestowed upon her abuse for what displeased or offended him in their behaviour. To avoid suffering from their disgrace in future, she, with the advice of her privy-counsellor, Madame Remusat, determined, in February, 1805, in sending him the usual list of persons proper for her private society, always to write at bottom : " This list contains names of gentlemen and ladies known to you as well as to myself, and I believe agreeable to us both, and deserving your particular distinction: *but remember, that I recommend nobody.* Approve, therefore, of them or disapprove of them, erase the names of some or of them all, you shall punctually be obeyed. I have no favourites, no companions, as far as I know, who do not merit and have your esteem and confidence." As the Corsican regarded this clause as an indirect reproach, he ordered his wife to give up the adviser to just chastisement, or to retire immediately for thrice-



twenty-four hours to her private apartments at Malmaison, where he prohibited her from seeing any company whatever. She chose the latter. Her daughter, Madame Louis, going to pay her a visit, and being refused admittance, suspected the cause, and immediately went to St. Cloud, with an intent of becoming a reconciler or mediator; but her generous father-in-law ordered her back to her hotel at Paris without seeing her. She then addressed herself to Cardinal Caprara, who, at times, has much authority over his revolutionary majesty; but even he failed on this occasion. He, however, applied to the Pope, who with much difficulty succeeded in arranging this great state affair. This is another evidence of the *generous* heart and *forgiving* temper of Napoleone Buonaparte. To reconcile him to a beloved wife, a favourite daughter and a favourite courtier in vain employed their supplications. His abominable vanity required that a favourite pontiff should again forget his sacred character, and ask as a favour what his predecessors would have scorned to notice, or commanded as a religious duty. Shame to France! and shame to Rome! a cardinal and a pope to be seriously engaged in settling differences between an adventurer and his strumpet about a ball! The age when legitimate sovereignty held the stirrups for the popes in mounting their mules was less disgraceful and depraved than our days, when a pope crowns and consecrates a criminal usurper and blood-thirsty murderer, and afterwards stoops to kneel before this diabolical idol, created by his dangerous pliability and impolitic weakness.

Early in the following month Josephine received notice to prepare herself for another coronation on the other side of the Alps. In one of the foregoing letters she has mentioned her correspondence with the Queen of P—— during her residence at Aix-la-Chapelle in the summer 1804. But, according to report, this princess was not the only lawful sovereign with whom her husband forced her to try by letters to establish equality and assume familiarity. The accomplished consort of the noble-minded Alexander, and amiable partner of the throne of the virtuous Francis II. were also insulted with letters and presents, with offers of lace gowns and other elegant productions of the same description, frail as their donor. The presents were, however, declined, as contrary to custom and eti-

quette; and, as usual with strangers, a secretary answered the letters in a civil but dignified style. According to the same publication, had the overtures for a peace with England been accepted by our government last January (1805), the modest Josephine had a lace gown ready fabricated, and a letter ready written to our beloved queen. This impertinent intrigue not succeeding, and Buonaparte having resolved to degrade the kingly as well as imperial title by impertinently usurping the name of a king of Italy, this lace gown was forwarded to the Queen Dowager of Etruria, with an appropriate letter, pretended to be written by the empress's own hand. The usurper had, ever since the death of her husband, fixed upon this princess for a victim of his ambition. He first destined her to marry his brother Lucien; but he having married, and being disgraced for having married a woman he loved, she was intended for the other hopeful brother of his, Jerome Buonaparte. The republican parents of a female American citizen being, however, tormented with the absurd vanity of making their daughter a revolutionary highness, he was disappointed a second time. Firmly bent (after having robbed them of their throne) upon dishonouring the Bourbon family with his family connections, he put her Etrurian majesty into requisition for his son-in-law, Eugenius de Beauharnois. In the letter that accompanied the lace gown the empress Josephine hinted a disinterested wish "to strengthen those political ties which united the Queen Regent of Etruria with France into a family alliance with the house of the sovereign of the French empire." Eugenius de Beauharnois was himself the bearer of this letter. Being properly instructed, he acted his part tolerably well. By bribes he gained several of the favourite courtiers at Florence, and by presents, malice says, that he even came to share the beds of some of the most intimate female attendants of the princess. All these worthies of course planned to give their sovereign a high opinion of their hero, who, when he believed that his friends had sufficiently reconnoitred the ground, began the attack in person. "He was dying of love, but this merely regarded himself, and was only a secondary object. The welfare and grandeur of the sovereign and good people of Etruria were, and would always be, his principal and first consideration, the study of his life." He then delivered another letter of

his mother, in which she formally demanded the hand of the queen dowager for her son, offering in return, or as an indemnity, not only her husband's guarantee of the independence of the kingdom of Etruria, but his promise to incorporate the island of Elba and the duchies of Parma and Plaisance with that kingdom.

Having long been prepared for such an insult to her family and rank, and being forewarned by her royal relatives, the Kings of Spain and Naples, particularly by the latter, she told Eugenius de Beauharnois, "that she would shortly return an answer to his mother's letter; frankly informing him that her mind was made up, and that she had fixed rather upon a retreat into a convent for the remainder of her days than to give her young son a father-in-law. Two days afterwards a letter to the Empress Josephine was put into his hands, and he departed for Milan, where Buonaparte and his wife were daily expected.

No sooner had they entered this ancient capital of Lombardy, than they sent General Duroc to Florence, charged to invite the Queen Dowager of Etruria to assist at the approaching coronation ceremony. The excuse in her letter to the empress for not uniting herself with de Beauharnois had been couched in terms not to hurt the vanity even of the proudest. "The youth of her son, her remaining affection for her former husband, her family name, and the opinions of her royal relatives, were her motives for declining the honour offered. Real illness prevented her from accepting the invitation to Milan."

Thus the usurper and his wife were prevented from seeing a princess of the house of Bourbon for their daughter-in-law, and a queen dowager of royal birth waiting in their anti-chamber and attending their circle or drawing-room. They took, however, a vengeance worthy of their noble minds. Ten thousand more French troops were ordered into Etruria, and a loan of 6,000,000 of livres, 250,000*l.* was required under pain of military execution. Admonitory epistles, with revolutionary threats, were besides forwarded to their Spanish and Neapolitan majesties.

Many persons both in France and Italy, notwithstanding this dignity on one side and anger on the other, are convinced that Buonaparte still conspires to disgrace the Bourbon family with his fraternity or parentage. They think

that the Prince of Peace, another revolutionary upstart, will in due time either oblige her Etrurian majesty to be less delicate, or, in case of her obstinacy, dishonour and degrade some Spanish infanta by a marriage with Eugenius de Beauharnois, or with some other of the low and guilty relatives of the infamous Buonapartes.

During Josephine and her husband's journey to and from Italy, the greatest precaution was taken on the road to avoid assassins and to escape the machinations of conspirators. At every station where they changed horses were regular relays of gens-d'armes, of dragoons, of mounted riflemen, or of hussars, who delivered over, in the manner of state prisoners, to the detachments of each other's corps, the imperial couple. Buonaparte did not dance at Milan, but Josephine gambled there, to the great comfort of some female Italian sharpers of fashion. They pillaged her revolutionary majesty of four millions of livres in cash and six on parole. They will probably be prudent enough not to reclaim the latter. Of the ready money lost, Talleyrand advanced two millions, for which he will obtain some future indemnity on Italy, Germany, Holland, or on the Hanse Towns. The other two millions her majesty had obtained from her Italian subjects as a free gift for her gracious protection, or for her disinterested recommendation to places in the Italian consulta, legislative corps, or legion of honour.

The theatre at Paris, formerly called Theatre de Louvois, is now baptised the Theatre of the Empress. The director of this theatre, Picard, was rewarded with a revolutionary knighthood for the compliment, or rather flattery. In imitation of the capital, Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Strasbourg, and Brussels, intended to set up their theatres of the empress; but Buonaparte ordered his minister of police, Fouché, to inform the directors in those cities, "that where no theatre of the emperor existed, no theatre of the empress could be established, and that they had to be dutiful before they shewed themselves gallant." The usurper is envious and jealous, as well as fearful of his own shade.

Buonaparte allows his wife as empress of the French, twelve millions of livres, and as a queen of Italy, five millions. Her jewels are valued at sixty millions, her plate at ten millions, her furniture, pictures, &c. at Paris and in

the country nine millions, her museum at Malmaison four millions, and her wardrobe, lace, &c. six millions. It is to be remembered, that her furniture is changed with the season, her jewels and wardrobe according to fashions, which in France vary oftener than the seasons.

During the monarchy it was considered in France as a mark of gross ill-breeding to inquire after a lady's age (that of the members of the royal family was always known) when she was supposed to be on the wrong side of twenty. The revolution seems not to have changed this custom. In the Imperial Court Calendar, Josephine is stated to have been born on the 24th of June, 1768, when in fact the date of her birth is the 24th of June, 1758. This is easily proved: she was married to her first husband in May, 1778, and in March, 1779, she was brought to bed of a daughter, who died in a month. Her son Eugenius was born in August, 1780, and her daughter, Madame Louis Buonaparte, on the 10th of April, 1783. This is another official imposition deserving notice as well as reprobation. In France every body knows that it is a falsehood; but was Buonaparte to command it, out of his forty millions of subjects, thirty-nine millions voluntarily would come forward and affirm, nay swear, that it was an undeniable truth. The abject state of the French slaves is only surpassed by the insolence and tyranny of their barbarous master.



## EUGENIUS DE BEAUHARNOIS.

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EUGENIUS DE BEAUHARNOIS is a brutal unfeeling, debauched young man; whom neither brilliant regimentals, the rank of his parents, nor the endeavours of his tutors, could ever change or prevent from being considered (as Madame de P— said) “a real *sans-culotte*, with the ill-fitted mask of a gentleman; possessing the vulgar manners of one of the sovereign mob, with the pretensions to be respected as a man of consequence.” At the age of twenty-two, he *modestly* prides himself on keeping *no more* than six mistresses : one of them, Mademoiselle Chameroy, an actress at the opera, was killed last year when in a state of pregnancy by his brutality. He boasts, that when his mother refuses to furnish money for his profusion and licentiousness, by threatening her with the *delicate* appellation *la vieille p—* (an old w—), he can command whatever sums he wants. He lately presented Madame Clotilde, of the opera, with a watch set in daimonds, worth 30,000 livres, to pass the night in her company, only to gratify the childish vanity of disappointing a Russian Prince, who (according to Les Nouvelles à la Main, from which this anecdote is taken) had already paid her two hundred Louis for the same night. In 1800 he went with his regiment through Besançon; and at the Hotel Nationale was detected in the bed of the landlady by her husband, who, after giving him a sound horse-whipping, and receiving his *ecrin*, or jewel-box, as a security for a bond of two thousand Louis-d’ors, permitted him to escape without broken limbs. The next day the national collector and departmental treasurer paid these two thousand Louis, and the jewels were restored. In this manner the *economical* government of the French Republic employs the plunder of foreign nations, and the money extorted from the enslaved and beggared French citizens.

## FANNY DE BEAUHARNOIS.

DAUGHTER OF THE EMPRESS.



FANNY DE BEAUHARNOIS is the very reverse of her parents and her brother: amiable, unassuming, loyal, and liberal. She was the victim of her mother's vanity and her father's ambition, when she married the stupid libertine, and ill-bred Louis Buonaparte. She had numerous suitors; but her heart was betrothed to a chief of the royalists, who, if alive, endures wretchedness in the wilds of Cayenne, as a consular chastisement for this preference. Even Napoleone himself, *if he ever loved a woman*, loved Fanny de Beauharnois, or at least proved more than once that he was sensible of her beauty, ingenuousness, and innocence; but scandal, as busy in France as any where else, dared not only to investigate, but to attack her prudence. She is a royalist from principle, and has often told her father-in-law *how happy he would make her by recalling Louis XVIII. and re-establishing him as king of France and Navarre*; and the ferocious usurper has smiled at a sally from her, which would have been instant death to any one else. Napoleone yet calls her his *petite chouanne*; and he does not conceal, that he intends in his will to declare her son by his brother the consular successor of his republican throne.

Instead of squandering away upon dress, feasts, or gaming, the immense sums with which the First Consul presents her, she allows annuities to several distressed families ruined by the revolution, and maintains and pays for the education of numbers of deserted children, who, like herself, have been made orphans by the republican guillotine.

Madame Fanny de Beauharnois, or, as she is commonly called, Madame Louis Buonaparte, is as modest in her dress and her language, as beautiful in her person and accomplished in her manners; and in a vicious, corrupted country, and at a still more vicious and corrupted court,

she has the courage to remain unpolluted and pure, and not to be ashamed either of her virtue or her loyalty.

According to the *Livre Rouge*, by Bourrienne, Madame Napoleone has, besides payment of all the expences of her wardrobe, &c. one million of livres yearly in pin-money; and her jewels, &c. are valued at only three millions, though it is well known they are of more than double that value.

Eugenius de Beauharnois has an annuity of six hundred thousand livres. At the marriage of his sister, he received a present of three hundred thousand livres, six hundred thousand livres for his future establishment, and his debts were paid with one million two hundred thousand livres.

Fanny de Beauharnois received at her marriage six hundred thousand livres; at the birth of her child the same sum; and the same sum is allowed her as an annuity, besides presents from the First Consul, estimated, *at least*, at one million of livres per annum.

## LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

BROTHER OF THE EMPEROR.

A voir la splendeur peu commune  
 Donc *un faquin* est revetu  
 Droit-on pas que la fortune  
 Veut faire enrager la vertu ?

Let those who complain of the expences of royalty, who make economy an argument for innovation, and rank a reason for revolution ; who pretend that liberty is only found in republics, and morality and virtue hereditary in a commonwealth ; let such read the following short sketch of the life of a fashionable citizen in a modern republic ; and then say what France has gained by a rebellion against its legal sovereign, and by changing an ancient monarchy into a military tyranny, under the appellation of a republic.

Lucien Buonaparte, the next younger brother to Napoleone, the First Consul of France, was, in 1790, bound apprentice to a petty retail grocer at Bastia : for some pilferings, he was turned away, and joined the Marseillois Brigands, who, on the 10th of August, 1792, took and plundered the Castle of the Thuilleries, and murdered the Swiss guards, after treason had forced the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family to leave their habitation, and seek refuge in an assembly of rebels and regicides.

As a reward for those *civic* transactions, Lucien was admitted a member in the clubs of the jacobins and of the cordeliers ; and on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September following, assisted Marat's and Danton's patriots *to purge the land of liberty of those aristocrats who were confined in the different prisons in Paris*. However young as to years, he was already so old in crime, that on the 21st of January, 1793, he was one of Santerre's *chosen* men, to guard the scaffold on which his King was butchered. He was no less a favourite with Santerre's successor, Henriot, who had distinguished him at the plunders of the *aristocratical* grocers' shops in March 1793, and therefore enrolled him

among those of Robespierre's *sans-culottes*, who forced the National Convention, on the 1st of June in the same year, to decree the arrest of their rival rebels of the Brissot faction.

When the virtuous, the loyal, and religious, were confined in the dungeons of regicides and atheists, it was a profitable post for the vicious to guard them and see them to the scaffold. Henriot, therefore, made Lucien Buonaparte one of the *gens-d'armes*, who, during the reign of Robespierre, watched his imprisoned victims destined to destruction, and who escorted them, after a mock trial, to the guillotine. At this time Lucien had married a strumpet of the corps called the *Furies of the Guillotine*; women who were paid forty sous a day to frequent the galleries of the Convention, of the clubs, and of the Revolutionary Tribunal, to applaud, hiss, or hoot, as ordered by Robespierre and his band of assassins; and finally to follow, abuse, and insult the persons sent every day, *en masse*, from the *Conciergerie* prison to be butchered on the Place de la Revolution. What has become of this *Madame Lucien*, is the family secret of the Buonapartes. Some say that she died in *La Salpêtrière* (a Bridewell); others, that she is there still in confinement; and others, that she owed a premature death to the irregularities of her debauched husband.

After the execution of Robespierre, Lucien, dreading a well-deserved punishment as one of his subaltern accomplices, fled from Paris to Nice, where his *worthy* brother Napoleone was under arrest as a terrorist. Here the Toulon assassin and the Paris Septembrizer fraternized together, until the general amnesty of the National Convention for all revolutionary crimes permitted the two hopeful brothers to return to Paris, the grand revolutionary theatre for ambition, intrigue, and guilt, to plot, to plunder, and to murder.

Ever since the Revolution, amnesties have encouraged crimes by affording impunity, and new crimes have repeatedly made new amnesties necessary; there is not one of the Corsican senators, counsellors, tribunes, and other rebel functionaries, who are not indebted for their lives to one amnesty or other; who have not been in prison as criminals, denounced as plunderers, proscribed as assassins, or



outlawed as conspirators, by their victorious and factious accomplices.

When Napoleone and Lucien, in the spring of 1795, went to Paris, such was their poverty, that they were obliged to make nearly the whole journey from Nice to Paris, 700 miles, on foot; and when at Paris, they occupied together a miserable garret in *Rue de Mouffetarde*, for 50 sous (25 pence) per week. In revolutionary times, and in revolutionary countries, the distance is often the same from a garret to a throne, as from a throne to a scaffold.

By Napoleone's revolutionary connections with Barras, Tallien, and Freron, Lucien got a place with an annual salary of 600 livres, (25 pounds) as a clerk to a store-keeper at St. Maximin, in the South of France; where he married, against the consent of her parents, the daughter of an innkeeper, with a fortune of *one hundred Louis-d'ors*.

For marrying the mistress of Barras, Napoleone had been promoted by him to the rank of General; and for the murder of the Parisians on the 6th of October, 1795, he got the command of the army of the interior. Lucien was now appointed a war-commissary at Antwerp; from which place he wrote a letter to another commissary at Cleve (published as *a curiosity* in the *Gazette de Bas Rhine*, May 1796), containing a most ridiculous account of Napoleone's first victory in Piedmont. In this stupid performance the jargon is revolutionary, the principles jacobinical, and the sense, spelling, and orthography, that of a *sans-culotte*, without education and without genius. How such a man could, in four years afterwards, be chosen a member of the National Institute, would be inexplicable, had not Frenchmen of letters, during the whole French Revolution, been the first to degrade learning by their base conduct, and to dishonour literary societies by electing for associates, rebels, traitors, regicides, and other ignorant and guilty upstarts.

When the victories of Napoleone had made him powerful, and the pillage of Italy enriched him, he by degrees dragged forward the different members of his obscure, unknown, and despicable family. In the winter of 1796, Lucien, for the first time, appeared at Paris in other company than that of *sans-culottes*; but, with a true Corsican impudence, he soon caused himself to be remarked for his

extravagancies, to be noticed as an unprincipled gamester, and despised as a debauchee. Such was, however, his known ignorance, that notwithstanding all his presumption, and all the services of Napoleone, the Directory, in 1797, was under the necessity of refusing him the place of secretary to the French embassy at the Congress at Rastadt.

The Revolution of the 4th of September, 1797, made the jacobin faction again powerful; and by its influence Lucien was, in 1798, elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred. During the absence of Napoleone in Egypt, Lucien associated only with jacobins, professed only their principles, and acted in every thing, and on all occasions, as one of their accomplices. He published an account of his revolutionary life, beginning with these words: *Et moi aussi je suis jacobin, et moi aussi j'ai fait mes preuves comme jacobin, comme citoyen sans-culottes.* His absurd speeches, as a deputy, were as violent as his associates were vile; and when a new jacobin club was instituted, in the summer of 1799, he was chosen one of its first presidents.

The flight of Napoleone from Egypt, and his return to France, neither changed Lucien's language nor his behaviour; he was therefore nominated president of the Council of Five Hundred; and at the Revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, or 9th of November, 1799, by deserting the jacobins, he added treachery to his other crimes.

The return of Buonaparte to France was inconsiderately hailed with exultation and rejoicing by all the friends of their country, who considered him as the determined foe of anarchy, and the support of regulated liberty; wherever he passed, "Peace, Peace," resounded from every quarter, and his whole journey from Frejus to Paris was a continued triumph or procession. The government by their odious exactions and oppression, had arrived at such a height of unpopularity that the necessity of a change seemed evident to every one; the only question was, how and by whom it was to be effected: the sudden return of Buonaparte put an end to the difficulty; for there is no doubt that Syeyes had suggested to Moreau the expediency of his overturning the old government, and putting himself at the head of a new one; but his modesty and love of ease caused him to decline the proposal, and to name

Buonaparte as a person better suited for such an achievement. Had it pleased Providence to have given Moreau the ambition of Buonaparte, or Buonaparte the gentle nature of Moreau, it would have been fortunate for France and for Europe !

Immediately on his arrival at Paris, Buonaparte had a private audience of the Directory ; the courts and all the streets leading to the Luxembourg were crowded with spectators eager to behold him, and he seemed more sensible of these demonstrations of joy than formerly : he shook several soldiers by the hand, who had served with him in Italy, and appeared more open and affable in his manners than usual : he was dressed in a grey riding coat and without uniform, a Turkish sabre hung in a silk scarf over his shoulder, his hair was cut quite short and without powder ; his tawny complexion, acquired by the burning sun of Egypt, gave him an appearance of greater manliness and strength than before he left Europe.

Buonaparte arrived at Paris on the 16th of October, and on the 9th of November the constitution of 1795 was overturned. During this period we must suppose him to have been employed in concerting measures for effecting his grand purpose ; accordingly very little is said of him, and he seldom appeared in public. On the 7th of November a great dinner was given by the Directory and the councils to Buonaparte and Moreau in the church of St. Sulpice (then the temple of victory) ; the company consisted of 750 guests, and was no doubt intended to deceive those who were so shortly to be overthrown, with an appearance of friendship and fraternity. The toast given by the President of the Directory was "Peace," and that by the general "A union of all parties;" nevertheless it was evident that this was a mere dinner of ceremony ; the whole company viewed each other with distrust ; there was neither mirth nor confidence ; and though the meeting pretended to effect a union of parties, it served only to put them further asunder. Buonaparte quitted the room after a few toasts were given, and none of the company staid long ; the whole ceremony did not last three hours, and within three days after, the great explosion which had been long preparing, burst forth ; nay on that very evening the mode of operation was concerted. Syeyes no doubt emitted the first spark, which fell upon Moreau, but was

damped by his unambitious temper. The next, however, was more successful, for it lighted on Buonaparte, who instantly took fire and communicated the flame by degrees to a larger and a larger number, till on the 7th a number of deputies and others in the secret met at the house of le Mercier, and concerted measures for the grand display, which it was agreed should take place on the 9th; and accordingly the committee of Inspectors belonging to the Council of Ancients, at five o'clock in the morning of that day, sent messages to a hundred and fifty chosen members of the council (very few of whom were in the secret) to meet at eight o'clock in the Thuilleries. When they were assembled it appeared that the most violent of the Jacobins, in number about a hundred, were left out. Cornet, reporter of the committee, opened the meeting with a speech, in which he stated very fully the dangers of the republic and the movements of the factious, and ended with proposing that the Assembly, according to the 102d and 103d articles of the constitution, should adjourn to St. Cloud, that Buonaparte should be charged to put the decree in execution, and for that purpose appointed commander of all the troops in Paris, as well as of the guard of the assemblies and the national guard. This decree was passed by a great majority, and Buonaparte immediately appeared at the bar attended by Berthier, Moreau, Lefebvre, Macdonald, and others. Being informed by the President of his appointment, he spake as follows: "The republic was on the brink of ruin, but your decree has saved it. Woe to those who wish for anarchy whoever they be. I and my brave companions in arms will arrest their course. Let us not seek in the past for examples to justify the present. For nothing in history resembles the conclusion of the 18th century, and nothing in that resembles the present moment. We wish a republic founded on liberty, on civil liberty, and national representation, and we will have it. I swear it, and I swear it also in the names of my brave comrades." "I swear it" was immediately returned by the other generals, and the sitting was dissolved amid the cries of "Long live the republic." The decree of the council was carried to the council of five hundred, who soon after adjourned their deliberations to the next day at St. Cloud. The committees of inspection from the two councils remained in the room belonging to

them, to concert measures as the urgency of affairs might require, and Buonaparte assembled his staff at the same place, to give all the requisite orders for the preservation of tranquillity, and the removal of the councils to St. Cloud. The walls of Paris were soon covered with two proclamations, one addressed to the national guard and the other to the troops of the line, both expressed with Buonaparte's usual energy. On the first news of the decree of the Council of Ancients he had repaired to the Thuilleries with ten thousand troops, and guarded every avenue to the place so effectually that no one was permitted to pass either into the courts, the garden, or within the walls of the castle. He had formed all his dispositions, and harangued his troops in the great court, while three of the Directors and all the rest of Paris were completely ignorant of what was going forward. Syeyes and Rog r Ducos, the latter of whom was entirely governed by the former, being both in the secret, waited in silence the result of the meeting. Syeyes was walking in the garden of the Luxembourg, and Ducos was in his own apartments, when they were informed of what had passed: they repaired immediately to the Thuilleries, and joined the two committees of Inspection, the generals, and the rest of the military, in deliberating upon the measures to be taken for putting the decree in execution, and providing for the public tranquillity. Barras knew what had happened long before his colleagues, Gohier and Moulins, for he had been required to give in his resignation very early in the morning, and the lady through whom the request came, was empowered to offer him any pecuniary assistance he might require: he at first appeared to be violently irritated, but in a little time he became more calm, and acknowledged that the government required some vigorous individual at its head, for it was impossible it could go on with five people who had no confidence in each other; but still he refused to give in his resignation. Gohier, who was that morning to have breakfasted with Buonaparte, was extremely surprised when he got up to find what had passed, but particularly at the decree for transferring the assemblies to St. Cloud: he went, however, into the audience chamber of the Directory and sent for his colleagues. Moulins, who was equally surprised, came to him immediately; but they



were both still more so when they heard that Syeyes was gone to the Thuilleries : they then sent for Ducos and found he was there also. Barras was summoned next, and he refused to come. Gohier sent immediately for La Garde the secretary general, and ordered him to register a decree which he dictated to him ; but La Garde answered, that as two members could not make a majority of the Directory it was impossible for him to do as he requested. Moullins having now learnt part of what had happened, became extremely agitated, and proposed immediately to send a guard to invest the house of Buonaparte, and keep him a prisoner ; but he was told that it would be impossible, for every soldier then in Paris was under Buonaparte's command. General Lefebvre was next summoned, but he confirmed what they had before heard, and said that as he was under the orders of Buonaparte he could not march a single man without his permission. They then began to find that it was all over with them, and that nothing remained for them but to retire into the obscurity from whence they had been taken, and submit quietly to their fate. In a few minutes the Luxembourg was invested with a strong guard sent there by Buonaparte.

According to the terms of the constitution it was requisite that the act for transferring the Assemblies to St. Cloud should be signed by a majority of the Directory ; Gohier, therefore, being desirous to resign his power with a good grace, went to the Thuilleries and, adding his name to those of Syeyes and Ducos, performed the last act of his authority ; yet still he seemed unwilling to part with his dignity : he repented of what he had done, and when they came to demand of him the great seal of state which was in his possession, as President, he refused to give it up : as soon as he returned to the Luxembourg, where a strong guard was set over him till the 19th at night, he was told that the powers of the Directory had ceased, and a new government was formed. He asked to see the decree for appointing the Consuls, and after it was shewn him he retired very quietly to his house at St. Chaumont.

Moullins needed no very long intreaty to give in his resignation, for fear had so completely got possession of him, after he found what had passed, that when a deputation was coming to him for the purpose, he jumped out of a window which looked into his garden and hid himself

among the bushes till he could get quietly away ; but nobody went after him, they thought him of so little consequence.—A fit man to govern a nation !

After Gohier had signed the decree of translation, Syeyes and Ducos immediately gave in their resignation, and Barras soon after did the same by his secretary Botot, whom he sent to Buonaparte, and remained in his carriage near the Thuilleries till Botot returned with the result of the meeting. Buonaparte was in the apartment of the Inspectors when Botot desired to speak with him. He was introduced by Courtois, and having given in the paper, requested to know if the general had any thing to say to his master. “ Tell him,” said Buonaparte, “ that I desire to hear no more of him, and that I trust I shall ever make the authority respected which is entrusted to me.” Then raising his voice loud enough to be heard by the grenadiers who were standing at the door, said, “ What have you done with the country which I left you so flourishing ? I left you peace and I have found war. I left you victory and I have found defeat. I left you the treasures of Italy and I find nothing but oppression and poverty. Where are the hundred thousand heroes, my companions in arms, whom I left covered with glory ? what is become of them ? Alas they are no more ! This state of things cannot last long ; in three years it will end in despotism. But we are for a republic, founded on a basis of equality, civil liberty, and political toleration. If you believe the assertions of the factious, we are the enemies of the republic ; we who have strengthened it by our labours and cemented it by our blood ; but we wish for no better patriots than the brave men who have suffered in its service.” This harangue was highly applauded by all who heard it, and Botot retired in confusion to acquaint his master with what had passed. Barras determined to go immediately to his country house, but being alarmed for his personal safety, he requested a party of horse to attend him, which was immediately granted. Syeyes and Ducos, not thinking it prudent to sleep at the Directorial Palace in the Luxembourg, staid all night in the Thuilleries.

The next day, being the 10th of November, in conformity to the decree the two councils repaired to St. Cloud : the picture gallery was appointed for the Council of Ancients, and the orangery for the Council of Five Hundred.

The troops had arrived before them and taken possession of every avenue to the castle, so that the deputies could not pass without shewing their medal, nor any other individual without producing a ticket signed by the committee of Inspection, and these tickets were few. The sitting, which had been appointed for twelve, did not commence till two o'clock, owing to the preparations of the workmen not being finished. The debates were opened by a speech from Gaudin, proposing a committee of seven members to take into consideration the best means of providing for the public safety; and it was expected that this motion would have been immediately carried, but as the meeting was very fully attended, the jacobins gave it a strong and tumultuous opposition: this, in some measure, disconcerted the revolutionary party, and the fault was Buonaparte's; for it had been proposed the night before that no member should be admitted without producing a ticket signed by the inspectors, by which the jacobins would have been effectually excluded; but he opposed the measure, not supposing that the jacobins were so powerful: this had nearly overturned the whole scheme, and given the victory to the opposite faction. Scarcely had Gaudin finished his motion, when several members of the opposition darted forward into the tribune, all eager to be heard. The cry of "Down with the Dictators," became general. Others exclaimed, "The constitution or death; we are not afraid of bayonets, we will die at our post." And some proposed that every member should take afresh an oath to preserve the constitution. The other party were so much thrown off their guard that the cry of "Long live the constitution" became general, and the motion for taking the oath was agreed to: this was a great victory for the jacobins, because it gave them time, which was all they wanted, for the ceremony of renewing the oath took up two hours: when this was over, various propositions were offered and nothing settled; the confusion was now complete. Several motions were proposed and adopted, totally opposite to the intentions of those who had occasioned the removal to St. Cloud. Barras sent a letter to the Assembly importing his resignation, yet couched in such guarded and ambiguous terms as seemed to intimate a desire to be employed in the new government, and the letter gave rise to a considerable debate, whether the Assembly should proceed

to the election of a new Director: great part, if not the whole of this confusion, arose from the defective measures of Buonaparte; he had suffered the majority of the members who were well disposed towards a change of government to come to the Assembly totally ignorant of what was intended; in consequence of which they were easily induced to believe the extravagant reports that were circulated by the opposite party; and worst of all, he had prevented the exclusion of the jacobins, who produced all the confusion which had arisen. The danger now became imminent; the probability of insurrections being excited at Paris, and the consequent danger of a civil war, required that some vigorous measures should be taken to complete the revolution so auspiciously commenced. Buonaparte hearing what had passed, became violently agitated; he hardly knew what to resolve, and perhaps was never so much off his guard in the midst of a battle: his first measure was to proceed to the Council of Ancients, and inform them of the confusion which prevailed in the Council of Five hundred; he entered unarmed, and being favourably received, harangued them in a stile of great animation to the following purport:—"Representatives of the people, you are placed in no common circumstances; you are on the mouth of a volcano which is ready to devour you. Permit me to speak to you with the frankness of a soldier and the candour of a citizen, zealous for the welfare of his country. You informed me of your dangers, and I hastened to your assistance with my brother soldiers. Is not the blood which we have shed in battle a sufficient proof of our devoted attachment to the republic? Have they who dare to lift their voices against us given similar pledges? They speak of a military government and a conspiracy. Alas! the most dangerous of all, is that which surrounds us every where, that of the public misery which continues to increase. Have not ignorance, folly, and treason reigned long enough in our country; have they not committed sufficient ravages? What class has not in turn suffered by them? Have not Frenchmen been long enough divided into parties, eager and desirous to oppress each other? The time is at length arrived to put an end to these disasters. You have charged me to present you with the means, and I will not deceive your expectations. If I had had any personal or ambitious objects in view, I needed not to have

waited till this time to realize them. Before my departure and since my return I have been often solicited to take the reigns of government. I could make discoveries which would silence the greatest part of my calumniators; but I will content myself with saying that Barras and Moulins entreated me to overturn the government and place myself at the head of affairs. I rejected their overtures, because liberty alone is dear to me, and because I never wish to serve any faction or party whatever. I wish to serve the French people alone. Let us not then be divided. Unite your wisdom and your firmness to the force which surrounds me, and I will devote myself to the safety of the republic." "And of the constitution," exclaimed Linglet. "The constitution!" replied Buonaparte with indignant warmth. "Does it become you to name it? What is it but a heap of ruins? Has it not been successively the sport of every party? Have you not trampled upon it on the 18th Fructidor, the 28th Floreal, and 28th Prairial? The constitution! Has not every kind of tyranny been exercised in its name since the day of its establishment? Who can be safe under it? Is not its insufficiency manifested by the numerous crimes which have been committed in its name, even by those who are swearing to it a contemptuous fidelity? All the rights of the people have been unworthily violated; and to re-establish them on an immoveable basis we must endeavour to establish in France republican liberty." Though it is impossible to deny the praise of eloquence to this extempore harangue, it cannot lay the same claim to honesty or sincerity.

Buonaparte having mentioned the names of Barras and Moulins, and hinted at many others as enemies to liberty, several members thought it proper to interrupt him, being desirous at that time rather to unite men together than to sow the seeds of further disunion; Cornudet, however, proposed that spectators should be turned out, and Buonaparte be called upon to declare whom he alluded to, in a secret committee; but he, either thinking that he had gone too far, or that the time was too important to be wasted, reminded the council of the critical state of affairs, and then addressing himself to the military who were on guard, promised if they did their duty to restore order and harmony; leaving the assembly he went in haste to the Council of Five Hundred: the report of his coming had



occasioned a great bustle, every one rose up and all eyes were turned towards the principal entrance. In passing from the one council to the other he perceived the grenadiers of the legislative body walking quietly about, and their arms piled up in different stands; he immediately called out "To arms, soldiers, and follow me," being sufficiently sensible of what he had to encounter; and in this instance he was perhaps more indebted to fortune than at any other period of his life, for he certainly was in greater danger. Buonaparte entered the Council of Five Hundred precisely at five o'clock in the afternoon attended by twenty or thirty soldiers, who remained at the bottom of the room while he proceeded to the top unarmed and uncovered. No sooner had he advanced near the President's chair than the confusion became complete. Some flew to the tribune, and others to the general, exclaiming vehemently, "Down with the tyrant, down with the dictator," while others cried out, "Kill him, kill him," at the same time aiming at him with poignards, pistols, and fists. Arena, a Corsican, struck at him with a dagger, and would probably have finished him, had not a grenadier named Thomè received the stroke on his arm. By another blow the general was slightly wounded on the cheek. Buonaparte for a moment was lost, and it is said he had fainted when General Lefebvre, with the grenadiers flew to his defence, surrounded him and carried him out: he then mounted on horseback and attempted to harangue the troops, but in very faint and whining terms; and going to the committee of inspectors he informed them of what had passed, but took no vigorous measures to combat his enemies, who were now in a great measure triumphant. After he had quitted the Council of Five Hundred, they decreed that the Council of Ancients had no right to give him the command of the troops, as that power belonged alone to the Directory. Lucien Buonaparte, the President, was attacked on all sides and nearly put to death; finding, therefore, his authority despised and his life in danger, he darted from the chair, indignantly threw down the insignia of his office, and mounted the tribune with an intent to defend the conduct of his brother: he attempted several times to speak, but could not make himself heard; tears of agony and indignation flowed down his cheeks, and he was on the point of giving himself up to his enemies, when, all

on a sudden, a company of grenadiers entered the chamber by the command of the general, and carried him off: he found his brother in the court of the castle in the greatest agitation and agony, dreading the defection of the troops, irresolute, hesitating, and confused; and all would certainly have been lost had not Lucien, with great presence of mind, immediately mounted a horse and harangued the troops: he stated in strong terms the dangers of the country from the triumph of the jacobins, and concluded with these energetic words:—"General, soldiers, and citizens, they only are the representatives who have followed me out of that seditious assembly; they who remain there must be expelled by force." The troops instantly cried out "Long live Buonaparte. Long live the republic." A company of grenadiers was immediately ordered to clear the chamber. The spectators jumped out at the windows, but the members remained till they entered. The drum beat, the soldiers marched in and stopped at the bottom of the room. A general of brigade requested all those members who regarded their safety, to retire and join the President; many followed his advice. Another officer mounted the President's chair, and said with a loud voice, "Representatives, the commander in chief requires that you all quit this room." Many of them shewed signs of unwillingness and resistance, the officer called out "Grenadiers advance." The drum beat, the grenadiers came forward, and a disgraceful scene of confusion ensued. The deputies, in their haste to get out, tumbled over each other; some ran to the doors, others to the windows, and in a few minutes the chamber was empty: they were received by the people on the outside with hootings and hisses, and some of them were so ashamed of their conduct that they threw off their insignia of office, many of which were found next day in the ditches and plantations around.

Why Buonaparte should in this instance have been deserted by his usual resolution and presence of mind, can only be accounted for by the greatness and the novelty of the occasion. Valor with a soldier is chiefly mechanical, and he who trembles in the first battle will enter upon the second or third with undaunted bravery; besides, the heat and agitation of an engagement, preclude in a great measure all thought and reflection, and leave no time for the consideration of danger or consequences; so that the same

man who will fearlessly advance to a cannon's mouth has often been known to tremble at the rustle of a leaf in the calm, still, dark hour of night. To the noise and danger of battle Buonaparte was well accustomed, and habit had there rendered him inaccessible to fear; but this was a new occasion, and one on which all the greatness of his future life depended; the risk of a battle was not to be compared to it, and having time for reflection, this thought presented itself fully to his mind and overwhelmed him.

The Council of Ancients, after hearing what had passed in the other assembly, proceeded to some resolutions and debates of little importance; but finding that they could not decide any thing effectually, without the initiative from the Council of Five Hundred, determined that all the members of that council who could be brought together should immediately assemble; and accordingly, about nine o'clock in the evening, a large number being collected they met in their former apartment under the presidency of Lucien Buonaparte. Their first proceeding was to inform the other council of their having met, and the next, to pass a vote of thanks to the commander in chief, and the officers who had co-operated with him in saving the country from the violence of the anarchists. Chazal then proposed that a secret committee of five members should be appointed to take into consideration the means of forming a new government; after this was adopted, Lucien Buonaparte quitted the President's chair, mounted the tribune, and pronounced a most animated and eloquent harangue, on the disasters of the republic, arising from the misconduct of the late government, and the necessity of appointing a new one. His speech was received with the loudest applause, and repeated cries of "Long live the republic." Boulay de la Meurthe soon after returned with the report of the secret committee, containing the project of a decree for appointing a new government: he prefaced his motion by a long speech, in which he enlarged on the profligacy and incapacity of the Directory, as well as on the defects of the constitution itself, and the necessity of a strong executive power to give solidity to the state and prevent the return of anarchy. The first article of the decree declares "That there is no longer a Directory." The second "That there shall be created provisionally an

executive Consulate to consist of three members, Sycyes, Ducos, and Buonaparte, who shall bear the name of Consuls of the French republic." The next related to the legislative power, which it left to be settled by the two councils on their meeting at Paris, but appointed two committees in the mean time to draw up the form of a new constitution. The Council of Five Hundred then composed a proclamation addressed to the French people. At one o'clock in the morning the Council of Ancients announced their approbation of the proposed decree. Fregeville then moved that the three Consuls should be invited to the sitting and take the oath of fidelity to the sovereignty of the people, &c. before which the President addressed the assembly and the Consuls in a suitable speech, and measures were then taken to ensure the tranquillity of Paris, which were in a great measure superfluous, as there had been no disposition shewn to insurrection or tumult, though various, contradictory, and alarming reports had reached the city of what was passing at St. Cloud.

The Consuls returned to Paris about four in the morning on the 11th of November, and entered upon their functions that same day, after taking the refreshment which nature, after so much fatigue of mind and body, required. The first sitting held by the provisional consulate was employed in the nomination of many individuals to places of importance; the seal of the republic was changed, and the newspapers were stopped at the post-office and new ones printed to inform the departments of all that had been transacted, and in the evening an address from the Consuls was read through all Paris by torch light to the same purpose, though Buonaparte had on the night of the 10th addressed one of the same sort to the citizens of St. Cloud.

The new Consuls were received at Paris with every testimony of satisfaction and applause, and on the 12th of November they held their first sitting at the Luxembourg, where the inscription "Directorial Palace" was taken down over the principal gate, and replaced by the following, "The Palace of the Consuls of the republic." The two committees held their meetings also in the same place, which they continued till the 15th of December, when the new constitution was proclaimed. In the mean time they repealed some of the most odious and oppressive

laws of the Directory, which prepared the people to expect the happiest effects from the operations of the new government.

When Napoleone had usurped the reins of government, he appointed Lucien minister for the home department, and recalled Fontanes, who in 1797 had been condemned to transportation, to be his secretary: and it was this Fontanes who wrote all his eloquent speeches and proclamations during his ministry.

Lucien was now in his element; possessing the means of gratifying all his degrading and cruel passions. Not a woman whom chance exposed to his view, or caprice to his fancy, and whom money, power, violence, or intrigue, could procure, but was seduced, dishonoured, and ruined by him: neither the innocence of youth, the misfortunes of beauty, the sanctity of marriage, nor the sacredness of consanguinity, were respected by him. In six months, he was guilty of more crimes than all the Princes of the house of Bourbon have been accused of in six centuries. At a ball in April, 1800, at the hotel de Richelieu, where upwards of two hundred women of fashion were present (amongst others, *two of his own sisters*), he often and loudly repeated, *Here is not a woman with whom I have not intrigued!*

After the battle of Marengo, ambition, for some time, got the better of debauchery: Lucien imagined, because his brother could dictate to emperors, and create kings, that he might easily marry into some imperial or royal family; and, as his wife was an obstacle, he gave her some ice cream, which she ate, and *died*:—that she was poisoned, not only her relations, but all Paris, proclaimed.

Two days after his wife's death, five of Lucien's armed spies carried away to his country-house, against her consent, the beautiful wife of a rich banker; she was confined there several days to console him, not for the loss of his wife, but for the refusal of his brother to marry him to some German Princess.

Lucien had long intrigued to get Fouché disgraced, and to unite the ministry of the police with the home department; but here he met with an equal, if not a superior, as well in plots as in guilt. Fouché informed Napoleone not only of Lucien's scandalous conduct, and of the public clamour against him, of his extravagant expences and of



his numerous debts; but also told him, that Lucien had spoken of him (Napoleone) with contempt, and dared his power, for which, he said, Napoleone was indebted to him; the reports of Fouché's spies proved his assertion, and Lucien was forbidden the presence of his consular brother, and ordered to resign his ministry; not for his vices and crimes, for they had been long known, but because he had been indiscreet; and, besides, by circulating a pamphlet, written under his orders by Fontanes, had discovered some family secrets; and among the rest, the *arriere pense* of Napoleone, one day to assume the imperial crown of the Gauls. By the mediation of his mother, and the advice of Talleyrand, his disgrace was changed into a lucrative embassy to Spain, to sell Tuscany, and to plunder Portugal.

Lucien left Paris with a debt of three millions of livres; which Napoleone promised to pay, but which is yet unpaid. Some of his creditors have died after being ruined; the Temple and Cayenne have silenced the complaints of the others.

In Spain, and chiefly at Madrid, Lucien continued his debauched and vicious life: his prodigality there surprised every one; his irregularity gave offence, and his impudence disgust. He treated the king and royal family as his equals, and the ministers and grandees as his servants; but such is the degraded situation of the Continent, the dejected or abject state of many of its sovereigns, and the weakness, ignorance, or treachery of their ministers and counsellors, that this revolutionary *sans-culotte* was not only suffered, but bribed, entertained, and complimented.

By his negotiations at Madrid and with Portugal, Lucien added twenty millions of livres to the fortune of his brother, and ten to his own; he degraded royalty by creating a kingdom in Tuscany, and insulted loyalty by swindling a province of Portugal.

After the peace with England, when Lucien returned to Paris, he was made a Senator, and one of the grand officers of the Legion of Honour; and he now shows away in a style to which the most extravagant manner of living of any modern prince, brother or son to any emperor or king, cannot be compared: his jewels and diamonds are valued at upwards of three millions of livres; his cabinet of pictures cost him more than that sum; and his seraglio

and debaucheries more than both these sums together. The millions that he carried with him from Spain and Portugal are expended ; and notwithstanding that his brother allows him an annuity of 1,200,000 livres, besides what he receives from his lucrative places, he is said to be four millions in debt.

Lucien is as insolent and despotic in his present elevation, as he was formerly vile and cruel ; illiberal, ungenerous and unfeeling, he uses his mistresses as if they were his slaves—and *his friends as his mistresses* ; he is a tyrant to his domestics, and a terror to all who approach him.

The glitter of affluence may dazzle the unthinking, and the renown of prosperity puzzle the weak ; but Lucien's greatness can neither cover the infamy of the guilty, nor the guilt of the infamous ; and his rank is unable to conceal the ignoble and base sentiments of a base and ignoble mind.

## LOUIS BUONAPARTE,

BROTHER OF THE EMPEROR.

Et Pon voit des commis mis  
Comme des princes  
Qui d'hier sont venus nus  
De leurs provinces.

When, in 1795, through a medley of successful crimes, and of foul forgotten deeds, fortune was wantonly pleased to raise Napoleone Buonaparte from the dregs of obscurity; his brother Louis was a petty clerk, with a salary of twenty pounds a year, at the petty police commissary Pierre Pierre's office at Marseilles; a notorious terrorist, married to the daughter of an inn-keeper, and brother-in-law to Lucien Buonaparte; who when a minister of the home department, promoted him to the *lucrative office* of general-commissary of police at Bourdeaux. In the autumn of 1796, Louis left Marseilles for Italy, and began his military career at the age of eighteen, as a chief of battalion, or lieutenant-colonel, and aid-de-camp to his brother Napoleone. In this capacity he followed him to Egypt in 1798; but suffering in Africa the consequences of his debaucheries in Europe, his stay there was but short; and he returned to France in October of the same year, with dispatches from General Buonaparte for the Directory.

Of all the Buonapartes (not excepting either Joseph the negotiator, or Napoleone the warrior) Louis is the only one who can correctly write and spell the French language. A letter of his to his brother Joseph, dated Alexandria, July 6th, 1798, was intercepted by our cruizers, and contains some accounts of the operations of the French army of the East, and some remarks on the inhabitants of Egypt. In speaking of the Bedouin Arabs, he says—"They are an *invincible* people, inhabiting a burning desert, mounted on the fleetest horses in the world, and full of courage. *We have treated them kindly.* They live with their wives and children in flying camps, which are never pitched two

nights together at the same place. They are horrible savages, and yet they have some notion of gold and silver! a small quantity of it serves to excite their admiration. Yes, my dear brother, they love gold (not more than the French) they pass their lives in extorting it from such Europeans as fall into their hands: and for what purpose? for continuing the course of life which I have described, and for teaching it to their children. O, Jean Jacques! (Rousseau) why was it not thy fate to see these men, whom thou callest "the men of nature?" thou wouldst sink with shame, thou wouldst startle with horror, at the thought of having once admired them! Speaking of the city of Alexandria, he continues, "The remarkable objects here, are Pompey's column, the obelisks of Cleopatra, the spot where her baths once stood, a number of ruins, a subterraneous temple, some catacombs, mosques, and a few churches. But that which is still more remarkable, is the character and manners of the inhabitants. They are of a *sang-froid* absolutely astonishing. Nothing agitates them; and death is to them what a voyage to America is to the English. Their interior is imposing. The most marked physiognomies amongst us are mere children's countenances, compared to theirs." He finishes his letter with an observation that shews both the difficulty and honour of the conquest of Egypt by General Buonaparte, and of his boasted victories: "Their forts (says Louis) and their artillery are the most ridiculous things in nature; they have not even a lock nor a window to their houses; in a word, they are still involved in the blindness of the earliest ages."

Lucien Buonaparte often repeats, that his brother Louis *est le seul bête de la famille* (the only fool in the family): but when at the age of twenty he was able to make such observations as those contained in this letter, his sense was certainly as good, and his instruction and judgment better than that of Lucien himself, who, not long ago, *when minister of the home department*, wrote to Citizen Lalande, "to stop the eclipse of the moon until his arrival." It is true, that since 1793 an immoderate use of mercury has rather impaired Louis's intellects, and prevented his advancement to the rank of a general, and perhaps to that of a constable of France; but though a libertine, in common with his brothers and sisters, he has neither the crimes of Napoleone and Lucien, nor the treachery of Joseph, to re-

proach himself with, and is therefore less disliked in France than either of them.

In December 1799, after Napoleone had proclaimed himself the First Consul of France, Louis was nominated Colonel of a regiment of dragoons; and in October 1800 was entrusted with a political mission to the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg. His reception at the former was brilliant, and he was honoured by the condescension of the King and Queen to fraternize with him, as if he had been the brother of a lawful King of France; so much so, that it was not only a real scandal to a number of loyal foreigners who passed that winter at Berlin, but even to those Prussian Generals, princes, and courtiers, who had witnessed the etiquette at the courts of former kings and queens. The impertinent and unbecoming familiarity of the ill-bred Louis Buonaparte, was only surpassed by the impolitic, but patient endurance of the royal family; from which this *sans-culotte*, brother of a guilty *sans-culotte* usurper, took the opportunity to insult, if not to degrade monarchy, by his ridiculous, vulgar, and audacious conversation at the table of a monarch; and by his too familiar, if not indecent behaviour before the public when in the King's box at the opera; where he publicly and boldly dared to converse with the young and beautiful Queen, as if he had been with the old painted wife of the First Consul. Infected by a known infamous disease, which kept him for weeks in his lodgings at the Hotel de Paris, he fortunately did not often repeat those scenes, which excited so much the astonishment, animadversion, and complaint of birth, rank, and loyalty. Many persons are yet of opinion, that nothing can ever indemnify legal and hereditary sovereignty for the sufferance of so many humiliations.

Before he left Berlin for the Russian frontiers, Louis was *informed* by the Russian ambassador, Baron Krudner, that he had not yet obtained any orders from his sovereign to *invite* the consular brother to St. Petersburg. The Emperor Paul, though seduced by French intriguers, dazzled by the victories of the First Consul, offended with Austria, and embroiled with England, did not forget what he owed to himself, to his rank, to his family, to his country, or to his subjects. Louis Buonaparte's purposed journey to Russia therefore ended at Koenigsberg in Prussia, only on



the Russian frontiers; from which place he expedited remittances and smuggled instructions to the emissaries of Napoleone at St. Petersburg; and, to the great satisfaction of all loyal men, he returned to Berlin without being able to dishonour another sovereign.

After a few more weeks residence in the capital of Prussia, he was recalled to France by Napoleone, and sent to Montpellier, as Lucien said, on a *mercurial* (and not on a political or military) mission, preparatory to receiving the hand of the lovely Fanny de Beauharnois. His marriage with this lady is a convincing proof that he is a greater favourite with the First Consul than Lucien, who was one of the pretenders to this accomplished beauty. The declared promise of Napoleone to bequeath to the son of Louis his Consulate, and the sovereignty over the French Republic, has displeased all the other members of the Buonaparte family: and his numerous and valuable presents, both to Madame Louis and her husband, have excited the envy of all the Corsican relatives, who are plotting to diminish the increasing consideration of this younger brother, or rather the repeated donations to his wife.

Surrounded by every thing that can make existence desirable, Louis is an invalid at the age of twenty-three; and with ruined health, and a broken constitution, he cannot enjoy the blessings which Providence has so liberally poured down upon him; he suffers, therefore, in the midst of his prosperity, pains and pangs unknown even to wretchedness itself when accompanied with innocence and virtue.

According to the *Livre Rouge*, by Bourrienne, Louis Buonaparte received as an establishment two millions of livres; he has a yearly pension of one million two hundred thousand livres. One million of debts were paid for him in 1800 and 1801, at Berlin and in Germany; at his marriage Napoleone presented him with six hundred thousand livres, and the same sum at the birth of his son.

*We subjoin to the above account of this Illustrious Personage, the invitation of the PEOPLE of the Batavian Republic, to accept of the throne of that Republic, as King of Holland and Constable of the Empire. What a Constable! What an Empire! and what an Emperor!*

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PARIS, June 3, 1804.

*Presentation of the Ambassadors Extraordinary from the States of Holland.*

Arrived at the hall of the throne, they went through the usual ceremonies, after which, Vice-Admiral Verhuel, President of the Deputation, delivered the following address:—

“SIRE,

“The representatives of the people distinguished by their patience in times of difficulty, and, we dare to say, celebrated for the solidity of their judgment, and their fidelity in fulfilling the engagements they have contracted, have confided to us the honourable mission of presenting ourselves before the throne of your majesty. This people have suffered a long time under its own agitations and those of Europe. Witnesses of the catastrophes that have overthrown some states; victims of the disorders by which the whole have been shaken; they have been made sensible, that the force of interests and connections, by which the great powers are at present united or divided, has rendered it indispensably necessary for them to place themselves under the first political safe-guard of Europe. They have felt, that even their weakness has prescribed the necessity of reducing their own institutions into harmony with those of that state whose protection alone can guarantee them against the danger of servitude or ruin.

“These Representatives have maturely and solemnly deliberated upon the circumstances of the present times, and the dreadful probabilities of the future; they have seen, even in the term of the calamities with which Europe has been so long afflicted, both the causes of their own evils, and the remedy to which it is necessary they should have recourse.

“Sire! We are charged to express to your Majesty the wishes of the representatives of our people. We pray that you will grant us as the Supreme Chief of our Republic, Prince Louis Napoleone, your Majesty’s brother, to

whom we deliver, in full and respectful confidence, the guarantee of our laws, the defence of our political rights, and all the interests of our dear country. Under the sacred auspices of Providence—under the glorious protection of your Majesty—and, in fine, under the power of the paternal government, which we require of him, Sire, we dare to hope, that Holland, assured in future of the unchangeable affection of the greatest of Monarchs, and strictly allied even by its destiny to that of your immense and immortal Empire, will see the renewal of its ancient glory and prosperity and repose it has so long been deprived of. Its losses then will no longer be considered as irreparable, and will only leave behind them a future remembrance.”

*His Majesty answered in the following terms :*

“Gentlemen, Representatives of the Batavian People,

“I have always looked upon the protection of your country as the first interest of my crown. Every time I have been called upon to interfere in your internal affairs, I have been struck, from the first, with the inconvenience attached to the uncertain form of your government. Governed by a popular assembly, it had been under the intrigues, and agitated by neighbouring Governments.

“Governed by an Elective Magistracy, every time this Magistracy was renewed, produced a crisis of alarm to the rest of Europe, and the signal of new maritime wars. None of these inconveniencies can be guarded against otherwise than by an hereditary Government. This I recommended to your country by my councils, when the last constitution was established; and the offer that you have made of the crown of Holland to P. Louis is consistent with your true interests and my own; and it is adapted to secure the general tranquillity of Europe. France has been sufficiently generous, in renouncing all the rights which the events of war had given her over Holland; but I cannot intrust the strong places which cover my northern frontier, to the keeping of an unfaithful, or even to a doubtful hand.

“Gentlemen, I agree to the request of their High Migh-  
tinesses. I proclaim Prince Louis King of Holland. You, Prince! reign over this people. Their forefathers only acquired their independence by the constant assistance of France—Holland afterwards became allied to England; she

has been conquered; still she owes her existence to France. Let them then owe to you, their King, the protection of their laws and their religion, but never cease to be a Frenchman. You and your heirs will possess the dignity of Constable of the Empire; you will recollect the duties you have to fulfil towards me, and the importance that I have attached to the safe keeping of the strong places upon my northern frontier, and which I confide to you. Prince! maintain among your troops that spirit which I have observed among them in the field of battle. Cherish the sentiment of union and love for France among your new subjects. Be a terror to the wicked, and a father to the good; this is the character of great Kings."

His Highness Prince Louis then advancing to the foot of the throne, said,

"Sire—I had placed all ambition in sacrificing my life in your service. I made my happiness consist in a close inspection into those qualities that, equally dear to myself and others, have so often testified the power and effects of your genius. Permit me then to express my regret in separating from you; but my life and my wishes belong to you. I go to reign in Holland because it is the desire of the people, and because it is your Majesty's order.

"Sire, when your Majesty quitted France to go and conquer Europe, which had conspired against you, you intrusted to me the defence of Holland against the invasion that threatened it. On this occasion I appreciated the character of the people, and the qualities which distinguished them.

"Yes, Sire, I shall be proud of reigning over them; but however glorious the career may be that presents itself, the assurance of your Majesty's constant protection, the love and patriotism of my new subjects, will give me the hopes of healing those wounds occasioned by so many wars, and the events that have accumulated within the course of a few years.

"Sire, when your Majesty shall put the last seal to your glory, in giving peace to the world, the places which you shall then entrust to my care, to that of my children, to the Dutch troops that have fought at Austerlitz under your inspection shall be well guarded. United by interest, my people shall at the same time be attached by the

sentiments of love and gratitude to their King, to your Majesty, and to France."

The Dutch representatives had an audience of the Empress, and were afterwards conducted to their hotel in the same manner in which they left it.

*Message from his Majesty the Emperor and King.*

"We have commanded our cousin, the Arch-Chancellor of the empire, to acquaint you, that in compliance with the wishes of their High Mightinesses, we have proclaimed Prince Louis Napoleone, our well beloved brother, King of Holland; the throne to be descendible to his heirs, male and legitimate; in order of primogeniture. It is our intention also, that the King of Holland and his posterity, preserve the title of Constable of the empire. This determination of ours has appeared conformable to the interests of our people. As Holland, in a military point of view, included all the strong places which protected our northern frontier, it was necessary, for the security of our states, that the custody of it should be entrusted to persons respecting whose attachment we could entertain no doubt. In a commercial point of view, Holland, being situate at the mouths of many great rivers which flow through a considerable part of our territory, it was necessary that we should have security that the treaty of commerce, which we shall conclude with her, shall be faithfully executed in order that we may adjust our manufacturing and commercial interests with the commerce of that people.

"Holland, besides, is one of the first political concerns of France. An elective Magistracy would have produced this inconvenience, that it would have oftener exposed the country to the intrigues of our enemies, and that every fresh election would have been the signal for a new war.

"Prince Louis, who has no personal ambition, has given us a proof of his affection for us, and of the love he bears the people of Holland, by accepting the offer of a throne which imposes upon him such great obligation.

"The Arch Chancellor of the German empire, Elector of Ratisbon, and Primate of Germany, having signified to us that it was his intention to appoint a Coadjutor, and that with the concurrence of the Minister and principal members of his Chapter, having conceived that it would be for the advantage of religion and the German empire, that he should appoint to that situation our uncle and cou-



sin Cardinal Fesch, our grand Almoner, and Archbishop of Lyons, we have accepted the said nomination in the name of the said Cardinal. If this determination of the Elector Arch-Chancellor of the empire, be useful to Germany, *it is no less comfortable to the political interests of France.*

"Thus does the services of the country call far away from us, our brothers and our children; but the happiness and prosperity of our subjects are also among the objects of our dearest affection."

"At our Palace at St. Cloud, 5th of June, 1806.

"NAPOLÉONE."

(Countersigned)

"MARET."

#### TREATY.

"His Imperial and Royal Majesty NAPOLÉONE, Emperor of the French and King of Italy, and the Assembly of their High Mightinesses the Representatives of the Batavian Republic, presided by his Excellency the Grand Pensionary, accompanied by the Council of State, the Ministers, and Secretary of state, considering—

"1. That from the prevailing turn of mind, and the actual organization of Europe, a government without solidity, and certain duration, cannot fulfil the objects for which it is instituted.

"2. That the periodical renewal of the head of the state would always be a source of dissension in Holland, and a constant subject of agitation and disagreement among the powers friendly or inimical to Holland.

"3. That an hereditary government can alone secure the quiet possession of all which is dear to the Dutch people, the free exercise of their religion, the preservation of their laws, their political independence and civil liberty.

"4. That its first duty is to secure to itself a powerful protection, under the shelter of which it may freely exercise its industry, and maintain itself in the possession of its territory, its commerce and its colonies.

"5. That France is essentially interested in the happiness of the Dutch people, in the prosperity of the state, in the permanence of its institutions, as well in consideration of northern frontiers of the empire, open and unfortified, as from general political interests and principles:

Have nominated for their minister plenipotentiary, of his Majesty the Emperor of the French and King of Italy,

“ Charles Maurice Talleyrand, Great Chamberlain, Minister of Affairs, knight of the Great Order of the Legion of Honour, Knight of the Order of the Red and Black Eagle of Russia, and of the Order of St. Hubert, &c. and

“ His Excellency the Grand Pensionary—C. H. Verhuel, Vice-Admiral, and Minister of Marine of the Batavian Republic, having the Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour.

“ T. T. A. Gogel, Minister of Finance.

“ J. Van Styrum, one of their High Mightinesses.

“ W. Six, Member of the Council of State, and G. Brantzen, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Batavian Republic, having the Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, who after having mutually interchanged their respective full powers, have agreed as follows:

“ Art. 1. His Majesty the Emperor of the French and King of Italy, as well for himself as for his heirs and successors for ever, guarantees to Holland the maintenance of its constitutional rights, its independence; the whole of its possessions abroad and at home, its political, civil and religious liberty, such as is ordained by the existing laws, and the abolition of all privileges with respect to taxes.

“ 2. Upon the formal request made by their High Mightinesses, the Representatives of the Batavian Republic, that Prince Louis should be appointed Hereditary and Constitutional King of Holland, his Majesty has yielded to their wishes, and has authorised Prince Louis Napoleone to accept the Crown of Holland, to descend to him and his male heirs legitimate, to the perpetual exclusion of females and their descendants.

“ In consequence of this permission, Prince Louis Napoleone, will take the Crown under the title of King, and with all the power and authority determined by the Constitutional Laws, which the Emperor Napoleone guaranteed by the preceding article.

“ It is, nevertheless, agreed, that the Crown of France and Holland can never be united in the same persons.

“ The Royal domain consists of,

“ First, A Palace at the Hague, which is to be the residence of the Royal Family.

“ Second, The House in the Wood.

“ Third, The domain of Soelsdick.

“ Fourth, A landed income of 300,000 florins.

“ The law, besides, assures to the King a further revenue of fifteen hundred thousand florins, payable by monthly instalments.

“ 4. In case of a minority, the regency shall belong by right to the Queen, and in her default to the Emperor of the French, in his quality of perpetual head of the Imperial Family. He shall choose among the Princes of the Royal Family, and, in their default, among the natives. The minority of the King shall be completed within his eighteenth year.

“ 5. The dowry of the Queen shall be determined by her marriage contract. At present it is agreed to fix it at the annual sum of 25,000 florins, to be taken from the domains of the crown; this sum being deducted, one half remaining of the revenues of the Crown shall be appropriated to the maintenance of the household of the Minor King; the other half to go to the expences of the Regency.

“ The King of Holland shall be a Grand Dignitary of the Empire in perpetuity, under the title of Constable. The functions of this office, however, may, with the consent of the Emperor of the French, be performed by a Prince, Vice-Constable, whenever the Emperor may think proper to create such a dignity.

“ 7. The Members of the reigning family in Holland shall remain personally subject to the disposition of the constitutional statute of the 30th of March last, forming the law of the Imperial Family of France.

“ 8. The charges and offices of the State, those belonging to the personal service of the King's household excepted, can only be conferred upon natives.

9. “ The arms of the King shall be the ancient arms of Holland, quartered with the French Imperial Eagle, and mounted with the royal crown.

“ 10. A treaty of Commerce shall be immediately concluded between the contracting parties, by virtue of which the subjects of Holland shall at all times be treated as the most favoured nation, in the ports and upon the French territory. His Majesty the Emperor and King also engages to mediate with the powers of Barbary, to obtain the respect due to the Dutch flag, equal to that of the French.

“ The ratification of the present treaty shall be exchanged at Paris within the space of six hours.

(Signed)

“ C. M. TALLEYRAND,

“ CH. HENRY VERHUEL,

“ T. T. A. GOGEL,

“ J. VAN STYRUL,

“ W. SIX, and

“ C. BRANTZEN.

Paris, May 24, 1806.”

[The official paper also contains another message and two decrees respecting the creation of M. Talleyrand as Prince and Duke of Benevento, and, of Bernadotte as Prince and Duke of Ponte Corvo.]

Y

## JEROME BUONAPARTE.

BROTHER OF THE EMPEROR.

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———Il tire de la poussière  
 Une race d'affreux brigands,  
 D'esclaves sans honneur, et de cruels tyrans,  
 Plus mechante que les Robespierre.

It is a disgrace to France in particular, and to Europe in general, to be condemned to know, that such low, insignificant personages as the different *petty* members of the *petty* Buonaparte family, are really in existence; but such, unfortunately, is the present degraded situation of the civilized world, that every thing concerning the race of the Corsican usurper is inquired after with an impolitic curiosity, and read with an avidity almost culpable. The disgusting task, therefore, of exposing the *native* infamy of the Buonapartes, from the eldest of them down to the youngest, must be undertaken by loyalty, to prevent disaffection from profiting by a fashionable inquisitiveness, and augmenting the number of its former misrepresentations, concerning the many guilty upstarts whom the French rebellion has brought into an atrocious notoriety.

Jerome Buonaparte, the younger brother of the First Consul, was born in 1785. When, in 1795, Napoleone's crimes were rewarded with rank and riches, Jerome was an errand-boy in a small inn frequented by waggoners, at Marseilles; and such was the poverty of his mother and family, that she was unable to pay for his instruction, and at the age of ten he could neither write nor read. In 1796, when success crowned the undertakings of the numerous army commanded by General Buonaparte in Italy, he ordered Jerome to be sent, at his expence, to a public school at Basle, in Switzerland, under the care of his sister and brother-in-law, Bacchiocchi, then settled in that city in a petty cotton manufactory.

When seated upon the throne of the Bourbons, Napoleone, having made one of his brothers a negotiator, another a minister, and a third a colonel, determined that Je-



rome should be advanced in the navy, the only department wherein none of his relatives could yet pretend to shine, or to govern. Jerome was therefore put under the particular care of Admiral Gantheaume, who considered himself *greatly honoured* by being *promoted* to the tutorship of such a *hopeful* and *distinguished* youth. Jerome accompanied this admiral during his voyage from Brest to Toulon in the spring of 1801, and in his attempt during the summer of the same year to land some troops on the African shore, as succours to General Menou in Egypt. Not being able to glorify himself with any success in this undertaking, Gantheaume tried, by showering flattery on one brother, to extenuate his own fault, or misfortune, and to lessen the consular anger of another brother. In his dispatches, the *illustrious* pupil, Jerome Buonaparte, was mentioned "as a young sea officer who *promised* to be an *ornament* to his profession, and whose *great talents* and *undaunted courage* would reflect *great honour* on the French navy."

To the shame of this *republican* courtier, it is to be mentioned, as a fact known in 1801, at Toulon, as well as at Marseilles, that, during Gantheaume's cruise this year in the Mediterranean, the boy Jerome Buonaparte underwent an operation rendered necessary by an infamous disease, and which probably will prevent his progeny from being first consuls or admirals in France. At the early age of 16; Jerome was plunged into vice, and exhibited ignominious proofs of early depravity; and this *Corsican ornament* to his profession shewed his *undaunted courage* by bravely keeping his bed during the whole voyage.

When, after the preliminaries with England had been signed, Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse was sent with a fleet and an army to St. Domingo, Jerome, then promoted to the rank of a lieutenant, accompanied him as one of his aid-de-camps. When safely arrived at his destination, this republican admiral, to outdo even Gantheaume in meanness, sent his first dispatches from St. Domingo to France by this boy Jerome Buonaparte, "to whose *uncommon skill*, both as a naval and military officer, he confidently referred for whatever the government (Napoleone) should think proper to know concerning the expedition to St. Domingo." By such absurd bombast, and by such dishonourable debasement, did this admiral please the First

Consul so much, that he obtained the appointment of captain-general of Martinique.

After a short stay in France, Jerome, now made a captain, obtained the command of a corvette, and was sent again with confidential dispatches to his brother-in-law General Le Clerc, at Cape François. He had now an opportunity to demonstrate his natural fraternity to a Napoleone and a Lucien Buonaparte. On his arrival at the Cape, daily torments and executions of the unfortunate negroes were the orders of the day; and he found so much delight in the improvements invented by the hellish genius of a republican officer, Grenier, to prolong their sufferings, that he presented him with a ring worth twelve thousand livres; while he sent to prison another officer, who forgot to call him up one morning when 262 of the negroes were half burnt before they were sawed to pieces. On his arrival, his *virtuous* sister, Madame Le Clerc, had presented him with a beautiful mulatto woman for a mistress, to keep him *sage*, as she said: this girl was descended from respectable parents, and had received a better education than was common in St. Domingo since the Revolution. One afternoon in a fit of jealousy, Jerome ordered her to be devoured alive by some famished blood-hounds, which he always kept for his entertainment, and was present to see his atrocious orders executed!!! This abomination surprised even Madame Le Clerc, who, *as a punishment, did not admit her brother to her table the day following*. A brother of this unfortunate girl, a lieutenant in the republican service, being refused the satisfaction that he demanded for this crime, in despair deserted to the Blacks; but was recaptured, and condemned by General Le Clerc to be shot from the mouth of a *cannon*. Every thing that the fancy or passion of Jerome fixed upon, he put into requisition for his use. The day after the murder of one mistress, he *sent orders* to the daughter of a white planter *to fill up the vacant place*; she, however, preferred poison to the embraces of such a young monster; but by disappointing his vile passion, she caused the death of her father, and the ruin of her family; the former being shot upon the denunciation of Jerome, who accused him of corresponding with the negroes, and his property was confiscated for the use of the Republic, or rather of the Buonaparte family. Another day, when he observed an American merchant in an elegant English

phaeton, drawn by four English horses, he ordered him to descend; and when he refused, four of General Le Clerc's guides dragged the American from his carriage, which Jerome afterwards appropriated to his own use. After the war with England, when Jerome bravely deserted over to the American continent, this merchant cited him before the American tribunals, to be paid for his plundered property.\*

Jerome Buonaparte now resides at Baltimore, with an American named Joshua Barney, who, by piracy and plunder under the famous Santhonax, has accumulated several millions of livres. This is the same Barney who commanded, during the last war, an American ship called the Sampson, with which he privateered without commission, and for which he was tried and condemned at Jamaica as a pirate, but escaped the gallows by flight. He was afterwards made commodore in the French service; and kept at Paris, as a mistress, a cousin of Madame Buonaparte, by whom he had two children, but whom he afterwards left in distress, which caused him to be dismissed from the French navy. It is therefore hardly possible that Jerome can be in more suitable company than that of Citizen Barney.

The official *Moniteur* lately published the *official republican truth*, that Citizen Jerome, in his retreat to America, sunk an English ship of superior force. Many think it *very modest* of the editor not to let this *noble* youth sink a whole English squadron in the *Moniteur*; which might have

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\* The affair of the carriage is in fact, that on Jerome's arrival at Baltimore, the Hon. Captain Murray, of the British navy, was in that city with a handsome curricule and two horses and a saddle horse, which he offered for sale; the carriage and horses were bought for \$900 for Jerome. On his arrival at Philadelphia, a piece appeared in the *Gazette of the United States*, saying, that this was the carriage that was plundered of an American at St. Domingo; but on the next day when the Editor was informed of the truth, the report was contradicted, and a suit was instituted against the printer for the paragraph, this is the only suit brought on that occasion.

procured the First Consul an occasion of appointing his worthy brother, at once, a lord high admiral of the French Republic.

According to the *Livre Rouge*, Jerome has a yearly pension, until married, of six hundred thousand livres; for the hotel and two estates in the country, at his future establishment, one million and a half are allotted; and one million is deposited in foreign banks for his use. Of what value the presents are which he receives from his consular brother, may be concluded from the known anecdote, of his having shewn an English officer at Jamaica a watch set with jewels, which he, with *true Corsican impudence*, said, cost the bagatelle of ten thousand Louis-d'ors only.

*As a full refutation of the foregoing calumnies, relative to Commodore Barney, and in justice to the merits of this gentleman, I have procured from the proper authorities, the following indisputable testimonials contradictory of the account given by the author of this work; and am sorry that circumstances do not admit of displaying the real character of Jerome Buonaparte, as exhibited during his stay among us, of upwards of two years, which would shew his character very different from the one given by the author of this work.*

AMERICAN EDITOR.

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JOSHUA BARNEY served during the whole of the American war in the navy of the United States, with distinguished reputation, which is too well known to require many observations.

Joshua Barney commanded a merchant ship from the port of Baltimore in 1775, and was among the first who embarked in the navy of the United States from this port, in October 1775, as Master's mate; in June 1776, he was made a Lieutenant, in March 1782, a Captain. In April he took the *General Monk*, a ship of superior force, which is well known to every American, and some of the British, for which he received a gold hilted sword.

In April 1793, he sailed from Baltimore in the private ship *Sampson*, belonging to *himself* and Mr. John Hollins. See the following document from the department of state.

“It appears from documents in the department of State, that the ship *Sampson*, belonging to Messrs. Joshua Barney, and John Hollins, was captured in the year 1793, on a voyage from Cape François to St. Marks, by three New Providence privateers, who put on board of her three prize masters and eleven men, and ordered her for New Providence:—That the former gentleman, who also commanded the vessel, having been very rudely and severely treated by the captors, found means to rescue his vessel from them, and proceeded with her to Baltimore, where he arrived on the 30th of July of the same year:—That on the next voyage, whilst he was proceeding from Port-au-Prince to



Baltimore, he was captured by the British Frigate *Penelope*, Captain Rowley, who sent her to Jamaica:— And that on her arrival there, Captain Barney was committed to prison under a charge of piracy, pretended to have been committed by the above-mentioned rescue, but was afterwards admitted to bail in consequence of the persuasion of the Chief Justice, that the charge could not be supported. I have always understood and believed that a regular trial and acquittal took place. Restitution was decreed for the capture last mentioned by the commissaries under the 7th article of the British Treaty to the amount of £25,000 Sterling and upwards.

Department of State, August 12, 1806.

JACOB WAGNER, *Clerk.*”

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In December, when on a second voyage, he was captured and carried into Jamaica and thrown into prison, as stated above. Two bills were found against him by the Grand Jury of Jamaica, one for piracy, and the other for shooting with intention to kill the prize master, at the time he recaptured his ship *Sampson*. Captain Barney stood his trial before the Court and Jury at Jamaica, and after a full hearing, and without a reply on the part of Captain Barney, the Jury declared him not guilty. His ship *Sampson* and cargo was condemned, and an appeal was made to Great Britain. In April 1794, he returned in the vessel which was dispatched from Baltimore, to the United States; and waited on General Washington, who informed him he was happy to find he had escaped out of their hands, meaning the British; as his ship had been condemned in Jamaica. Captain Barney brought his papers with him.

The president of the United States (GENERAL WASHINGTON) hearing of his situation, caused the secretary of state, Mr. *Randolph*, to enter into a correspondence with the British minister, Mr. *Hammond*, respecting him. See the correspondence.

*Copy of a letter from the Secretary of State, to George Hammond, Esq. Minister Plenipotentiary of His Britannic Majesty, dated*

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*Philadelphia, March 27, 1794.*

*Sir,*

I have just received intelligence that Joshua Barney, a citizen of the United States, has been confined in the common goal of Kingston in Jamaica, and was to have been tried on the 3d instant, in the Admiralty Court of that island, on a charge of piracy and an intention to kill. He was the late commander of the ship Sampson, the property of himself and John Hollins; another citizen of the United States, and sailed under *our flag* at the time of his seizure by the British Frigate Penelope.

I entertain a hope and confidence, that these suspicions have, before this day, been shewn to be groundless; and that he is no longer under the pressure of a criminal prosecution. But lest this should not be the fact, I beg leave to represent to you that a *real interest is taken in his fate*; and that as it will be extremely painful to hear of any rigorous event, the speedy interposition of your good offices to prevent such an one, will be very gratifying to him, who has the honour of subscribing himself, &c.

EDM. RANDOLPH.

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MR. HAMMOND IN ANSWER.

*Philadelphia, March 27, 1794.*

*Sir,*

I have the honour of transmitting to you a letter to the Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica, on the subject of your letter to me of this date.

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THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO MR. HAMMOND.

*Philadelphia, March 28, 1794.*

*Sir,*

I was last night honoured with your letter of yesterday, and am much obliged to you for its inclosure.

In the interview at my office upon the subject of it, I certainly explained myself as intending to go no further in requesting you to forward your communication to the Governor of Jamaica, than as an opportunity might be presented through one of your vessels of war, which are not liable to the embargo, and might happen to be destined thither. I presumed however, that if such an opportunity did not occur, you would send to me the letter to the Governor, as in fact you have.

It is contemplated by the President to expedite a cutter to Jamaica to-morrow, or on the next day. If you have any dispatches for that island, I will take charge of them; and if it would not give you too much trouble, I would thank you for a duplicate of your letter to the Governor.

I have the honour, &c.

EDM. RANDOLPH.

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MR. HAMMOND IN ANSWER.

*Philadelphia, March 28, 1794.*

*Sir,*

In answer to your letter of this date, it is only necessary for me to remark to you that the hasty conversation which passed between us at your office, and to which you allude, was subsequent and not antecedent to my receipt of your

letter of yesterday—and to inclose to you a duplicate of my letter to the Governor of Jamaica.

I am much obliged to you for your offer of taking charge of any dispatches which I might have for Jamaica, and I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE HAMMOND.

The preceding copies and extract have been compared with the records of the department of State, and are found exact.

JACOB WAGNER, *Clerk.*

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Previous to the arrival of the cutter at Jamaica, mentioned by Mr. Randolph, and sent by the President for the relief of Joshua Barney, he had stood his trial and was *fully acquitted*. On the arrival of the cutter, with Mr. Hammond's dispatches to the Governor, (General Williamson) Joshua Barney was invited to Spanish-town, the residence of the Governor, where he dined several times, and received every politeness from his Excellency, who declared he had never heard of Joshua Barney's confinement, before he had received the dispatches. In May 1794, Joshua Barney arrived at Baltimore in the cutter which was sent by the President, and immediately waited upon him at Philadelphia. On the 5th of June 1794, Joshua Barney was appointed a Captain in the navy of the United States, by General Washington. See certificate as follows:

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*War Department, June 5, 1794.*

CAPTAIN JOSHUA BARNEY,

Sir,

“The President of the United States by and with the  
“advice and consent of the Senate, has appointed you to

“ be a Captain of one of the ships, to be provided in pursuance of the act to provide a naval armament herein enclosed.”

I certify that the above is a true extract of a letter written by the Secretary of War, to Captain Joshua Barney, and recorded in Marine Book No. 1. p. 32.

CH. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,

*Chief Clerk of the Navy Department.*

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In August 1794, Joshua Barney arrived at Paris, in company with Mr. Munroe, the Minister of the United States. See the proceedings of the National Convention, as follows:

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*Proceedings of the National Convention, Friday September 12, 1794.*

*The President.*

I have received a letter written in English, announcing that the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, sends a flag to be placed in the Hall of the Convention, beside the French flag. The flag is borne by an American officer. It was unanimously decreed, that the officer should enter the Hall. He entered amidst the loudest acclamations of the assembly, bearing the American flag unfurled. He presented the following address from the Minister.



THE MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;  
TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Paris, 23d Fructidor.

*Citizen President,*

The Convention having decreed that the flags of the American and French Republic shall be united and fly together in the place of the sittings of the National Convention, in testimony of the union and friendship which ought ever to subsist between the two people. I thought that I could not better manifest the profound impression which the decree made upon me, and the acknowledgments of my constituents, than by preparing their colours, in order to offer them, in their name, to the Representatives of the French people.

I have had them executed after the manner last decreed by the Congress, and I have intrusted them to Captain Barney, an officer of distinguished merit, who rendered us great services by sea during the revolution. He is charged to present them to you, and to place them wherever you shall appoint. Accept then, this flag, Citizen President, as a new pledge of the sensibility with which the American people always receive the proofs of interest and friendship, given to them by their good and brave allies, as well as the pleasure and eagerness with which they improve every circumstance that tends to cement and consolidate the union and concord of the two nations.

(Signed)

JAMES MUNROE.

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*Speech of Captain Barney on presenting the Flag.*

*Citizen President,*

Having been charged by the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, to bear to the Convention the flag which they desired. The flag under the auspices

of which I had the honour to fight with our common enemy, in the war which accomplished our liberty and independence. I fulfill my honourable commission with the most lively satisfaction, and remit it into your hands.

From henceforth, suspended beside that of the Republic, it shall become the symbol of the union which subsists between the two nations, and which shall endure, I trust, as long as the liberty which they so bravely achieved, and so wisely ratified.

A Member. The officer who has just spoken to you from the bar, is one of the most distinguished military men of America. He essentially contributed to the liberty of his own country. He may be equally serviceable in giving liberty to France. I desire that this observation may be sent to the Committee of Public Safety, and that the President shall give the fraternal embrace to this brave man.—The embrace was echoed from all parts of the Hall, and was decreed.

The American officer advanced with his flag streaming to the President's chair, who gave him the fraternal kiss, amidst the unanimous and reiterated applause of the Hall.

Matthieu. One of our colleagues, in rendering homage to the talents and services of this brave man, has said that he might be usefully employed by our Republic. I second the motion, that this observation be referred to the Committee. Ordered.

Joshua Barney was employed in the navy of France, first as Captain de vaisseau, (Captain of a ship of the line) and afterwards as a commissioned Commodore during the whole of the war. When the peace took place Joshua Barney demanded his dismissal, which was refused him; but a commission with a pension was granted him, which pension Joshua Barney never would receive. At the same time a general regulation took place respecting strangers in the navy, alluded to in the Minister of Marine's letter to Joshua Barney—See that letter.

*Première Division, Bureau de l'officier militaire.*

Liberté

Egalité.

*Paris, le 11 Nivose, An 10 de la République une et indivisible.*

Le Ministre de la Marine et des Colonies, au Citoyen Barney, ancien Capitaine de Vaisseaux de la République, rue basse du rempart No. 351. à Paris.

Si les dispositions générale suivie dans la dernière organisation de la Marine de la République, Citoyen, n'ont pa permis de vous comprendre sur la ligne des officiers conservé au service, il n'en est pa moins vrai que dans votre retraite honorable, vous emportez l'amitié et la considération de la Marine Française que apprécie vos talens ; es l'estime du gouvernement qui les a emplyoyé.

C'est un témoignage qui vous est dû et qu'il me sera toujours agréable de rendre à un militaire tel que vous.

*Decrés.*

*First department, Office of the Military Officers.*

LIBERTY.

EQUALITY.

*Paris, 11th Nivose 10th year of the Republic one and indivisible.*

The Minister of the Marine and the Colonies to Citizen Barney, late Captain of the navy of the Republic. Rue d'Bassa du rampart No. 351. PARIS.

*Citizen,*

If the general dispositions followed in the late organization of the navy of the Republick, have not permitted that your name should be retained in the list of officers reserved for the service ; it is nevertheless true, that in your honourable retirement you will carry with you the friendship and the consideration of the French navy, which duly appreciates your talents ; and also the esteem of the government which has employed them.

This is an acknowledgment which is due to you, and which will always be agreeable to me, to render to a man of your military talents.

*Decrés.*

Captain Barney, and Mr. John Hollins, his partner, has recovered £25,000 Sterling for the ship Sampson and her cargo, condemned at Jamaica, at the time Captain Barney was tried for piracy.

These are the justifications of Joshua Barney against the malicious observations of the author, &c.

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS

## PRINCESS JOS. BUONAPARTE.

MARIA JULIA CLARY, daughter of a chandler in a village in the south of France, was, at the age of seventeen, on the 24th of September 1794, married to the then clerk of a pettifogging attorney, Napoleone Joseph Buonaparte, at present an Imperial Highness, a Grand Elector of the French Empire, a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, &c. &c. with a revenue of ten millions of livres, or 420,000*l*.

The Princess Joseph had in her youth many admirers, and Prince Joseph, during his courtship, many rivals. In her native village the Princess was an heiress. An uncle, who had been a sailor, had, at his death, bequeathed to her all his property, amounting to six hundred livres (25*l*.) No wonder, therefore, if all the beaux of the neighbourhood were enamoured, and striving who should be foremost, at the same time to seize a treasure and to possess so many charms. Among the principal *amateurs* with whom his Imperial Highness Prince Joseph the Grand Elector had to contend for his Imperial consort, a master chimney-sweeper, a master barber, and a journeyman tailor, presented themselves. Although the lowest, the journeyman tailor was not the less dangerous rival. He had made Mademoiselle Clary a great-coat which fitted her so well, that it excited the envy of all the other village *belles*; and she, in return, at the Sunday four-sous or twopenny balls, at the inn of the Grand Monarque, seemed to prefer romping and dancing with her journeyman tailor rather than with Prince Joseph. To get rid of him by force, his Imperial Highness dared not attempt, having already experienced the strength of his fist: he resorted therefore to stratagem. A Captain of a recruiting party had for some days established his head-quarters in the vicinity. This officer happened to be a friend of the then sans-culotte Colonel Napoleone Buonaparte, and was applied to. The register of the parish being destroyed, the journeyman tailor was unable to prove his age, and was therefore claimed by the Captain as a conscript; and as such, notwithstanding the opposition of the municipality, carried off, and marched to join the army of the Pyranées.



This act of *vigour* terrified the barber, who, being of the same age with the tailor, immediately decamped. The sweep still bravely kept the field, and continued his courtship, until the fair object of his affection had fixed on the next decade (the republican holiday) as the day on which her nuptials with the Prince were to be celebrated at the municipality, and her union sanctioned by the reputable mayor of the village, a learned schoolmaster, though he understood neither Latin nor Greek. The marriage contract of their Imperial Highnesses was witnessed and signed by the bride's father and mother, or rather they put their mark, not being able to write or read, as did two maternal uncles, Citizens Timothée Galliard, a wooden shoemaker (*sabotier*) and Francois Galliard, a groom. An elegant wedding ball was bespoken at the inn of the *Grand Monarque* for twelve livres (ten shillings) including music and twelve bottles of wine, at three sous (three halfpence) a bottle. There the new married couple and their relations and friends continued to dance until next morning, when Monsieur and Madame Clary gave the signal of retreat.

Besides six hundred livres in ready money (25*l.*) the Princess brought with her to her husband's apartment (a back room, two pair of stairs, at a blacksmith's) two gowns, two shifts, two petticoats, two neckcloths, one pocket-handkerchief, one comb, two pair of shoes, one pair of wooden shoes (a present of uncle Timothée's) and a horse-whip, another present of uncle Francois.

Thus his Imperial Highness Prince Joseph began his matrimonial career with *triumph* and *glory*. Keen observers predicted thence, that the able politician, who, in a love affair of such consequence, had been clever enough to defeat the conspiracies and plans of his powerful rivals and carry his point, would certainly in state affairs one day prove himself to be the first negotiator in the world, overthrow the common efforts of the enemies of the French Republic, and counterbalance the intrigues of neutrals, and the jealousy of allies.

Six months after their marriage, her Imperial Highness presented her husband with a son and heir; the gossips of her village with an object of slander; the prudes with a subject of malice, and the devotees with an example of scandal. All parties exerted their tongues, and whilst the father was proud of a son in so short a time, they pretended and disse-

minated that he resembled the tailor, the barber, and even the sweep, more than Joseph Buonaparte. In a week this hope of the family, this Emperor in petto, died, and the Imperial parents, according to the advice of the midwife, an aunt of her Imperial Highness, to silence all farther tittle-tattle, consented to announce and regard this birth—a miscarriage. From that period until 1801 the Princess had no children, and as the visit of Eugenius de Beauhornois had become very frequent at his uncle's, during 1800, *calumny* ascribed to his presence the appearance of one daughter on the 8th of July 1801, and another on the 31st of October, 1802. Prince Joseph then asked his nephew, Prince Eugenius, to confer his *civilities* somewhere else, and with his absence sterility again returned.

It was in 1796 that the Princess Joseph was, for the first time, introduced into the revolutionary court circles of the Directory; but the attention paid her by the Director Barras occasioned her journey to Italy in 1797, when, after the peace of Campo Formio, her husband had been nominated an ambassador to the Court of Rome. Having succeeded in his mission to dethrone and imprison a respectable Pontiff, and to organize in the name of liberty and equality, the worst of all tyrannies, that of a sovereign mob, he went back to Paris with his wife, and settled there, being elected a Deputy in the Council of Five Hundred. When Napoleone had seized on the throne of the Bourbons, he appointed Joseph a Counsellor of State, and gave to the Princess Joseph, in December 1799, as a Christmas-box, the elegant hotel she occupies, upon condition that she should *improve* her education.

Before that time her Imperial Highness knew very well how to knit and mend stockings, how to work and get up linen, how to starch and bleach, how to cook and preserve, how to brush and scour; but she was entirely unacquainted with those petty acquirements—that agreeable littleness—those vicious frivolities—that studied meanness, which were intended to constitute at the revolutionary Imperial Court good breeding and *haut ton*. Madame Napoleone was therefore ordered to spare her teacher of languages, a writing and a dancing master, a master of ceremonies, a *coiffeur*, and a governess. Such were the assiduity and application of Princess Joseph, that within three months the good-natured

Empress Josephine began to think that she had done too much for her sister-in-law, and therefore recalled all the teachers she had lent her. But the change both in her gait and manner evinced that she had already learned enough, and gained the admiration of all the revolutionary courtiers in the palace of the Thuilleries. Before that she was rather awkward (by courtesy called timid) and inclined to devotion (called by courtesy, simplicity)—now she is the very reverse—as free, as easy, as bold, as daring and as gallant as Josephine or any other of her sisters-in-law. It was even shortly afterwards whispered, that during her husband's absence at Luneville and Amiens, she continued to take every night at Montfontaine, the *private* lessons of her dancing-master: so much so, that Prince Joseph, from motives of gratitude, no doubt, demanded in the summer 1802, an order from Napoleone for sending this active citizen to Cayenne, with the *exclusive* privilege of continuing during his life, an *exclusive* dancing-master of honour to all transported persons of both sexes in that colony.

The Princess Joseph, with her deep, cunning, reserved, and truly Corsican husband, sees now little other society but those of his family. She lives, however, in great splendour, both at his country seat Montfontaine and in her hotel at Paris. Her private and annual allowance from the Emperor amounts to three millions of livres (125,000*l.*)—Her jewels and diamonds are valued at two millions, and her plate, china and pictures at one million and a half. A bishop is her almoner, and two grand vicars her chaplains. Madame Girardin (the *ci-devant* Marchioness) is her lady in waiting, and Madame Dessoles, Madame Dupuy, and Madame Biot, are her maids of honour. The Senator Jaucour is her first chamberlain, and the Councillor of State Dumas, her second chamberlain. The tribune, *ci-devant* Marquis Girardin is her master of horse, and the Colonels Cavaignac and Lafond-Blaniac her equeuries. The tribune Villot Freville is her secretary, and Mr. James the steward of her household, to which, besides, sixty-two other persons are attached.

## MADAME LUCIEN BUNONAPARTE.

THE former wife of Lucien Buonaparte, whom he married against the consent of her parents, when a clerk to a store-keeper, was the daughter of a petty innkeeper at St. Maximin, a village in the south of France. Her portion was one hundred Louis d'ors, a large sum for a citizen sans culotte, with a salary of six hundred livres (25*l.* only)—In the summer of 1800, when a minister of the home department, possessing a fortune of fifteen millions of livres, (625,000*l.*) he presented her some ice-cream, which she ate, and died. That she had swallowed poison, her brother, relations, and all Paris proclaimed. The motive for this act of barbarity, proposed and encouraged by Napoleone Buonaparte, was a hope of marrying into some princely family, when any foreign princess could with safety be put in requisition for such a match.

In expectation of such an event, the First Consul gave his brother all possible opportunities of enriching himself, among others, the lucrative mission to Spain, in order to sell the kingdom of Etruria; and to Portugal, to extort a considerable sum for the purchase of a peace. By these means, and by selling his protection in the interior, to emigrants and to state creditors, his wealth increased within three years to forty-four millions of livres, or nearly two millions sterling.

As fortune continued to favour Napoleone's ambitious views and unbounded ambition, his hope of forming alliances with sovereign houses increased. It is said that he had fixed on a young Princess of Baden (who afterwards suddenly married a Prince of Brunswick) a sister of the Empress of Russia, of the Queen of Sweden, and of the Electress of Bavaria, as a future sister-in-law, when Lucien, consulting his own feelings more than policy or prudence, disappointed all the hopes of the Buonapartes, by marrying the young and rich widow of an army contractor, whom the revolution found a starving porter, and who died in 1802, worth eighteen millions of livres (750,000*l.*)

Napoleone is indebted to the presence of mind of his brother Lucien, for his success in placing him on the throne of the Bourbons; because, when on the 9th of November 1799, Arena and other Deputies of the Council of Five

Hundred, in the sitting at St. Cloud, shewed their daggers, and demanded a decree of outlaw against the usurper, Buonaparte lost all recollection, and was, trembling, retreating out of the hall. At that critical moment Lucien, who was the President of the Council, called to the grenadiers not to desert or suffer their general to be insulted. This appeal decided the fate of Napoleone and of France. The very grenadiers who were ready to dispatch their commander as an outlaw, turned their bayonets against the representatives of the people as against conspirators.

After this event it cannot be surprising that Lucien obtained great influence in his brother's government, and that he supposed that sentiments of gratitude, more than ties of consanguinity, bound his brother to him for life. But perhaps the Emperor Napoleone thought the obligation of the First Consul Buonaparte too heavy, and therefore sought an occasion to rid himself of, and disgrace a benefactor, for whose services he blushed as blemishes, or hated them as reproachful. Whatever were the motives that determined Napoleone's behaviour, certain it is, that no sooner did he hear of Lucien's marriage, than he refused to acknowledge Madame Lucien as a sister-in-law, and forbade her the court. The priest who had married them was transported to Cayenne; his sister the Princess of Santa Cruce, and her husband, who had been present at the wedding, were banished to Italy; five senators, three tribunes, and three generals, who had also signed the marriage-contract, and witnessed the reciprocal settlements of the bride and bridegroom, lost their places, and were exiled forty leagues from Paris. The Notary by whom these acts had been deposited, after being confined in the Temple, was deprived of his offices, ordered to reside at Angers, and under pain of death to come no more to Paris, or transact business in the country.

This eclat convinced Lucien that his brother was highly irritated, but he did not expect that he was irreconcilable. He therefore wrote him several letters, expostulating with moderation on the Emperor's unkindness to himself and his friends. To these he received no answer, but a verbal order by the prefect of the palace, Duroc, not to trouble Napoleone with his correspondence, as his letters would remain unopened. The same evening Lucien, who now saw his brother's intention, rushed hastily through a private back



door to which he had the key, into the imperial closet, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, after pointing it at his brother's head, pulled the trigger, but it missed fire. His presence so much astonished Napoleone, that he did not call for assistance before another pistol pointed at his head had also missed fire. He then rang a bell, and two of his aids-de-camps, Savary and Rapp, entered, and to them he delivered up Lucien as a prisoner, with orders to carry him to the Temple immediately, and to have him tried the next day as a regicide conspirator. To prevent the interference of his mother, brothers, or sisters, in behalf of the criminal, they were excluded from his presence until the sentence of the Military Commission was carried into execution.

In this dilemma, all the other Buonapartes assembled, and wrote an united petition to Napoleone. It was presented to him by his favourite Mameluke, Ruostan, who, though he was ignorant of its contents, was put under arrest for delivering it. Another petition, still more pathetic, was then written, to be laid by his bed-side, but all his pages and chamberlains refused to place it there. None of the Buonapartes but Napoleone went to bed that night, all being up contriving how to save Lucien, but in vain. It was near the hour when the Military Commission was to assemble, before any resolution was agreed on. Madame Louis Buonaparte then took upon herself to write, in the name of the Emperor, an order to dissolve the Commission, and to restore Lucien to liberty. But no sooner had she signed Napoleone's name, than from terror she fell into fits, and as her life was in danger, General Murat informed him of it, without mentioning what had caused this sudden indisposition. The Emperor flew in an instant to the hotel of his dearest beloved daughter-in-law, conjured her to calm herself, and promised for her sake not only to pardon Lucien, but to permit him to retire and live in Italy with all his property. This his wife thought a fit moment to avow her daughter's fault. After a silence of some moments, during which his agitation was visible, he at last stammered out, as in a rage, "You have taken the advantage of my weakness. For this time I forgive you; but even this head shall tumble under the axe of the guillotine," said he, touching the head of Madame Louis, "if I hear of such an unpardonable audacity a second time."

The next day Lucien received a pass for himself and his wife for Milan, but he could not obtain an audience, though he desired it to take place in the presence of his mother and his brother Joseph. He therefore set out for Italy, where he bought several estates for ready money, and exchanged his estates in France for others. Until the *Senatus Consultus* of the 18th May 1804 was published, when he saw himself excluded not only from all hope of succeeding to the throne, but even of the rank of an Imperial Highness, he remained quiet, and lived retired. But after he was informed of it, he disposed of the greatest part of his Italian property for bills of exchange on Hamburgh and London; and it is supposed that he has, under a fictitious name, money to an immense amount in the English funds. After this measure of precaution, he wrote to his brother Napoleone the following letter :

*“ Rimini, June 2d, 1804.*

“ You cannot possibly think me such a fool as to suppose that my marriage with an honest and respectable woman, though of no high birth, occasioned your late ungrateful and furious conduct. No! you, as well as myself, must remember who we were by birth, who our own mother is, and who were our father and grand-parents. No! you wanted to degrade, to murder, the benefactor you had insulted. You knew also, that I was master of the birth and exit of the first and *noble* Madame Napoleone; and that it was impossible for me to accept of a wife from your hands—already stained with the blood of your own wife, and that put the poison into my hands which made me a widower. I was too well acquainted with your cruel disposition, without so much scandalous behaviour, to attempt, after your threats, to reside near you, and expose my wife to the stilettoes of your bravoës, or the draughts of your other accomplices. Had you, even after the first explosion, consented to a reconciliation, I should, notwithstanding, have dreaded the treachery and ferocity of your dark and barbarous heart, and resided at a distance from you, had I deferred to remove the object of my just fear.

“ A patricide and liberticide has no parents, no relations, and no country. He is outlawed by the law of Nature as well as by the law of nations. Every body has a right, and is commanded by self-defence, to purge the earth of a mon-

ster, dishonouring and vilifying its species. Had my attempt on your life succeeded, I should have been hailed as a Brutus, instead of being arraigned as a fratricide. Mankind, however, was ignorant of the real cause that put the bullets in my pistols.

"I had long in my own mind resolved to reduce to dust the pagan idol I had erected. Yes! you know that the first day of your Consulate would have been the last, had not my misguided affection commiserated the pale and trembling conspirator, and preserved a cowardly impostor from the national vengeance. I repented of my work very soon indeed; because I very soon observed that all liberal ideas of liberty, generosity, and humanity, were excluded from your despotic, depraved and unfeeling bosom. I was, however, until lately, weak enough to expect an amendment; but every public and private transaction of yours, during these last two years, convinced me finally that my expectation would be vain. Then my duty as a citizen, as a patriot, and as a philosopher, called on me to annihilate tyranny, by destroying the tyrant.

"The late *Senatus Consultus* of your base and slavish Senate, in making the distance between you and me—a tyrant and a patriot—so immeasurable, will reconcile me to all friends of real liberty; and present and future generations, in cursing you and your memory, will bless me, and mine, only for having intended to punish you.

"But tremble, tyrant! though I am absent; near your own person, among your own guards, among your own courtiers, in your own palace, the avenger of violated freedom, of outraged humanity, and of oppressed nations, resides. He accompanies you as your shade. Depend upon it, your tyranny is at an end the moment you least expect it. Perhaps even at this instant you reign no more—you have reigned."

It is said that this letter was stopped by Madame Buonaparte the mother, and never reached Napoleone; but copies of it were circulated by Lucien and his adherents, both in Italy and France, at Milan and at Paris.

At the same time that Lucien wrote thus to his Imperial brother, he sent a confidential person to Warsaw with another letter to Louis XVIII. wherein he offered *his Sovereign* "all his riches, his influence, and his arm; with the influ-

ence and arms of his numerous friends; all ready to sacrifice themselves with him for the restoration of their legitimate King to the throne of his ancestors." He protested "that his brother had solemnly declared, on the 7th of November 1799, in the presence of himself, Talleyrand, Volney, Rœderer, Moreau, M'Donald, Murat, and Lasnes, that he would only keep the supreme authority, could he obtain it, until a fit occasion offered itself to restore it to its lawful owner with safety to all parties." From that period until his return from the battle of Marengo, he had frequently held the same language. It was only after that event that he evinced an intention of establishing his usurpation for himself on a permanent footing," &c. To this tardy and selfish repentance, the King of France could not listen, nor was any notice taken, either of the letter or the messenger.

By his ill acquired wealth, and political hospitality, Lucien however gained many partizans in Piedmont, in Lombardy, and in the Papal territory. Holding himself out as a deliverer, all persons suffering from, or detesting the Revolution, or wishing to break the yoke under which they groaned, were assiduous in paying their devoirs to him.— Watched as he was by his brother's spies, those manœuvres could not remain unnoticed or escape suspicion. His mother warned him, *by command*, to cease his machinations, but without effect. On the 19th of October 1804, his house near Rimini was therefore surrounded by the staff officers of General Jourdan's army. By this General he was arrested, and carried under safe escort a prisoner to the citadel of Mantua, where he was delivered up to its commander, General Mainoni, who, on his own head, was to answer for his confinement. When the Pope in the following month arrived at Fontainebleau, the first favour he asked the Emperor, according to Madame Buonaparte, the mother's instructions, was the liberty of Lucien, and a permission for him and his wife and children to reside at a retired country seat in the Ecclesiastical States. To this Napoleone consented with repugnance and bad grace; and only on condition that his brother should see few strangers, keep up no correspondence, and bind himself never more to visit the territories of the French and Italian Republics.

During her husband's imprisonment, Madame Lucien

was closely guarded in her own room by some gens d'armes d'Elite. For fear of being poisoned, her children's and her own nutriment consisted only of vegetables, eggs, milk, and biscuits baked with her own hands, and of flour ground by her servants in her presence. As she justly considers her apprehensions still the same, she continues to follow the same diet, notwithstanding her husband's dissuasions, who fears it is injurious to her constitution. By her former husband she had two children, who are still alive; and since her present marriage she has been delivered of two sons, baptized, according to Lucien's orders; Julius Brutus, and Junius Brutus.

In March 1805, Madame Lucien Buonaparte was surprised by an unexpected visit from Eugenius de Beauharnois, on a day when her husband was absent on a hunting party with two neighbouring noblemen. He informed her, "that he came on the part of the Emperor, to advise her, if the lives of her children were valuable to her, and if she had any real love for Lucien, to depart that day with her infants for France, where she and they should be treated with all possible delicacy and distinction, her fortune safe, and the advancement of her sons certain, upon her voluntarily renouncing her marriage, which a bull of the Pope should soon dissolve." This proposal she refused with firmness, and Eugenius said on leaving her, "One day, Madam, and not very far distant, you will be obliged to subscribe to harder conditions, and think it an imperial favour not to end your days at Cayenne." He left behind him a letter from Napoleone to his brother, in which the latter was again exhorted to give up or divorce his wife. As the price of his obedience, he should be directly created a Doge of Genoa, and an Imperial Highness, an annuity of three hundred thousand livres settled on his two sons, and Madame Lucien likewise enjoy her own property unmolested."—"In a month," said Napoleone, "I hope to be at Milan; if you by submission to my will, prove yourself worthy of the grandeur fortune has bestowed on our family, come there and embrace me. I shall then forgive you all that has happened, and reinstate you in the same rank and favour with Joseph and Louis. If you continue obstinate and refractory, you must eternally renounce all hope of reconciliation, as I renounce you for ever as a brother." Instead of answering this letter, Lucien sent



the very next day a trusty agent, to conclude, in his wife's name, the purchase of an estate in Bohemia, for which he had been bargaining near twelve months.

On his arrival at Turin in May 1805, Napoleone dispatched his aid-de-camp, Le Brun, with another fraternal letter, but in it a *sine qua non* to favour, was a divorce with Madame Lucien. He again offered him "to be a Doge of Genoa, and an Imperial Highness in France; and he was given to understand, that the hand of a beautiful Princess of one of the most ancient sovereign families in Europe, would also recompense his obedience and his repentance." As no more notice was taken of this letter than the former, Napoleone in spite incorporated the Dogeship of the Genoese with his Emperorship of the French. This is not the only occasion, since Buonaparte's reign, that a petty family quarrel, or a momentary whim, has changed the destiny of a state.

What can be the reason of this perseverance of Napoleone to conciliate or to destroy Lucien? A few words will explain the mystery. Of all his brothers, Lucien is the most enterprising, the most audacious, the ablest, and most criminal; of a disposition as obstinate, malicious, and revengeful, as his own. Could he persuade or command him to acknowledge a favour: to stoop to be looked upon in France as a reprieved felon, and to renounce a wife he loves for another forced on him, the usurper's vanity would be as much flattered as his safety and interest promoted. But those *worthy* brothers well knew each other, and therefore must either be soon friends again, or one of them will in a short time cease to pollute the earth with his guilty existence.

After the many astonishing changes witnessed within the last sixteen years, it would not be very surprising if a Julius Brutus or a Junius Brutus Buonaparte should one day proclaim himself, by the support of the same bayonets that have elevated Napoleone, an Emperor of the French, and a King of Italy. As to Lucien's present patriotic jargon, of its value every loyal man is well aware, and it cannot make many dupes. Because he is disagreeing with his upstart brother, he speaks now of liberty and philosophy, with the same sincerity, when quarrelling with his fellow-regicides, as Robespierre, in 1794 (when thousands of victims perished daily by the guillotine, by shooting, and drowning,) spoke of his

humanity and patriotism. French rebels always become patriots and philanthropists when their popularity begins to decrease, or the day of their punishment approaches. Liberty, equality, and fraternity, are words always in their mouths when the daggers of rivals touch their breasts, or the halters of suspended justice their necks.

Madame Lucien Buonaparte is in her twenty-third year ; her person is handsome, her manners accomplished, and her sentiments refined. But she was no doubt uninformed, before her present marriage, that in Lucien Buonaparte she should embrace an assassin and a Septembrizer.



## PRINCESS LOUIS BUONAPARTE,

AN IMPERIAL HIGHNESS.

**HORTENSE-EUGENIE**, commonly called Fanny de Beauharnois, is the daughter of Madame Napoleone Buonaparte by her first husband, Viscount de Beauharnois, and was born on the 10th of April 1783. [See the early part of her life under the head of Fanny Beauharnois, daughter of the Empress.]

Princess Louis had scarce reached her first lustre when she saw her father a rebel. She had hardly passed her second lustre before she saw him punished for his rebellion by his fellow-rebels, and her mother prostitute herself in the arms of one of the regicide assassins of her King—an indirect assassin of her father. Before she was thirteen she witnessed her mother exchanging the adulterous embraces of a regicide Barras for those of a sanguinary terrorist, Buonaparte—a murderer, stained with the blood of eight thousand men, women and children, just butchered by him in the streets of Paris. If, after such examples of depravity before her eyes, she was preserved from the common contagion, it is to be ascribed to that innate worth, on which both seduction and corruption sometimes in vain throw out their venom, their insinuations, and their allurements.

Immediately after her marriage, Madame Napoleone observing her revolutionary husband's particular attention to his daughter-in-law, who was tall and much grown of her age, enquired after some boarding-school, in the vicinity of Paris, where she might place her. The republican *philosophers* of the National Convention and of the Jacobin Club, in destroying and selling the public schools, academies, and colleges of France, had openly declared all education, private as well as public, both hurtful and unnecessary. "Children destined to be the defenders of the rights of man, and of liberty and equality," said these wiseacres, "should learn nothing but the republican constitution." Several schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, who continued, nevertheless, to instruct youth, were tried, condemned, and executed, as

conspirators against the Republic, because they had permitted their pupils to read books in which Kings were mentioned with other epithets than those of tyrants. These examples of *national justice*, abolished all private instruction sooner than the decrees of the legislature or the threats of the Jacobins. At Robespierre's death, in July 1794, not a single school existed in the French capital. Had his reign been of some few years longer duration, Buonaparte would at present have tyrannized over slaves as ignorant and brutalized as they would have been base, corrupted and wicked.

The Directory, which succeeded the National Convention, permitted the establishment of private schools, under the inspection of the republicans, who were members of these public schools, called then, in their revolutionary jargon, Norman schools, free-thinkers in politics and morality as well as in religion. But though these establishments were permitted, they were neither numerous nor well conducted when Madame Buonaparte went in search of one for her daughter. She fixed, however, on that house at Versailles where an acquaintance of hers, Madame Campan, boarded and lodged young ladies.

Madame Campan, a chambermaid of the late unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoniette, was from 1789 a secret admirer of the French rebellion, and secretly served the French rebels with whatever information she could pick up at court. She was accused of being one of the traitors who, in 1791, discovered to La Fayette the intention of the King and of the Royal Family to escape their goalers at Paris; she, of course, shares with some others the cruel reproach of being one of the causes of all the enormous crimes perpetrated since, and all the consequences of the arrest of the Royal travellers at Varennes. This lady had hired at Versailles, one of the spacious hotels confiscated by the nation, as belonging to emigrants, where she had *organized*, rather upon an extensive scale, a seminary for young persons of her own sex. Having had herself the advantage of a liberal education, and at court numerous lessons of good-breeding; she was very fit for the undertaking, had not her revolutionary mania, though she had suffered from, and seen all the evils of the Revolution, made her introduce, even in teaching youth, some revolutionary innovations. It is very probable, that these very defects procured the preference

Napoleone Buonaparte gave her. But although he approved of the general plan of her institution, he too had his revolutionary mania. Having his reasons for fearing the existence of a remunerator of virtue, and an avenger of guilt, he was particularly zealous to overthrow all belief in the Christian religion. He therefore gave Madame Campan some private instructions concerning the religious creed in which she was to bring up his dear Fanny. They are too sacrilegiously curious, as coming from the pen of the present MOST CHRISTIAN Emperor of the French, to be left out. "1. He positively forbids all visits to his daughter-in-law of priests, constitutional as well as refractory, and all conversation with this class of fanatics or impostors. 2. He enjoins the governess to prevent all attempts of instilling into the mind of her pupil the usually erroneous ideas concerning Christianity; a faith proved by historians false, by philosophers absurd, and by *moralists* dangerous. 3. The religion of Nature is more than sufficient to improve the wise, to console the good, and to terrify the wicked. 4. The catechism, and other works of the theophilanthrophists, might be given his daughter to read and meditate on, were she judged to harbour any natural inclination to vice. 5. As it is however supposed, from what has hitherto been seen of her, that Nature has created her originally good, and that her natural instinct is for virtue, the *reasonable* philosophy and *pure* morality of Spinoza and of Helvetius may be taught. 6. An implicit obedience to her parents is to be implanted in her mind, and she is to be taught always to submit her own understanding and thoughts to their better and maturer judgment; if she seems to hesitate about obeying this duty, it will be necessary to remind her often, that to them *alone* she is indebted for her physical and moral existence; that they *alone, not from duty* but from generosity, supply her necessities, and even procure her superfluities at a time when so many other children of her age are starving from want, or perishing from diseases brought on by penury. 7. She is never to be permitted or instructed to pray; if she believes in a God, her prayers are improper and insulting; because by them she evinces no confidence in, but doubts of his providence; her prayers in telling him her wants and desires, reproach him with want of omnipotence, or of bounty. 8. If she is found worthy of being educated a Spinosist, she



will soon be convinced of the inefficacy and inutility of prayers ; that they procure no good and prevent no evil ; that destiny, with or without them, goes on in its usual train, determined from and for eternity. 9. Let her well consider, that if the Grand Mechanic can prevent our troubles, and does not do it, he is no good Being ; if he will but cannot prevent them, he is not all-powerful ; but if he neither will nor can prevent our misfortunes, his impotence is unworthy of the worship of such rational beings as men and women. These hints are sufficient to shew the ridicule of prayers, and to whom—to a Nonentity."

Five other paragraphs follow these, but they are too blasphemous to be laid before loyal and religious readers. Those above translated, from their puerility and absurdity, are unable to delude even the weakest, to dupe even the most ignorant, or to furnish arguments even to the most sceptic. They are, however, undeniable evidences of the impious sentiments of that infamous hypocrite and sacrilegious apostate, who at present perverts the heavenly morality of the Christian religion for the preservation of his tyranny, as he formerly employed the sophistical arguments of an abominable and dreadful atheism, to seduce and deceive the vicious, vile, and foolish instruments of his usurpation.

Madame Campan was too much attached to her own interest, not to follow strictly the instructions of Buonaparte, who, at his return to Paris, after the peace of Campo Formio, was highly delighted to find his *dearest* Fanny so much improved in her mind, manners, and conversation. His first question to her was, "Do you know, my dear girl, any thing of Jesus Christ?" "No, papà," said she ingeniously, "I have not the honour of being acquainted with such a citizen." "And what do you think of God?" "Nothing ; if he does not think of me I never trouble my head about him." "Are you not afraid of him?" "No, I do nothing to fear any body." Several similar questions followed, and received similar answers. They all persuaded Buonaparte that he had been punctually obeyed, and he therefore rewarded Madame Campan with a diamond ring, originally worth twelve thousand livres (500*l.*) but which did not cost him more than the signature of his name to an order for stripping it off the finger of a Madona at Vincenza. A gift presented

by Christian devotion to a Saint, was thus bestowed by an atheistical zealot for propagating infidelity.

In the winter 1796, during Buonaparte's absence in Egypt, his wife, contrary to his orders, introduced Mademoiselle de Beauharnois in the Directorial and other fashionable circles. In one of those she met with a middle aged, respectable looking man, who passed for a country farmer, whose relations were of the then *haut ton*. Speaking to her of her own father, and of the proscribed persons of the same class, he demanded of her some trifling gift for children, who, like herself, had been made orphans by the revolutionary axe, but less fortunate—no succeeding prosperous circumstances had restored lost wealth or relieved present and pressing necessities. She had no money in her pocket, but struck with his conversation, and always commiserating the unfortunate, she asked his address, promising to call on him early the next morning. Before her mother was up, she dressed herself secretly, put four Louis d'ors in her purse, and ordered her maid to accompany her. When she presented the money, the pretended farmer, Saunier, who was a disguised priest, said, "thank God the success of the wretched infidels has not been general; when charity has not excluded France, Christ still has his adorers there." She told him that she was no Christian, and that she did not even believe in a God. "Your own heart and these Louis d'ors, Mademoiselle, contradict your assertion." He then entered into a long discussion about that genuine and disinterested charity, which, without the example of our Saviour, would have been unknown upon earth. "Had Athens, Persepolis, and heathen Rome," said he, "like the Christian capitals, those hospitals for age and disease, those orphan-houses for deserted infancy and destitute youth, those asylums for correcting vice, for encouraging virtue, and for relieving the wants and lessening the misery which assail mankind from the cradle to the grave? What is become of the charitable institutions of our own country, since ruled by infidels? our streets swarm with beggars, our high roads with robbers, our goals with criminals; and there is hardly a house in France where persons have not expired from neglect, from desertion, from distress, or from despair; from that selfish insensibility, the characteristic of infidelity, which sees with indifference a brother suffer without any attempt to succour or

console him, and a friend agonizing, without even pitying him. Look round you, Mademoiselle, and I am sure it will almost rend your very heart, to observe one generation descending into eternity without faith, without hope, and another entering the dreadful career of life, exposed to all its vicissitudes and calamities in this world, without any expectation of remuneration for virtue, or punishment for vice in another—in an hereafter.” Her eyes confessed those sentiments which her heart felt, but her mouth hesitated to pronounce. Profiting by the impression, Saunier put a book into her hand, and desired her to read it with attention, and to honour him with a visit as soon and as often as she was at leisure.

Her maid was not less moved than herself by what she heard. They read the book both with application and edification. For two months they continued regularly to see the worthy ecclesiastic at the same hour, in the same way. To this day Princess Louis acknowledges that the information she obtained from his conversation, the precepts of his doctrine, and the conviction of the truth of the religion of her fore-fathers, from his arguments and example, preserved her from many evils, particularly from the seduction to which she was exposed by young Rewbel, the son of the Director, who, under pretence of marrying her, had free admittance to her private company, but whose views, she had reason to suspect, were not honourable.

Even after Buonaparte's usurpation, she, by the same religious notions, resisted and escaped the incestuous and unnatural attempts of this her father-in-law, who was furious when he heard of her conversion to Christianity. Policy, however, soon got the better of lust, and took advantage of her devotion and dutiful resignation, to marry her to his brother Louis, whom she not only did not like, but who was repugnant to her on account of his debaucheries and other vicious propensities. Whether she afterwards was the dupe of her own sensibility, or became culpable, because she had been obedient, her scrupulous conscientiousness is evinced in a letter to her mother. In it she so frankly explains her situation, and deploras her errors, that early repentance makes it probable that her continuance upon the road of perdition will be but short.

*"Compiègne, August 19th, 1804.*

"Yes, my dearest mother and only friend, I am encompassed with every thing that can make life not only agreeable but enviable. Of my sex, I am here the first by a rank I never dreamt to attain, and I am hailed and complimented by every body, as having no superior in the beauty of my person, or in my mental accomplishments.

"These gifts of fortune, of nature, are valuable, charming, and flattering indeed. I have, however, experienced that they are unable to confer what constitutes the sole blessing and only worth of existence—*content with one's self, and above all, peace and tranquility of mind.*

"How singular are those occurrences of my life that have preceded and produced my present brilliant misery! At eleven years of age the public executioner made me an orphan, and at thirteen I had another father. From mistaken, ill-conceived, or criminal tenderness, he ordered me to be educated without belief in a Divinity. This was not easily effected. The lessons, the prayers of my infancy, though the giddiness and playfulness common to youth made them often neglected, were never entirely forgotten or erased. I found. I do not know what consolation, in secretly confiding my wishes, my griefs, my joy, in my prayers to a Supreme Being, to act as I thought would please him; to enjoy an heavenly satisfaction when I had done right, and a tormenting anxiety when I had any wrong with which to reproach myself; on the other hand, an invincible horror seized me the instant the idea of total annihilation put me on the level with the brute, or insinuated to my bewildered senses, that my production and end were the same with the plant in our garden, the dog tied in our court-yard, or the insect I trampled under my feet. I often made these remarks to Madame Campan, because they often perplexed me. She in return, shewed me my father's instructions, to which she added her own comments, corresponding with his desires.

"But the fashion of impiety was to me the most dangerous of teachers and seducers. All other girls, my companions, strove who should be foremost to pride themselves of infidelity, and throw ridicule on Christianity. They were always applauded—*fata! applauses!* In two years I left them all behind me, and was saluted the most amiable atheist of the whole seminary. The approbation of my father, on

his return victorious from Italy, did not at all tend to make me change my opinions.

“ You know, since the unexpected light which Providence gave me in the precepts of my ever regretted virtuous instructor Saunier, how much I changed for the better, in my behaviour towards the best of mothers, and how much every good person approved that decency of gait, of language, which succeeded my presumptuous and indecorous boldness. This, the *only* time of my life I was truly happy, was short, too short.

“ After my father-in-law had been made a First Consul, and continued those unnatural insinuations I dreaded and detested, the pain it caused me to avoid giving offence, and to conceal my disgust and contempt, made me agitated when alone, and uncomfortable when in company. You know that he was insupportable to me from the day I heard him use such shocking language to you. My innocent caresses, which he took for affectionate sentiments, were only the consequence of a duty my obedience to my mother’s commands imposed on me. But when he had from jealousy so cruelly exiled my only lover, the worthy choice of my heart, the dearest De S——, when he murdered De S——’s friend, Frotté, I abhorred him.

“ You since know the daily combats of my mind, and that they would long ago overcome my strength, had not the hope relieved me, that my power over a barbarian might prevent the commission of more crimes. You know also, how little he has kept that promise (which bound me for life to a husband I must despise) of *sparing all Royalists*; sacred shades of D’Enghien, Pichegru, and George, revenge on your assassin the pangs of your friend, caused by your murder.

“ I many times wished that my principles of religion, of morality, were as easily reconciled with my conduct as your’s, dear mamma. I should not now deplore the pollution of my nuptial bed by intruders; of not having resolution enough to resist temptations I condemn as culpable; of having permitted my passions to govern my reason, and my senses to silence my duty, and for some short and temporary enjoyments, endure the perpetual reproaches of a guilty conscience. These would be insupportable to me, were my husband’s behaviour to me kind, and if, in some manner, his repeated in-



fidelities did not extenuate my adultery. For one of my lovers, he has twenty mistresses. The indelicacy of his intrigues, of his amours, goes beyond what you can imagine. The embraces of the common harlots of the camp are often as acceptable to him as those of the wives of his aids-de-camp, and always preferable to mine. Is it not outrageous ! Is it not provoking ! If your walks are sown with thorns, you may guess that mine are not strewed with roses.

“ Believe me, my sole friend, that the young conscripts are nothing to me. Had I a husband I could love, or only esteem, I should always have remained pure and irreproachable. I am, however, determined, if I survive my approaching accouchement, to dismiss for ever, even those *consolers* you think so necessary to my comfort. This is a vow I have this morning made before the altar, and God will enable me to perform it. As to Louis’s jealousy, I fear it is less than I suffer from his negligence.”

The Princess had frequent audiences of the Pope during the winter of 1804, and his Holiness bestowed on her indulgencies in abundance. Her life has since been very retired, and as she has perfectly recovered from her accouchement, it is supposed that her vow has not been forgotten.

The yearly allowance of the Princess Louis amounts to four millions of livres ; her jewels, plate, china, and pictures, are valued at twelve millions ; a bishop is her almoner, and two grand vicars her chaplains ; Madame Deviry is her lady in waiting, and Madame Boubers ; Madame Villeneuve, Madame Mollien, and Madame Lery, are her maids of honour ; Mr. Darjusion is her first chamberlain, and Colonel Caulincourt her master of the horse ; Mr. Turgot her equerry ; Desprez her secretary ; Dalichoux Senegra her intendant ; Robert Villars her librarian ; Raguideau her notary ; Le Roux her physician ; Assaliny her surgeon, and Dufau her apothecary ; besides these, sixty-six other persons are attached to her household.

Her Imperial Highness has been delivered of two sons. Napoleone Charles, born on the 18th of Vendemaire, an. xi. or 10th October, 1802 ; and Napoleone Louis, born on the 19th Vendemaire, an .xiii. or 11th October, 1804.

## MADAME JEROME BUONAPARTE.

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*In a work of this nature, written and published in England with a view to vilify the family of Buonaparte, it could not be expected that correct information was the object of the author, but that every character directly or indirectly introduced to answer his purpose should be represented without regard to truth, or decency. It may be properly asked where was the necessity for the unjust and illiberal reflections here cast on the President, and the national character of our citizens? With respect to Mr. Patterson, and the share he had in effecting the marriage of his daughter, the most superficial acquaintance with the laws of this country would evince the impossibility of his acting the part attributed to him. Parents have no authority whatsoever over their children in what relates to marriage, in this they are left a perfect freedom of choice. But Mr. Patterson, so far from urging his daughter to the union, or being actuated by the unworthy motives with which he is charged, foreseeing the evils of which it must be productive, advised strongly against it, and did every thing in his power to prevent the match; it was therefore an act of the parties themselves, suggested by mutual inclination and founded on mutual attachment. It is due to the character of Mr. Jerome Buonaparte to observe, that during a residence of nearly two years in Baltimore, before and after his marriage, that no man could have conducted himself more correctly, or with more propriety, and that he endeared himself to every one who knew him by his amiable manners and engaging disposition.*

The magistrates of the ancient republics of Athens, Sparta and Rome, would have degraded, disgraced, banished, or put to death, a citizen who permitted his children to marry into a family either of tyrants or of slaves; either of foreign princes, or of foreign upstarts. But his Excellency Mr. President Jefferson is no more an Aristides, a

Lycurgus, or a Cato, than Citizen Patterson is a Socrates, or a Brutus. In the free commonwealth of the United States of America, such is the general liberality and hospitality, that had a Spartan citizen, with his contempt of riches and stern principles of freedom, presented himself there, if he had refused to sell himself for a slave, he would have perished from want like a wretch; he would have found no choice between bondage and death.

On the other hand, the example of Monsieur Jerome Buonaparte, proves the *unambitious disinterestedness* of American citizens, and that any foreign adventurer, let his relatives be ever so vile or ever so wicked; let them owe their elevation to the most enormous crimes, their power to the basest treachery, and their wealth to the most infamous plunder; let himself be an accomplice of their guilt, provided he has a prospect of sharing in the spoils, he is certain of being adopted into the families even of those *called* the most respectable citizens. The greedy trader will heap upon him hoarded treasures, renowned beauty bestow her hand, *austere* virtue her caresses, and *staunch* republicans their commendations, their flattery—their cringing.

On a young person of Miss Patterson's age and republican education, love must generally exclude all other considerations. The ambition of the females of a commonwealth of equality, must chiefly confine itself to obtaining for husband's the most handsome or the richest among their fellow-citizens. The shameful cupidity, and foolish ambition of her parents, therefore, no doubt, dictated her unbecoming marriage with a low Corsican. To suppose it otherwise, would be a libel on her *heart*, on her *sense*, and on her *judgment*. She was the wife of Monsieur Jerome after an acquaintance of some few weeks only. Was he a little more hairy, the yellow and diminutive figure of Monsieur Jerome would hardly improve the ugliest monkey capering in the forests either of the western or eastern world. Monsieur Jerome is ill-bred as well as uninformed; possessing neither natural or acquired parts to recommend him. Parental disposition alone could have united the beautiful and accomplished Miss Patterson with such an ignorant, mean, vicious, and corrupted personage.

What could give Mr. and Mrs. Patterson the hope of a fraternity with the Buonapartes? Their worth, their credit. These may, perhaps, be well known upon the exchanges of America; but Napoleone despises and detests merchants. Mr. Patterson has hitherto no military achievements, no revolutionary crimes, to recommend him, and he is too honest a man, to be transformed hereafter, either into a bravo or an accomplice of the Corsican usurper. The domestic virtues of Mrs. Patterson? These are the most pointed epigrams on the hereditary vices of the female Buonapartes. They must therefore resign themselves to see their pleasing scheme miscarry, of being the parents of a revolutionary Imperial Princess.

In the creation of Imperial Highnesses in May 1804, Monsieur Jerome was excluded; and in the subsequent dignities and distinctions thrown in such a scandalous profusion, on every person related to the upstart tyrant, no mention is made of this his younger brother. His name is not found even upon the list of those French banditti forming a Legion of Honour. He is only a captain of a frigate, without property and without talents, and will remain in these narrow circumstances, in that humble station, until he renounces a match he was not of age to conclude. Is it to be supposed that the feelings of Jerome will oppose such a dishonourable, though not unlawful act? Will his *stoicism* prefer obscurity and penury to rank and riches? To judge of his present sensibility from his past transactions, he is as unfeeling as a brute; and to determine his firmness, constancy, and inconsistency, from those of the other members of the Buonaparte family, he must regard all ties of honour and of honesty merely as steps to advancement and gratification of passions, and disregard them the instant they cease to be such, whenever they do not promote or only oppose his interest. Thus absurd ambition, as well as all other unbecoming passions, carries with it its own chastisement. The disappointment of the Pattersons is certain, while their design of grandeur and splendour is problematical, if not improbable. Should also their good and sacrificed daughter suffer from affection, love, or defeated confidence, her misfortunes must be to them tormenting and unrelenting reproaches.

The only event that could make Monsieur Jerome continue the husband of Miss Patterson, is of such a nature, that had it occurred in 1802, her parents would never have permitted her to bestow her hand on him. Was Providence in its justice, to precipitate the sanguinary Napoleone from the blood-stained throne which he so treacherously seized, and so illegally occupies, and let the punishment due to his enormities overtake him in this world, Jerome would then certainly be fortunate, to seek in America a refuge from the proscription of his criminal relatives in Europe.

When, in the beginning of January 1805, the Pope was busy at Paris, in marrying again all the Buonapartes, who had previously only been coupled according to the impious code of the Republic, and the *rites* of atheism, he is said also to have signed a bull dissolving the marriage of Jerome, as contracted by a minor, against the consent of his relations, and contrary to the canon laws, with an heretic. As Jerome did not set sail from America before the April following, it cannot be doubted but that he was acquainted with this his family *arrangement*, and that he left his wife in the Tagus, with an intent never to see her again without the consent of his brother Napoleone. That this was his determination, his supplications before the Imperial throne when at Genoa, shortly afterwards, and when they were unavailing, his acceptance of the inferior command of a frigate, as a penance for past offences and an indication of future amendment, clearly evince. He shewed that he was determined, at any rate, to merit *indulgencies* of the Pope, and to obtain indemnities from the mock Emperor, his sovereign and his master.

Nothing has, however, happened, or can happen in this business, or rather intrigue, which the Pattersons should not have prepared themselves to expect, both from the so well known outrageously vain character of Napoleone, and from the letters intercepted by British cruizers, addressed by the usurper's minister of the marine department, to Monsieur Jerome himself, as well as to his political Trans-Atlantic emissary, Pichon.

The following is an official and authentic copy of the



minister of the marine, Decré's letter to his friend Monsieur Jerome Buonaparte.

*" Paris, 30th Germinal, year 12 (April 18, 1804.)*

" I have just been fulfilling, my dear Jerome, a rigorous duty imposed upon me by the First Consul; that of forbidding the Citizen Pichon to supply you with money, and prescribing to him to prohibit all the captains of French vessels from receiving on board the young person to whom you have attached yourself; it being the intention of the First Consul, that she shall on no pretext whatever come into France; and should she happen to present herself, that she shall not be received, but be re-embarked for the United States without delay.

" Such, my dear Jerome, are the orders which I have been obliged literally to transmit, and which have been given me, and repeated after the interval of a month, with such a solemn severity, as neither allowed me to withhold them altogether, nor to soften them in the slightest degree.

" After the discharge of this severe duty, I cannot, my dear Jerome, deny myself the pleasure of lengthening my letter in a way which the attachment I feel for you will warrant, and our military association entitle me to. If I loved you less, if the sentiments with which you have inspired me did not so perfectly accord with those which I owe to your family; if there were not between you and me a sort of companionship in arms, and of intimacy which I delight in keeping up, I would confine myself to the dispatching of the orders which I have received, and to an accurate official correspondence; the result of which would give me very little uneasiness. Instead of this, I am going to chat with you at a great rate, and without knowing beforehand what I am about to say; of one thing I am certain, I shall tell you nothing of which I am not well persuaded.

" War is carrying on, and you are quiet and peaceable at 1200 leagues from the theatre on which you ought to act a great part. If unfortunately you come not back in

the first French frigate which returns to Europe, and I have already given you that order by C—tds, an order which I repeat to you by the Consul's command, in the most formal manner: if, I say, you shall not return to France till after the peace, what dignity will accompany your return? How will men recognize in you the brother of the regulator of Europe? In what temper of mind will you find that brother, who, eager after glory, will see you destitute even of that of having encountered dangers; and who, convinced that all France would shed its blood for him, would only see in you, a man without energy, yielding to effeminate passions, and having not a single leaf to add to the heaps of laurels with which he invests his name and our standards.

“O! Jerome, this idea alone should determine you to return with all expedition amongst us. The sound of arms is heard in every quarter, and of the preparations for the noblest enterprise. You are inquired for, and I vexed that I should be at a loss what answer to give to those who ask where you are—declare that you are just at hand; give me not the lie, I beseech you.”

“Your brother Joseph, father of a family that he adores, possessed of a fortune proportioned to his rank, invested with the highest civil honours of the state, known throughout Europe for his sagacity, and his diplomatic labours, wishes to add to so much glory, that of sharing with the Consul the dangers of war, and has just got one of the regiments that are about to embark. Louis, known by his military services, a general of division, is desirous of adding to that glory, that of displaying talents for civil arrangements; he has just entered into the Council of State—the section of legislation.

“Lucien, it is true, has just quitted France, and has exiled himself to Rome, in consequence of a marriage repugnant to the views of the First Consul; but Lucien is known by the services he has rendered, by his genius, by his talents, by the dignity of a senator. He is possessed of a great and independant fortune; but notwithstanding *the connections (disavowed by his brother) which he has con-*

*tracted, have been found incompatible with his abode in France.*

“What has taken place in your family, points out to you sufficiently what the First Consul expects of you, and his inflexibility concerning what you shall do in opposition to his views. Sole architect of the glory of which he has attained the summit, he acknowledges no family but the French people, and in proportion as he exalts his brothers, who press around him, so have I seen him show coldness, and even aversion, to those of his own blood, who push not forward in the career which his genius traces out for them. Whatever is foreign to the accomplishment of his great designs, seems to him treason against the high destiny! And believe me, for I know your brother better than you know him yourself, if you should persist in keeping yourself at a distance from him, he would get angry at it at first, and would conclude by entirely forgetting you; and heaven knows what regrets your obscurity would lay up in store for you. Scarce can a more brilliant career be opened to a man of your age. Shut it not up yourself. The union which you have formed, has deeply affected him. While I, thought he, am doing every thing for glory, for my own, for that of my name, for the happiness of the people that have put their fate into my hands, by whom may I hope to be seconded, if not by my brothers? and the youngest among them forms an *inconsiderate* connection, on which he has not even asked my opinion. He has disposed of himself as a private individual; it is therefore as a private individual he wishes me to consider him. What claim does he show to my benefactions?—None; for instead of being useful to me, he takes the route diametrically opposite to what I wish him to follow. In vain availing myself of the freedom which the First Consul permits in domestic privacy, did I wish to make the voice of natural affection be heard; I became sensible, from his conversation, that he neither felt, nor was liable to feel, any pliancy of that kind.

“*I will receive Jerome, if, leaving in America the young person in question, he shall come hither to associate himself to my fortune. Should he bring her along with him, she shall not put a foot on the territory of France, and you must*

*answer to me for this, by the orders which you are bound to give to prevent her landing.* If he comes alone, I shall never recall the error of a moment, and the fault of youth. Faithful services, and the conduct which he owes to himself, and to his name, will regain him all my kindness; such, my dear Jerome, are nearly the words of the First Consul. Bethink yourself, my friend, that he is only your brother, and that as I have already told you, a brother feels not the yielding condescension of a father, who identifies himself in some measure with his son—Consider that you have as yet done nothing for him, and that in order to obtain the advantage attached to the honour of being connected with him, you have not a moment to lose for deserving them. For it is his character, that merit and services rendered, or to be rendered, are the only things on which he sets a real and solid value.

“In truth, I am frightened at the regrets you are preparing for yourself, and the person with whom you have *connected* yourself, should you go to the length of opposing the views of your brother; your passions will pass away, and you will reproach yourself with the injury which you have done yourself. *Perhaps you will accuse, even involuntarily, the young person who will have been the occasion of it.* Listen to reason, and she will tell you, that at any rate you have committed the fault of failing in respect for your brother, and for a brother fed for a length of time with the *love and veneration* of all France, and with the respect of Europe. You will be sensible how happy it is for you, that you are able, by returning to France, to obtain the pardon of this fault; that it would be inconsistent with your personal dignity to carry thither a woman who would be exposed to the mortification of not being received. I know not whether you can hope to overcome your brother's unfavourable dispositions towards her; and, to deal frankly with you—I see no probability of such a thing; but if there be any means of obtaining it, it must be by your presence—by your compliance with his views, by proofs of your devoted attachment to him, you can bring it about. You are so young, that if you unhappily let slip the opportunity of placing yourself about the Consul, you will have many years of regret steal upon you. The obscurity to which you would thus condemn yourself,

would be long; and long and bitter the comparison between the lot you had chosen for yourself, and that which once awaited you. Without distinction, fame, or even fortune, how could you bear the weight of the name with which you are honoured? To you, a stranger to the glory attached to it, it would become an insupportable burthen. I repeat it for the last time, my dear Jerome, come hither, come hither by the first French frigate which shall sail from the United States, and you will meet with such a reception as you could desire; but I regret that you know not the Consul sufficiently, because you would then be persuaded that you cannot regain his good will but by this expedient, and his good will is essential to your happiness and your glory. I conclude with the expression of the most sincere attachment, which I shall never cease to retain; happy, if I have been able to influence your determination in the way I could wish, more happy still, if my letter was unnecessary for that purpose. A thousand good wishes.

(Signed)

“DECRES.”

*Paris, 1st Floreal, year 12, April 19, 1804.*

Not unnecessarily to swell the volume, another letter from the same minister to the French chargé d'affaires in America, Pichon, is left out, as being nearly a repetition of the above.

A French periodical paper, published on this subject some other curious particulars, under the head of

“IMPERIAL FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE.

(From *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, Vendemaire, an xiii. or October, 1804, No. 4. p. 3, et seq.)

“British cruizers on the coast of America have intercepted a parcel containing original, confidential, and official letters from Napoleone Buonaparte to his brother Jerome, and from Talleyrand to the French agents in America. The names under some of these letters are signed at full length, others only with initials. Among the latter is one signed J. B. supposed Joseph Buonaparte, and



another L. B. supposed Letitia Buonaparte, addressed to *Monsieur Jerome*.

“ In the letter from Napoleone, Jerome is severely reproached for his *degrading* marriage in a family of *la canaille marchande*, or of the mercantile rabble; ordered immediately to renounce his wife, and embark for France, where *honours*, rank, and riches await him, if obedient; whilst, on the contrary, if refractory, poverty and obscurity are to be his only lot, as a *Senatus Consultus* which, were he in France, would proclaim him an Imperial Highness, shall otherwise prevent him and his posterity for ever from *using* and *dishonouring* the *great* name of Buonaparte. The sword of the Grand Admiral, intended for him, shall then be disposed of to distant, though more worthy relatives.

“ Joseph’s letter to Jerome is merely a copy of Napoleone’s. Though he presses Jerome to obey the Emperor’s *commands*, he does it with so bad a grace, as if he seemed apprehensive that the arrival of a younger brother in France, would diminish his own ambitious views or avaricious expectations. Two-thirds of the letter are said to express, in the strongest terms, the *terrible* anger, and the *terrible* effects, of the *terrible* Napoleone’s displeasure, which require *years of good conduct* in Jerome, before the Emperor’s *fraternal* affection can be restored.

“ The letter of Madame Buonaparte, the mother, to her Jerome, is full of *Catholic* sentiments. As a true Christian of the *Catholic* church, she fears as much the damnation of her son in the next world, as his *disgrace* in this, for having married into a family of heretics, and united himself to a woman educated in the same principles of eternal perdition as her parents. She exhorts her son not to go to France, but to join her in Italy, where she will endeavour to make his and Lucien’s peace at the same time with his Imperial brother. She hints that his Holiness the Pope has shown no objection to pronounce his marriage with an heretic void, and that she has fixed upon a young Roman Princess of the Colonna family as his future wife, whose religion is as pure as her birth is illustrious. To console the *temporary* Madame Jerome, she offers to settle upon

her an annuity of six thousand livres (250*l.*) if she will become a Roman Catholic, and retire into some Spanish or Italian convent.

“ The French agents in America are informed by Talleyrand, that the Emperor’s command is, that they shall try all means in their power to persuade Jerome to take his passage immediately for Europe, and if without success, stop the Imperial allowance; entice him on board, and even use *secret* violence in forcing him to embark without his *pretended* wife, to remove whom out of the way, the agents have full authority to employ whatever *secret* means they think necessary. The principal agent is ordered to repeat to the President Jefferson, the Emperor’s displeasure for not having interfered with regard to his brother’s match, which, if lawful according to the laws of America, is illegal according to the laws of France: to these *alone* Frenchmen are subjected, *wherever they reside*. He is to be requested *tacitly* to permit those measures of *vigour*, which the family *honour* of the Buonapartes requires on this occasion, and to equip an American frigate to carry Jerome, without his incumbrance, to France at the expence of the Emperor, who in return will ensure his re-election as President, and even, upon *certain* conditions, a presidency for life over the American States. General Turreau (of terrorist memory), whom the Emperor has appointed his representative in America, will inform the President of his Majesty’s demands and intents. This general ambassador has instructions to support him, and even to head any party that shall take up arms against the Angloman federalists, who are to be *exterminated*, should they dare to oppose his re-election. Should his future conduct be approved of, Turreau will let Mr. Jefferson more into the secret views of his Imperial Majesty with regard to Spain and her colonies, which, when Europe is pacified, may easily be *partitioned* between the *subjects* of the President and those of the Emperor.”

“ These are the principal contents of the INTERCEPTED IMPERIAL FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE, of which we have obtained copies from our correspondent at Baltimore: there, as well as every where else in America, they are circulated by English emissaries, enemies to the quiet and

glory of our *illustrious*, revolutionary, Corsican *sans-culotte* Dynasty; which, with so much *modesty*, and so many *virtues*, has put the rank, the throne, the palaces, and the property of the French Bourbons in requisition for themselves.

“When Monsieur Jerome is *safely arrived* in France, and Madame Jerome is *safely removed* to America, we shall publish a panegyric on the former, and a funeral sermon on the latter.”

The inveteracy of the Emperor against the *premature* marriage of Jerome, is besides evident, from the strict order he gave his minister at Lisbon, to prevent the landing of Madame Jerome in that *neutral* kingdom, and the *civil* departure she was forced to take from the *allied* Batavian Commonwealth: an indelicate insult, which the becomingly proud republicans of old would have considered as an act of premeditated hostility, had it been offered to one of their fellow-citizens. But it may be repeated again, that the Americans are *modern* republicans, more ready to worship Plutus than to draw their swords in the service of Mars. Their political consciences are not so nice or scrupulous as those of the republicans of antiquity. They would sell and dispose of all the Helens, all the Venuses in the world, with the same indifference as any other commodity, provided the bargain was profitable.

Another occurrence has not lessened the wrath of Madame Jerome's barbarous brother-in-law, Napoleone. Her husband, according to report, in announcing his arrival in Europe with the young person his wife, had also stated, that although she had the misfortune of being under the Emperor's ban, *his* enemies were *her's*. She would expect with submission his gracious directions in neutral Embden, where she was friendless, instead of landing in hostile England, where her relatives were many, and the friends of her parents numerous. His revolutionary Majesty had hardly finished the reading of this letter, when the public prints informed him that Madame Jerome was quietly landed opposite to where his Army of England bravely, but quietly encamped.

As he, however, at the same time was shewn translations of some English prints, mentioning the distinguished reception she had met with at Dover; that an honourable gentleman had performed the part of his Imperial Majesty's grand master of the ceremonies, and handed her on shore; that generals, colonels, and mayors had waited on her; that their wives had complimented her; that her anti-chambers had been crowded with fashionable amateurs, and her hotel surrounded with greeting John Bulls; his fury was somewhat softened, and his rage less violent than usual, particularly when *honest* Talleyrand, the Emperor's grand sycophant of honour, had addressed him thus: "Sire! and my most gracious Sovereign, Emperor, and King! notwithstanding the ungenerous endeavours of the British Government to cloud your Majesty's glory, to diminish the inestimable value of your Majesty's great actions, to calumniate your Majesty's patriotism, disinterestedness, and liberality, and to excite the people of Great Britain against your Majesty's sacred person, Englishmen of all classes strive who shall be foremost to bow to a lady, who had no other claims to their veneration, than that of having usurped the brilliant name of Buonaparte. Sons of peers cringe to touch her hand; superior and confidential officers of his Britanic Majesty, with their wives, emulate to be admitted and remarked in her drawing-room; and his subjects of every rank are anxious to pay their *devoirs* to the *soi-disant* Madame Jerome Buonaparte, who, had she landed as Miss Patterson, would not only have been unnoticed, but perhaps insulted. From this voluntary and flattering behaviour, your Imperial and Royal Majesty may conclude what a reception he would have obtained, had he graciously condescended to land in the British Islands. Sire! some little more patience, and the Sovereign who has lately been consecrated *Rex Italicus*, will soon be saluted, nay hailed, *Rex Britannicus*!"

Whether this speech of Talleyrand is fabricated or real, whether it is composed as a compliment to Buonaparte, or as a censure on the conduct of certain British subjects, who suffered their curiosity or *politeness* to get the better of their duty and policy, it is equally just, proper, and pointed. What a disgrace to the character of a free, dutiful, and loyal nation, to have published accounts of persons of

rank and eminence dancing attendance on a Madame Jerome (the wife of a petty insignificant rebel and adventurer, brother of an usurper, tyrant, and assassin, the sworn enemy of their country), who, as Talleyrand truly observed, would scarcely have been regarded or spoken to, had she arrived here as Miss Patterson. Her misfortune of having accepted for a husband Jerome Buonaparte, certainly deserves compassion and pity, but cannot be alleviated by an unexpected and undeserved attention and troublesome bustle. As to her sex, it would have been respected the same, less pompously indeed, but perhaps more sincerely, by all true Britons, had she set her feet upon British ground as the unmarried daughter of an American trader, instead of the disappointed and deserted wife of a revolutionary Imperial Highness *in petto*. Our laws, our manners, our civilization, and our gallantry, protect it, without all the impolitic and ridiculous show and parade witnessed at Dover, and transmitted thence to fill the columns of London newspapers, or to announce to continental nations our rapid advancement towards a degradation which we have so often censured in them, when prostrating themselves before a Napoleone, Joseph, Lucien, or Louis Buonaparte, before a revolutionary Emperor, or before a revolutionary Empress. In what light have the Emperors of Germany and Russia considered such an humiliating infatuation! Have they not reason to believe that the conclusions drawn by Talleyrand, though exaggerated, may not be improbable? States that know nothing of our loyalty, resources, and public spirit, but from the libels in the *Moniteur*, may they not suppose that our extravagant acts of good breeding are the dictates of fear, and that our necks are stretched out ready to receive the Corsican yoke? Will not the loyal and disinterested cabinet of Berlin rejoice at such progression towards Corsican fraternity? Britons are but little aware of the hateful effects such ridiculous scenes here, produce on the still independent continental nations.

Had Madame Jerome, like a Madame Tallien, shewn herself bold, daring, vain, and presumptuous, instead of being modest and amiable, she would have been visited by our great folks, invited by our fashionables, followed by crowds in her walks, gaped at in churches, stared at in



theatres, and, finally, after being caressed by our first people, envied by her equals of the middle classes, and hooted and abused by the rabble. Her prudence and good sense in avoiding publicity, are as praiseworthy as her marriage is deplorable. All persons who have enjoyed the pleasure of her company, are unanimous in their admiration of the charms of her person, as well as of the ornaments of her mind.

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS

ELIZA BUONAPARTE,

SOVEREIGN PRINCESS OF PIOMBINO, *alias*

MADAME BACHIOCCHI.

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“If any farmer wants an able housewife, any cattle-keeper a good dairy-maid, any inn-keeper an attentive and clean bar or chamber-maid, or any bleacher an expert laundress, my Eliza,” said Madame Buonaparte the mother, “is a valuable match. She will keep at home for months, never going out but to hear mass or to make her confession, continually looking after the house, watching, instructing, and, when necessary, scolding the servants. She can milk the cows or goats to perfection, churn butter, to a nicety, discover cows lost in the woods, or runaway goats capering upon the mountains. She can bake bread, brew beer, feed pigs, and nurse lambs or kids. She is a competent judge of all sorts of good wines, spirits, and liquors; can mix negus, punch, or syllabubs, lemonade, coffee, or chocolate; can make feather or straw beds; can sweep to perfection sitting and bed-rooms, and by splashing and mangling, spare the washing of sheets and curtains for years. By a method her own, and invented by herself, she hangs up, lays down, or spreads out her linen in such a systematic manner, that not a drop of rain, or a ray of the sun, is lost to whiten or dry them. For citizens of such description, of such occupation,” repeated Mother Buonaparte, “my Eliza is an inestimable treasure.”

This eldest sister of the First Consul married in 1788, a countryman of her's, Bachiocchi, who, with a capital of twelve thousand livres (500*l.* sterling), had established a cotton manufactory at Basle in Switzerland. The match was at that period regarded in her country as a brilliant one for the petty and poor Buonaparte family. Before her marriage, she had done all the drudgery of a dairy-maid

on the small farm rented by her parents near Ajaccio, in Corsica.

Thus spoke the simple, plain, and poor Letitia Buonaparte, when cultivating a small farm near Ajaccio in Corsica; when following the plough, or guarding flocks of goats; when surrounded with nine ragged or naked children, calling, and often calling in vain, for bread. Notwithstanding her faith in the predictions of gypsies, and in the prescience of her own dreams, she then little supposed that thrones, grandeur, and wealth were in store for those brats, whom she expected to vegetate in penury, meanness, and obscurity; whom she would have thought rich, if not experiencing immediate want, and exalted, if necessity or misery did not force them to become troublesome to the parish; to augment the numbers of needy vagabonds begging on the highways, or the sturdy, starving beggars infesting and asking for alms in the streets of cities and towns.

A countryman of her Imperial Highness Princess Eliza, considered affluent, because he possessed property to the amount of twelve thousand livres (500*l.*), was struck with the boasts of Mother Buonaparte, of this her daughter's domestic qualities, which her friends in charity circulated all over the island of Corsica. He therefore hired a jack-ass to go to Ajaccio, where he surprised her Imperial Highness occupied in gelding pigs. As he wanted a wife of all work, this did not frighten or dishearten him. Without being captivated by a beauty, that, if it ever had existed, had not been improved by the scorching rays of a burning climate, he was pleased with her sensible conversation and rustic accomplishments. For him to demand and obtain the hand of a *virgin*, already the mother of a child of many fathers, was the same. Their nuptials were celebrated with a pomp that made Mother Buonaparte weep for joy, and all the other raggamuffins of Ajaccio envy her felicity.

The adventures of Princess Eliza's husband, Citizen Felix Bachiocchi, his present Serene Highness, Sovereign Prince of Piombino, were no less extraordinary than her own qualities were wonderful. The son of a shoe-black

at Bastia, or at least of the wife of a shoe-black (whose very frequent visits to a neighbouring convent of Recollets scandalized the devotees, and furnished matter for the chat of gossips), he was gratuitously brought up by one of the friars, until, when about twelve years of age, he eloped, and engaged himself as a drummer in the regiment of Royal Italien. Destined, no doubt, to make a noise in a higher sphere, he was in some few months tired of the military service, and deserted into Switzerland. After four weeks' wanderings, during which he subsisted by begging and pilfering, he was received into a coffee-house at Basle, in the capacity of a waiter, and *marqueur*, or marker at a billiard table. Being soon expert in playing, he won considerable sums and bets, particularly from English travellers, who then visited the Swiss Cantons. Within six years he had money enough to set up a manufacturer of chocolate. In that situation he married the daughter of a cotton manufacturer, who took him into partnership, which, however, the death of his wife shortly dissolved. When he became the husband of Princess Èliza Buonaparte, he was in business for himself. As from compassion he behaved very generously towards the distressed relatives of his wife, he had nearly ruined himself, when the plunder of Italy enriched the sans-culotte Napoleone Buonaparte. He was then indeed relieved of a part of the incumbrance which he had supported; but until Napoleone had usurped the Consulate, he was not *indemnified* for his liberality, or paid his advances. Even then a great objection was harboured in the Consular bosom against him. He had no crimes with which to reproach himself; his hands were neither polluted by pillage, nor stained with blood; his quiet submission, and his wife's patient assiduities about her powerful brother, made him however, at last, in 1803, within twelve months, a Colonel, a General, and a Senator; in 1804 a Serene Highness, and in 1805 the Sovereign Prince of Piombino, a petty principality on the borders of Tuscany, which Napoleone seized and bestowed on this his awkward brother-in-law, that he might no longer with his presence disgrace, at Paris, the Imperial reviews, levees, drawing-rooms, and circles.

Mr. Bachiocchi is a good honest man, more fit to head the mechanics of a manufactory than to shine in the revo-

lutionary manufactory governed by Napoleone Buonaparte; and as he has hitherto committed no crime to acquire celebrity, he is despised by all the Buonapartes, even his own wife not excepted; and it surprises all France, that a dose of the same preparation which made Lucien in 1800 a widower, has not before now made Madame Bachiocchi a widow and a princess.

Madame Bachiocchi's character bears great resemblance to that of her mother; she is both superstitious and devout; both licentious and religious; she intrigues and confesses, wears the hair of her lovers, and the relics of saints; she kneels before the holy picture of St. Francis, and ogles the profane portrait of her lover on her bosom; all her appointments are in churches, where, in adoring her Creator, she gazes and smiles at her admirer. Her love letters are the common talk of Paris, because she preaches to the sinner, when she intends to flatter the lover.

Before the fortune and grandeur of Napoleone turned her head, she was the best of daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers; and she still fulfils these several duties better than any of her sisters; and in Corsica she is respected as the most virtuous of them all, because, like her mother, she had *only one child* before her marriage.

Since her elevation to an Imperial Highness, Eliza Buonaparte has much altered her foibles as well as her habits. Formerly by turns devout and amorous, her occupations and passions were divided between heaven and earth; at present she is transformed into an invincible coquet, and a disbelieving infidel, notwithstanding that she was the first and the last of her family to demand and obtain from his Holiness the Pope, indulgences and relics, absolution for former sins, consolation for past troubles, and hope for future happiness.

The reason for this unaccountable change, is reported to be a disappointment of having children, and a temporary folly occasioned by the surprizing and unheard of successes of her guilty brother. She is said to have, in the beginning of April 1805, invited Cardinal Caprara to wait



on her. When his Eminence arrived, he was, by her orders, shown into the innermost room of her hotel. Believing that a repenting sinner would unbosom her frailties before him, he without suspicion went through six rooms before he entered the apartment of the penitent, which was her *boudoir*. As soon as he was seated, she told her chamberlain, that she was visible to nobody before she rung the bell. She then bolted the door, placed a brace of pistols by her side, and ordered the Cardinal to approach her. Instead of imagining the real cause of this state of siege, his Eminence supposed her in a state of religious despair; he began, therefore, to talk of the bounty of our Saviour, of the power of his vicar at Rome, and the example of the crucified robber, which proved that sincere repentance, however tardy, was not too late. Here she interrupted him abruptly, with "none of your nonsense, Eminence! you are not asked here to preach, but to act. I am told, that for these thirty years past you have never slept with a woman; you are short and ugly, it is true, but it is no matter to me; a child I want, and a child I will have; here I am laying myself down on the sofa at your service. No retreat, Cardinal, if you hesitate a moment, if you begin speaking instead of obeying, here are the pistols, and you are a dead man." "But," said the trembling Cardinal, "my vows to my God, and my dignity in the church." "Your God," answered the princess, "what does he care about you making me a child, when he has made Napoleone an Emperor and a King. Your dignity! did not your superior in dignity, the Pope, consecrate the same Napoleone on his Imperial throne, he who is so deserving and so fearful of the gallows." As the Cardinal all the time she was raving had been ringing the bell, her whole household was in an uproar, and, headed by chamberlains, ladies in waiting, maids of honour, prefects of palace, equerries, and pages, forced open the door. They were all unanimous in laying their hands upon the poor pale Cardinal, suspecting from the position of her Imperial Highness, that he attempted to commit a sacrilegious and high treasonable rape. She, however, soon undeceived them, by calling out to them to get out of the way, that she might shoot the ungallant coward, for refusing to procure her a child, a future heir to the thrones of France and Italy. This avowal of Princess Eliza procured

Cardinal Caprara his release, and an opportunity to escape to the castle of the Thuilleries, where he informed the Emperor of the *curious indisposition* of his sister. The consequence was, that his Majesty forced her Imperial Highness Princess Eliza, and his Serene Highness her husband, to set out with an escort of honour, within four days for Italy. Arrived at Milan, Prince Bachiocchi alone went to Piombino, his princely consort being in a most deplorable situation, screaming out every instant, "Is Napoleone an Emperor and a King! am I an Imperial Highness! are my brothers and sisters to have children, and am I to have none?"

Princess Eliza continued *indisposed* at Milan even in June 1805, and was attended by her physician, Dr. Husson, member and secretary of the Vaccine Committee.

The yearly allowance of her Imperial Highness, in France, amounts to three millions of livres, and at Piombino, to two hundred thousand livres. Her diamonds, plate, and china, are valued at six millions of livres. Ninety-two persons form her household, of whom a bishop is her almoner, and two grand vicars her chaplains. Madame la Place is her lady in waiting; Madame Brehan-Pelo de Crecy, and Madame Chambaoudouin, her maids of honour; Messrs. D'Esterno and Phillippi, are her chamberlains; De Montrose, is her master of horse, and Picault her equerry; Lesperut is her private secretary, and Villeneuve, her intendant.

## CHARLOTTE BUONAPARTE,

### PRINCESS OF SANTA CRUCE;



When, in 1796, success crowned Buonaparte's army in Italy, the Princess Santa Cruce was an assistant to Madame Rambaud, a mantua-maker at Marseilles (with whom she had for six years been an apprentice), and at the same time in the keeping of a soap-manufacturer, a married man, in that city, of the name of Julien, by whom she had two children. In 1797, she and the present Madame Murat accompanied their brother Joseph to Rome, where he was appointed by the Directory ambassador of the French Republic. The irresistible arms of Napoleone convinced the *patriotic* Roman prince, Santa Cruce, of the all-subduing and irresistible attractions of his sister; and she was made a princess within twelve months after she had been a mantua-maker, and commanded in an elegant hotel in a short time after she had left off serving in a shop.

Married into this revolutionary family, the Prince Santa Cruce tried to become a revolutionary hero: and when the plots and intrigues of Joseph Buonaparte had effected a revolution at Rome in 1798, he was made a Roman general, and commander of the Roman National Guard; but in fighting against the Neapolitan troops under General Mack, in 1799, he had his leg shot off. This weak and rebellious prince is as ignorant as he is disloyal; and notwithstanding his name and his riches, his *crowned* head and his wooden leg, his rank and patriotism, he is the continual object of the jokes of the consular courtiers, of the epigrams of the republican wits, and is as much despised as he is really despicable.

Madame Santa Cruce, when she is in health, laughs at

her mother's devotion; but on the least symptom of illness she sends sooner for her mother's confessor than for her husband's physician: when well, her conversation is blasphemous; when ill, edifying: prosperity makes her an atheist; wretchedness would probably make her a christian, if not a saint. Her mother often repeats, that the Princess Santa Cruce will never be saved if she does not die in an hospital.

When Lucien Buonaparte had determined to marry according to his own inclination, but contrary to the ambitious views and absolute orders of Napoleone, he invited his brothers Joseph and Louis, and his four sisters, with their husbands, to assist at his nuptials. Through fear of the Imperial wrath, most of them, however, under different pretexts, declined the invitation. Joseph was tormented by the gout; Louis suffered from rheumatism; Bachiocchi was suddenly taken ill, and Murat had a very bad cold: in such circumstances, the wives could not leave their husbands, and he received their common apologies at the same time. The Prince and Princess Borghese were not among the number of these; they had no excuse, no complaint being unexpectedly visited by Lucien, and found all well, an hour before the ceremony was to take place. A message to the Emperor informed him of their dilemma, and *begged* for advice how to get out of it. His Majesty immediately and graciously invited himself to dine, and to pass the day with them. The Prince and the Princess Santa Cruce, less prudent, or more independent, were the only relatives of Lucien who were present at his condemned wedding.

The family quarrels of the petty Buonapartes, whose usurped rank has been unable to alter their native sans-culotte minds, have often caused their friends uneasiness, their rivals pleasure, their enemies satisfaction, and the good Parisians of all classes and parties wonderful amusement. Since Napoleone seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons, hardly a week has elapsed, that one or more of the members of his family have not been disgraced, insulted, caned, kicked, or exiled by him. Sometimes their frequent attendance at court was thought unbecoming, as bordering on familiarity; at other times their long absence

was construed into neglect; one day when they presented themselves, they were refused admittance; the next day, for not calling, they were accused of want of attention, of duty. When they appeared often at the Thuilleries, or at St. Cloud, they were told that they were troublesome; when some days went over without their being there, they were suspected of being mutinous, or at least discontented. When they attempted to speak in their own defence, they were called audacious; when they submitted in silence, they were despised as mean. When they petitioned for places or emolument, they were informed that they must wait their Sovereign's pleasure; when they waited with patience and silence, they were reprobated as having no *honourable* desire of rising from their original obscurity, no perception of the dignity of elevation, and no notions of the comfort and influence of wealth. It should also be stated, that they were often recompensed for all these contrarieties, for all their chastisements and anxiety. The capricious tyrant, during one moment of good humour, overpowered them with his benefactions, and indemnified them; in part, for their endurance of several years' pains and humiliations. He frequently squanders away, in fifteen minutes, upon his mother, brothers, and sisters, more profitable offices and valuable gifts than the Sovereigns of the House of Bourbon had during five centuries bestowed on their royal relatives.

The improper and forbidden marriage of Lucien Buonaparte did not decrease nor put an end to those vexations and disagreements of the other Buonapartes with their supreme chief Napoleone, who, the next day, forbade the Prince and Princess Santa. Cruce his court. This act of despotism highly offended their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Santa Cruce; and, in consequence, the latter is said to have written the following letter to her brother, the revolutionary Emperor.

"You have often told me, dear Napoleone, that you found me an apprentice in the shop of a mantua-maker, and placed me as the mistress of the palace of a Prince; that from a sans-culotte servant, your victories made me a wealthy Princess. You have so long and so frequently repeated to me what you have done for me, that you must



excuse, that I in my turn call to your remembrance what I have suffered from you. I do not deny, that, with us all, I was poor and reduced; that I worked hard, and gained but little; but it is also a fact, that during the few hours I could spare for diversions, I was happier than I have ever been since; and I went again behind the counter, with greater satisfaction than I ever entered your wife's drawing-room, or sat down at your dinners of state. I had a mistress indeed, but when she had done scolding me for a fault, or a mistake, I heard no more of it; you on the contrary, like an old ill-natured woman, when once irritated, repeat over and over again all my frailties; every thing that has displeased you from my infancy to the present moment.

“ I have experienced that you have a good memory to preserve in remembrance the errors of others, but the worst in the world for recalling your own mistakes, your own absurdities, your own extravagance, your own ingratitude, and, pardon my frankness, even *your own crimes*. Have you forgotten when, in 1792, you spoke of engaging in the English service under Paoli? when, in 1793, your execution of the Toulonese excited horror; and when, in consequence, you were the following year arrested as a terrorist? Has it escaped your memory who it was that, by her prayers; prevented you from serving the Grand Turk in 1795, as well as Great Britain in 1791; who complained of to you, but palliated to others, the atrocities, you perpetrated at Toulon in 1793, and who, at the expence of her own necessities of life, supported you, when a terrorist prisoner at Nice in 1794? When you were made a General of Brigade by Barras in September 1795, can you not recollect who pawned her own wearing apparel, not only her gowns, *but her very shifts*, to pay for your first regimentals as a general? What did you say, when at Campo Formio, in 1797, fortune enabled you to dictate a peace to the Emperor? did you not tell me, that as I had been your most tender and affectionate sister, I should be the best as well as the first provided for? The Prince, my husband, I flatter myself, judging from his expressions, was more taken by my trifling natural charms, than induced to marry me from the renown of your victories. I am confirmed in this opinion by his kind conduct during your wanderings

in Egypt and in Syria, at a time when nobody in Europe ever expected that you would return from Africa and Asia. When after having escaped the effects of the climate, and the dangers of the waves; the mutinous disposition of your own troops, the fire and sword of your Turkish foes, and the vigilance of English cruizers, you again landed in France, where, instead of punishment for your desertion, you were rewarded with the supreme authority, how did you behave to me your *dearest* sister? How did you act by my husband, who, in uniting himself with our family, had sacrificed the friendship of his own; who, deluded by your duplicity and hypocritical jargon of liberty and equality, was maimed in fighting at the head of the Roman patriots? The places of your government, the treasures of state, you threw away on every one related to you, however low, ignorant, or unworthy. We alone were left unnoticed, unrewarded. What have you done for us since? In proportion as your usurped power augmented, your insulting indifference about us increased. When you made a Bachiocchi a general and senator, a Murat a governor of Paris; when you gave a cardinal's hat to a Fesch, diamonds worth millions to the wives of our brothers, to Eliza, to Paulette, and to Caroline; what rank did you bestow on my husband; what presents were offered to me? You may say, that you have no title to confer that would not disgrace a Prince of Santa Cruce, and no gifts of value for the rich Princess his wife. Those excuses might have been admissible in better times, when Sovereigns and Princes knew their own dignity, and did not admit the fraternity of upstarts; but in our depraved age, supremacy, if ever so unjustifiably and treacherously seized, and riches, if ever so infamously acquired, are not despised and abhorred as the reward of barbarity and meanness, but considered as if they were the well-earned fruits of worth and virtue. You should have left to us the choice of accepting or declining, but not have treated us as if we were the outcast even of the vilest of the Buonapartes. Excuse my warmth, but your unkind treatment makes me regard myself as belonging no more to the Buonaparte family than the Prince my husband.

“As to your late fury against Lucien, it is unjust and unnatural, as well as cruel and insolent. He is indeed not

pure, but what are his vices and crimes, compared to your outrages and enormities? His wife is an honest woman: can the same be said of your's? Even scandal has respected Madame Lucien, while incredulity and guilt itself must blush in recollecting the profligate deeds that transformed Josephine de Beauharnois into a Madame Napoleone Buonaparte.

“Do not expect that I will ever supplicate you to revoke the order which forbids me your court. Your court! I can scarcely refrain laughing! Degrade there as much as you please the representatives of Emperors and Kings, but, depend upon it, you shall never more be honoured with my presence. As soon as we have arranged our affairs, my husband and I intend to join at home our worthier relations, and better bred equals.”

Within four hours the Prince of Santa Cruce received the following note from the Minister of Police Fouché: “Sir, by superior command, I enclose for your Serene Highness, for your consort, and attendants, passes to leave Paris within twelve hours, and France within six days. I must inspect the execution of these orders. I have the honour, &c.

(Signed)

“FOUCHE.”

In two hours the Prince and Princess Santa Cruce were in their carriages for Rome, where they have resided ever since. The allowance of one million of livres, which they had from Napoleone, was stopped; and all the diamonds the Princess had received from her brother, were, by his orders, seized on the frontiers, *as by chance*, by the custom-house officers. All the Roman nobility that formerly shunned her, now visit and caress her. From the riches of her husband she is enabled to live in great splendour in his hotel at Rome.

Bourrienne, in the *Livre Rouge*, says, that Madame Santa Cruce has obtained, as an establishment, from her brother Napoleone, one million of livres, presents in jew-

els, &c. worth six hundred thousand livres, one hundred thousand livres as annuities to two of her husband's relations; and that she has besides a yearly pension of six hundred thousand livres.

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS  
 MARIA PAULETTE BUONAPARTE,  
 PRINCESS OF BORGHESE—CI-DEVANT  
 MADAME LE CLERC.

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Quand on ignore tout, pourquoi donc enseigner ?  
 Quand on port des fers, pourquoi vouloir regner ?

“ I do not want a God more than a God wants me :” these blasphemous words are often in the pretty mouth of the present princess Borghese, the youngest sister of the First Consul. Instead of acknowledging with gratitude the undeserved goodness of a Providence, which from a prostitute has made her a princess, and upon the pinnacle of fortune’s temple, remembering with repentance and shame the misery of the night-cellar ; alike vicious, impious, and scandalizing in affluence as in wretchedness, she bids defiance to the power of her Creator ; she insults the hope of the religious, as well as the consolation of the moralist ; and augments the afflictions of suffering innocence, by encouraging or extenuating the infamy of prosperous crime. Hypocrisy of every kind is bad ; but the hypocrisy of Napoleone’s atheism is monstrous, because it adds cowardice to guilt. It is difficult, however, to say which is the most dangerous in a corrupt nation, an atheist upon an usurped throne preaching christianity ; or an amiable, fashionable, and popular woman, spreading about, almost by his side, the desolating and dangerous tenets of atheism, particularly as this woman is known to be his *favourite* sister.

At the age of fourteen, the Princess Borghese, then Pauline Buonaparte, ran away from her mother’s house with a Sardinian corporal and deserter, Cervoni ; and until Napoleone’s usurpation, in 1799, when she (according



to the pamphlet *La Sainte Famille*) was found, covered with rags and disease, in a house of ill-fame in the Rue St. Honoré, her relations were entirely ignorant of what was become of her. To reward the *patriotic* services of an accomplice at Toulon, as well as in Italy and at Jaffa, Napoleone permitted the notorious terrorist General Le Clerc, son of a miller, to marry this worthy *princess of his blood*. Le Clerc, besides the usual sums of money allotted to each consular sister, received as a portion, first, the command over the army in Portugal, and the plunder of that kingdom, and afterwards the command of the expedition to St. Domingo, and a colony to pillage, enslave, and ruin.

In December 1801, Madame Le Clerc sailed with her husband for St. Domingo, and witnessed all the atrocities of that republican pro-consul. Though she possessed an uncommon influence over this ferocious character, neither his treason against the unfortunate Toussaint, nor the shocking torments and punishments which he inflicted on those negroes whom his conduct had made desperate, were prevented by her; on the contrary, if the already quoted pamphlet be to be believed, she often enjoyed, and even commanded as an amusement, the disgusting sight of mutilated blacks roasted alive, or devoured alive by her husband's faithful allies the Spanish blood-hounds. Her only occupation besides, was to gather and heap up new treasures, from the daily, if not hourly extortions, requisitions, and confiscations of her husband; and after his death, she accompanied her ill-gotten riches to France. During her voyage, she condescended to accept the consolation of a colonel, for the loss of a general; and to permit the continuance of the services of one of Le Clerc's former aide-camps, which obliged her to put off for near six months her nuptials with the *patriotic* Roman Prince Borghese; who, no doubt obtained her *chaste* hand from the First Consul Buonaparte in France, as an *indemnity* for the property which the Borghese family had lost by the plunder of General Buonaparte in Italy.

Though the German princes are more numerous, less rich, and as selfish as the Italian; yet their pride has got the better of their *egotism*, and they have not dishonoured their rank by courting or marrying the vicious sisters of a

beggarly usurper. Prince Borghese, like his countryman the Prince Santa Cruce, had no reason to be so nice, because he had proclaimed his patriotic treachery before the banns of his sans-culotte marriage were published. He was, in 1798 and 1799, an active citizen under the short-lived Roman Republic; and to prove his principles of equality, condescended, with the Prince Colonna, the Duke di Montelibretto, and other Roman nobles, "to serve as a common soldier in a corps, of which the captain was a man who sold tripe and dog's meat in the streets." He was, in 1798, a member of a jacobin club, which the French conferred upon the Romans in compensation for the loss of their liberty, religion, and property. This club was established in the palace of the Duke of Altemps, where, as in France, the sons denounced their parents: *noyades* were recommended, priests proscribed, and a proposition made, "to begin the regeneration of Rome by *putting to death all people aged above sixty*, as incapable, through the obstinacy of old age, of renouncing their ancient prejudices."

Persons, who were present at the nuptials of the Prince Borghese and Madame Le Clerc, affirm, that their behaviour during the religious ceremony, when Cardinal Caprara gave the marriage blessing, was such as to cause even this tool of Napoleon to blush, notwithstanding all the former hypocritical and sacrilegious scenes which he had witnessed, since he began to assist the First Consul in organizing a revolutionary religion in the French commonwealth.

In Les Nouvelles à la Main, of Brumaire, year xii. it is said, that the First Consul declared, *in public*, that, considering the situation of the republican treasury, he could not do what he wished for the *dearest* of his sisters; to whom and to whose husband, when surrounded by courtiers in the drawing-room, he offered presents of little value; but *in secret*, when *en famille*, the new married couple received from him in drafts upon Spain and Portugal, in jewels, &c. to the amount of four millions of livres, besides an *ecrin*, or jewel box, presented by Madame Napoleon, containing jewels worth half a million. The fortune which General Le Clerc left his widow was cal-

culated to be at least six millions; so that this daughter of a sans-culotte brought her princely husband a princely fortune.

The Emperor of the French had invited his Holiness the Pope, for the 15th of January 1805, to a *family* party in the Empress's apartments of the castle of the Tuilleries, where none but the Buonapartes, and some favourite and select friends, were admitted. During a moment's silence, when the tea was handed about by their revolutionary Majesties' chamberlains, her Imperial Highness Princess of Borghese suddenly burst out a laughing, so loud and so long, that Napoleone the First commanded her to cease, or to leave the room. "Please your Majesty, be not offended," said she, with *naïveté*, "I am not always mistress of myself, when any laughable ideas occur to me. I was just thinking how it would edify our contemporaries, and astonish posterity, had the Holy Father, who sits there so grave, received the gift of converting me to christianity, or if I possessed the spirit of perverting him to infidelity." "It is too much," interrupted Cardinal Fesch; "I cannot, I ought not to suffer such a scandal, such a blasphemy. I will tell your Imperial Highness, improbable as it seems to you, that it is more easy to make you a christian proselyte, than an honest and modest woman."—"Out, out with you both, Princess and Eminence!" cried his Majesty the Emperor in a rage. "Am I not the sovereign master in my *own* palace as well as in my *own* empire? Am I not here the *only* person competent to judge of indecencies as well as of impertinences; of improprieties as well as of indecorous demeanour, to correct the former and chastise the latter. The Princess is in the wrong, but you, Cardinal, are very much to blame for daring to reprimand her in my presence. I command you both to retire instantly from the company, and to remain confined to your own hotels, and there await my good pleasure and pardon."—"Most gracious Monarch," said Pius VII. "forgive them for my sake, and let them remain where they are. They sinned unintentionally, and not deliberately. I pardon them, do your Majesty graciously do the same. And you, Princess," continued his Holiness, "as convinced as I am of my Cardinal's orthodoxy, as certain I am that you, before your death, will become one of my flock."—

"Then, Holy Father," retorted the Princess, "you must live to a great age."—"Silence, Imperial Highness," exclaimed the Emperor with a stern voice. "Throw yourself down and beg his Holiness's pardon this instant, or I will in an hour send you away from *my* dominions, never to return again." "If that is the case," stammered the Princess, kneeling, "then permit me to kiss the Holy Father's feet, and to implore his forgiveness and indulgencies." The Pope, in giving her his blessing, raised her, and presented his hand to kiss. In returning to her seat by the side of her Imperial Highness Princess Louis, the Princess of Borghese muttered loud enough to be heard by most persons present, "What a villanous wrinkled hand has that Monsieur Vice-Christ; and how ridiculously ungallant he is! how rude, to think of offering me his old dirty hand to kiss, instead of taking advantage of his situation, and embracing such a handsome gay lady as myself—me, who have turned the heads of all the *beaux* of France, St. Domingo, and Italy; of the army, of the navy, and of the church!" Napoleone, with one of those terrible and significant looks, which belong exclusively to his Majesty himself, put a stop to her soliloquy; and the *happiness* and *enjoyment* of the evening was not interrupted by any other accident, except that Madame D'Arberg, the Empress's lady in waiting, to the great alarm of all the party, scalded with hot tea the Imperial lap-dog of her sovereign *Bijou*. The bulletin of the following day announced, however, to the sincere consolation of fifteen thousand visitors, who inquired after its health, "that the Imperial beast was in a fair way of convalescence."

Before the Princess of Borghese was up the next morning, a message was left for her from the Emperor her brother, informing her that she was expected by his Majesty, who would graciously see her at three o'clock in the afternoon on that day. After having dressed herself in a very coquetish manner, she went to the palace of the Thuilleries, and was ushered into the most secret closet of his Majesty, who at her entrance through one door, let out his favourite Mameluke through another. "*Sans façons*, brother Napoleone," said the lively and giddy Princess Borghese, "what can you want with me at this hour, and particu-

larly at this moment, when your *bon ami*, Rostan, has just left you? I understand you want variety—the *tête-à-tête* of an infidel is therefore to follow that of a Mussulman.”—“Can you, sister,” interrupted Napoleone, “be serious for the ten minutes I intend and must speak seriously with you? You know too well, that next to my dear Princess Louis, you have the greatest power over me of all our relatives; that if you are complaisant sometimes to me, I am always kind and generous to you. You know also, because I have often explained it to you, that next to the military support of my brave and devoted troops, I trust to the spiritual authority of the Pope, and his supremacy over the Christian Catholic church, for the preservation of my Imperial throne, and for its continuance in the possession of the Buonaparte dynasty:—

Les Rois n'ont plus de trône ou Dieu n'a plus de temple !

Que la Religion qui soutient ma couronne

Reçoive de mon bras, l'appui qu'elle me donne.

You smile at my poetic declamation, but Portalis has so often repeated these lines, that I know them by heart; and whenever the avarice, bigotry, or superstition of the clergy put me out of humour, I get the better of my anger in recollecting the political justness of these lines. It was the infidelity of Frenchmen, as much as the imbecility of the ministers of the too good Louis XVI. that overturned the throne of that prince, sent him to the scaffold, and banished and excluded for ever from France the Bourbon race. I, a sovereign of four years only, have I not much to apprehend from the sacrilegious monster that subverted a dynasty of fourteen centuries standing, and almost uninterrupted prosperity? You cannot conceive all the difficulties I had to surmount; all the discussions, all the obstacles, all the arguments and all the sophistry, which pretended philosophers, revolutionary fanatics, depraved reformers, immoral republicans, and sanguinary atheists, opposed to the restoration of religion in the French empire. I was obliged to cajole and bribe some, to terrify and exile others, and to remove and punish the most refractory of the indiscreet and impolitic crew of infidels. I am well aware, that all enlightened persons, with you, understand how to



estimate truly my Christian zeal ; consider my Catholicism as mere mockery, and my Catholic Pope as a superstitious idiot, my political puppet. But even those who, with you and me, do not believe in a God, are convinced of the utility and necessity, as well as of the policy, of implanting religious notions into the minds of a fickle, vain, unprincipled, and naturally ferocious people. They remember the shocking and barbarous scenes of 1793 and 1794, and therefore prefer the military and ecclesiastical, to the popular and atheistical yoke. More people perished by the republican guillotine of infidels and unbelievers, during eighteen months, than during the eight preceding centuries had been reduced to ashes by the faggots of religious persecutors and inquisitorial tormentors. Last night I was as highly offended as every body else was scandalized, by your inconsistent and improper *etourderie*. I am, as well as you, acquainted with the contemptible character of modern Frenchmen, my *dutiful* subjects ; and that at a given signal from me, they would all be ready to prostrate themselves with the Mussulman, pray with the Protestant, howl hymns with the Methodist, kneel before the rising sun with the Indian, worship the cow or the crocodile with the Egyptian, plunge themselves into the Ganges with the Bramin, adore the Devil with the Abyssinians, lay down offerings to the moon with the Icelanders, go to mass, confess, and communicate with the Roman Catholic. But I hope that the perversity of the present generation, should my reign continue prosperous and long, will not descend to its descendants, to future generations and ages. In our private party last night, I do think, that, with the exception of Pius VII. and one of his six Cardinals, there was nobody who was a real Christian in his heart. You observed, however, how much they all felt themselves hurt by your imprudent sortie, your indiscreet sally ; because all for the preservation of civilized society, were, with myself, persuaded of the necessity, at least of being externally Christians, of not saying any thing to be reprobated by the piety of the faithful, or scandalizing the scruples of the conscientious or devout. Let me therefore conjure you to be hereafter more decent, prudent, and discreet. Believe me, that notwithstanding my sincere affection for you, should you

not cease your profane and irreverent language and expressions when in company with strangers, or with our family and visitors at my court, I shall, for the safety of us all, be obliged to silence my own inclination, and listen to my duty as a sovereign, by ordering you into exile on one of your husband's estates on the other side of the Alps; and renounce for ever all the satisfaction and pleasure I have promised myself from your conversation and tenderness."

"Admire my patience, brother," replied the Princess of Borghese, "in listening with attention and silence to your excellent sermon and eternal *capucinade*. It is very easy for you, dear Napoleone, who are so enthusiastically fond of your rank and authority, and who from your youth have studied dissimulation, and made duplicity habitual, to stifle your real sentiments, and be as much at your ease in the company of impostors and hypocrites of every description as with men of honour, veracity, and integrity. But as to me whom from a prostitute you have made a princess, and who do not care a pin about it, were you to make me a harlot again, provided I can gratify my passions and inclinations; I who never concealed my real thoughts, nor spoke what I did not think, was I to promise you to esteem what I scorn, and to scorn what I esteem, I should deceive you, and for the first time in my life not act frankly with you. For example, was it not disgusting, last night, to see the apostate and atheist Talleyrand, who has so frequently confirmed me in my infidelity, throw himself down at the feet of a pontiff (who has not so much sense in his whole body as the ex-bishop and minister has in his little finger) and to remain on his knees, during a good quarter of an hour, until Pius VII. had finished his mummerly? was it not enough to excite one's laughter, to see this same grave Pope placing his old and ugly hands to be kissed by the most beautiful women of France? who could help smiling at observing your own *chaste* and *religious* Josephine so *devoutly* demand, and so readily obtain his Holiness's blessing? and when our own dear and imbecile uncle Fesch, moving in his brilliant cardinal's dress, as if he had been shut up in a sack, after the departure of the Pope, began in his turn his ridiculous solemn grimaces, was it possible to be serious, or rather was not laughter irresistible? Do you not suppose that many besides myself re-

marked these and other absurdities and contradictions, repugnant to the eyes, and repulsive to the mind ? and do you imagine that their respect for the visible head of the Roman Catholic religion was so much augmented, that they went away improved or even satisfied ? As a friend, I advise you not to expose this idol of the faithful to their view too often, for fear that they may discover its deformities, or their own fallacy. If you do not wish to have your own works undermined and perhaps blown up, send away as soon as possible, or shut up as closely as you decently can, the Roman Pontiff. Without the least intention of hurting your pride, vanity, or policy, I tell you with sincerity, that by his consecration of you as an Emperor, he certainly has lost a great deal of the veneration formerly paid to the tiara and to his holy office.

“ As to your menaces of banishing me from your presence, or of exiling me to the country seats of my husband in Italy, when you call to your remembrance that you alone have made me what I am, and such as I am, I do not fear them much. I do not think it possible that you could thus treat a sister who is and has always been your confidential and trusty friend ; whom you *converted* to an atheist, and seduced to become incestuous ; who, without your reasonings and your persuasion, might still have been among the number of the select pure and chaste few. But I see that what I say affects you, and I believe even afflicts you, let us therefore embrace each other and make peace ; as, however, the ratifications of treaties of peace are always accompanied with presents, I expect from you something more substantial than an embrace.”—The Emperor immediately took from a closet a diamond necklace, worth half a million of livres (20,000*l.*) which he fastened round the ivory neck of the Princess, assuring her, “ that when in future displeased with her words or transactions, he should not use his own power, but apply to her own feelings.” The same day the Prince of Borghese was made a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, and was presented

with a watch set with diamonds, as valuable as the necklace given to his wife.\*

The Princess Borghese is now (1805) in her twenty-eighth year, and has been married two years to her present husband, and was three years the wife of General Le Clerc, who died in the spring of 1803, by whom she had two sons, who have survived him. The Prince of Borghese is not yet a father. Her yearly allowance from her brother amounts to four millions of livres; her diamonds, plate, pictures, china, &c. are esteemed worth ten millions; and her property in the funds or in estates, is calculated to be worth above fifteen millions, of which ten millions were left her by her former husband, of his plunder in Portugal and St. Domingo. As well as all her brothers and sisters, she has her chamberlains, maids of honour, lords and ladies in waiting, equerries, and pages; but she has not, as all her other Imperial relatives, a bishop for an almoner, or grand vicars for her chaplains; she is, however, the only Imperial Highness on whom Napoleone has bestowed a suit of elegant apartments in the castle of St. Cloud.

At her former marriage, according to the *Livre Rouge* by Bourrienne, the now Princess Borghese obtained one million of livres for an establishment, half a million for going to St. Domingo, three hundred thousand livres as annuities for some of her husband's relations, presents, jewels, &c. for six hundred thousand livres; and she enjoys the same sum of six hundred thousand livres as a yearly pension during her life.

\*In *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, Ventose, an xiii. No 3, p. 4, et seq. from which the above particulars are translated, it is stated that they were written by the Princess herself, and circulated by her, to shew her influence over her brother:

## GENERAL MURAT,

BROTHER-IN-LAW OF BUONAPARTE.

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C'est du sein des sifflets,  
Que naissent les succès.

Since the destruction of the Roman empire by the Goths, Huns, and Vandals, no political convulsions have, in so short a time, brought forward from obscurity so many low and unknown individuals as revolutionary France. During the last twelve years more persons have appeared upon her bloody stage, who, from their more or less interesting posts, have unexpectedly become the objects of public curses, curiosity, inquiry, or conversation, than in the twelve preceding centuries. Not only every year, but almost every month, has changed the performers, though not the scene ; and men who but lately were regarded as the underlings of this shocking theatre, start suddenly forward, usurp the place of the first rate tragedians, proscribe, crush, or butcher their predecessors, and rule with an iron rod until, in their turn, we see them overpowered, dead, or dethroned. Republican tyrants have been killed by republican tyrants : Brissot, Condorcet, Petion, and their accomplices, were guillotined or outlawed by Danton, Robespierre, and their blood-hounds ; who after devouring each other, were nearly annihilated by the Barras, by the Talliens, by the Merlins, by the Rewbels, &c. who, in their turn, were removed or exiled by Buonaparte. Unfortunately, the republican tyranny has survived them all ; the republican scaffolds erected in the year 1, are yet standing in the year 12 ; and if the regicide Maximilian Robespierre murdered one Bourbon in 1793, the poisoner and assassin Napoleon Buonaparte butchered another Bourbon in 1804. If in 1795, the regicide Director Barras poisoned in the Temple, his rival, Louis XVII, in 1804 the abominable First Consul Buonaparte strangled in the same



prison his rival, General Pichegru; and the republican dungeons contain as many innocent victims under the reign of terror in Buonaparte's Consulate, as they did under that of Robespierre's vile Committee of Public Safety.

General Murat, who stands foremost among the many active and guilty instruments or accomplices of Buonaparte, is the son of a water-carrier at Paris, who, for some crime, to save himself from the search of the police, fled into the mountains of Dauphiny, where he joined a gang of smugglers and coiners, and where General Murat was born in 1764.\* Being accused of belonging to that corps of brigands commanded by the famous captain of smugglers Mandrin, Murat's father was tried at Valence, and there broken upon the wheel in May 1769: and young Murat was sent to the orphan-house at Lyons, where he remained, until an actor of the name of St. Aubin took him as an errand boy procured him to be a *Garçon du Theatre*, or a servant attached to the theatre in that city, and paid, besides, a master for teaching him to read and write. Being of an intriguing disposition and good appearance, he easily insinuated himself into the favour of the principal actresses, and was in 1780, upon their recommendation, permitted to appear upon the stage, first in the parts of valets, and afterwards in those of *petits maitres*; but in neither was he successful, wanting manners, memory, and application. He was, however, endured until 1786, when, being hissed while playing the Marquis, in the comedy called *Le Circle* he dared to threaten the spectators by his gestures. From that time hisses pursued him so much whenever he presented himself, that he was obliged to quit the stage; and after leaving Lyons secretly to avoid the demands of his creditors, he enlisted in the regiment of cavalry called *Royal Allemagne*, which was with other corps ordered to the neighbourhood of Paris, when, in 1789, Orleans, La Fayette, and other rebels of the Constituent Assembly, set up the standard of revolt against their King: he was

\* It is said that Murat is the son of a corporal in the Guet, and was in 1790, a soldier of the regiment of Flanders; but several more authentic works quoted hereafter, give him the parentage, &c. related here.

among the few men of that loyal regiment whom their emissaries seduced, and he deserted when it was encamped in the Elysian Fields on the 12th of July. After the capture of the Bastille had completed the Revolution, and several companies of the King's guard had joined the Parisians in arms, a National Guard under the command of La Fayette was decreed, in which Murat was made a corporal. In the plots and disagreements of different factions he always assisted the Terrorists: and in return, Santerre promoted him to a Lieutenancy in the battalion of St. Antoine, of which that brewer then had the command. On the 20th of June, 1792, he accompanied his patron and the brigands who insulted the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family in the Castle of the Thuilleries, where he was heard to repeat: *Louis, tu es un traître, il nous faut ta tête*;\* and when the courageous Madame Elizabeth said: "Are you not ashamed to insult the most patriotic of Kings with such language?" he impudently answered: *Tais toi coquine, autrement je te coupe en deux*.† The next day Santerre advanced him to be his aid-de-camp; and as such he was employed on the 10th of August in the attack of that dreadful day, which made the best of Princes the most wretched of prisoners, by changing the throne into a dungeon.

Marat, Danton, Mehée, Tallien, and other assassins, who prepared the massacres of the prisoners, regarded Santerre as a man possessing little or no character: they therefore sent him on an expedition to Versailles, that he might be absent when these cruelties were perpetrated; and the command of different districts of the city of Paris was confided to men as barbarous as themselves. Murat headed the troops who on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September, of the same year guarded the prison called *La Force*; where, with other innocent persons, the beautiful Princess of Lamballe was butchered, and a refinement of savage barbarity was exercised on her person, even when a corpse, almost

\* Louis, thou art a traitor; we must have thy head!

† Hold thy tongue b—h, otherwise I will cut thee in two.

incredible, if it were not authenticated.\* For these infamous and ferocious deeds he was promoted by Marat to be a Colonel. But, instead of going to the frontiers and combatting the enemies of his country, he remained at Paris, denounced at the clubs, and plotted in the committees. On the 11th of December, when Louis XVI. was carried from the Temple to be interrogated at the bar of the National Convention; and on the 21st of January, 1793, when the regicide members of that Assembly sent the most virtuous of sovereigns and of men to die like a criminal; the gens d'armes of the escort were commanded by Murat, who had passed the night before on duty in the Temple, regarded then as a post of confidence and of honour: In March, during the pillage of the grocers shops, he was a Secretary in the Jacobin Club, and signed with Marat the proclamation of the 10th, addressed to the citizens sans-culottes at Paris, *inviting them to do themselves justice for the aristocracy of the bankers, merchants, and shop-keepers.* "If you want money," expresses this curious proclamation, "you know where the bankers live; if you stand in need of clothing, visit the clothiers; and if you have no other means to procure yourselves coffee, sugar, soap, &c. fraternize with the grocers. What you take from them is *only* your property restored to you, and of which you and your brethren have been robbed by their aristocratical cupidity. In May he was president of the Club of the Cordeliers; and in a speech printed in Marat's paper, *L'ami du Peuple*, of the 25th of the same month, he demands the heads of sixty-nine politicians of Brissot's and Roland's factions as the sole promoters of the defeats of the armies, and of the troubles at Lyons, Bourdeaux, and Marseilles; accomplices with Pitt and Cobourg, as well as with Dumourier.

After the revolution of the 31st of May, and the victory which the terrorists gained on the two following days over the moderate party, Santerre obtained the command of an

\* All the particulars of Murat's birth, &c. and transactions until 1796, are taken from *Les Annales du Terrorisme*, and *Le Recueil d'Anecdotes*. In the latter, chap xi. page 97, it is said, that he ordered the head of the princess of Lamballe to be carried to the Queen, with whom she was a favourite; and had a wig made of her hair, which he cut off before she was cold.

army of 14,000 men, with whom he marched against the royalists of La Vendée; and Murat, who was then advanced to a general of brigade, commanded the cavalry; but, either from misfortunes or from incapacity, he was continually routed, and two-thirds of the troops were killed in less than three weeks. This caused great discontent at Paris, both in the Jacobin Club and in the National Convention; and Santerre was recalled in disgrace, which was made so much the more mortifying, when, being accused by Murat of drunkenness, ignorance, and cowardice, he was sent to prison.\*

When, after the death of Marat, an emulation took place between all the sans-culottes patriots of those days, who should bestow the greatest praise on this *worthy* apostle of French republicanism, the most extravagant motions were made by the jacobins; the most violent speeches were published; and the most atrocious addresses were circulated all over France. On this occasion, Murat sent to the Jacobin Club, in the street St. Honoré, at Paris, the following letter, printed in *Le Journal des Jacobins* of July 28th, 1793, page 6, and in *Le Recueil d'Anecdotes*, tome ii. page 99.

“BROTHERS AND FRIENDS,

“Chance made my name nearly the same with that of the ever-regretted martyr of equality, Marat; *fellow-feeling* made me his admirer, before conviction made me his worshipper, or patriotism his follower, defender, and mourner. Others have offered perfumes upon the altar of this their country's *god of liberty*; others have composed hymns to the glory of this *the best* and *first* of French republicans; others, again, have placed his bust by the side of the immortal Gracchus, Publicola, and Brutus!

“A soldier who possesses nothing but his love of liberty and his valour, his enthusiasm, *sans-culottism*, and his sword, can neither build altars, nor carve statues, neither

\* During his command in La Vendée, Murat gave once for his watch-word: Pillage, rallying, horror!—*Pillage, ralliement, horreur!* Prudhomme Histoire Generale, tom. i. page 23.

sing apotheoses, nor write deifications: but he can do more; *he can immolate himself.* If an hecatomb of the carcasses of Marat's friends had been decreed, upon its summit before this day should have been placed my corpse. It is neither ambition to shine with borrowed colours, nor presumption to think that millions of sans-culottes, are not as good patriots as myself. It is neither meant as a reproach to the lukewarm zeal of others, nor as a praise of that ardour, which almost consumes me, and forces me to desire to *eternalize* the name of Marat. No! I am much above those petty and selfish considerations. I am a sans-culotte by birth as well as Marat; my father died a victim to the tyranny of kings, as he did to the treachery of kingly aristocracy. I am married to a sans-culotte woman, now in a situation to give citizens to the Republic. Let my progeny immortalize the memory of Marat, by permitting me to change only one letter of my name. I promise you, brothers and friends, upon the faith of a jacobin mountaineer, that, should I observe any aristocratical inclination in my children, another Brutus, I shall be their executioner! Accept, therefore, this patriotic offer from your devoted fellow sans-culotte.—The jacobins for ever! The mountain for ever! The guillotine for ever! Health and fraternity.

(Signed) "MARAT *ci-devant* MURAT."

This offer, however, was declined, upon the observation of Citizen Felix Pelletier de St. Forgeaux, "that was every sans-culotte patriot permitted to follow his inclination, *twenty millions of Marats* would already have been registered at the municipalities of the French Republic. Besides, the constitutional equality of the French commonwealth, could never allow any distinction that would place one citizen above another; and a person who now should be suffered to call himself Marat, would be as much above other citizens in the public opinion, as Louis Capet was, from the imbecility or weakness of his subjects, regarded ten years ago." This sans-culotte, de St. Forgeaux, was a brother to the murdered regicide of that name, and had a revenue of 300,000 livres or 12,000*l.* This curious monument of the former revolutionary sentiments of Murat forms a striking contrast with the present aristocratical con-



duct and notions of this General, now as vain and proud of his rank, riches, and fraternity with a First Consul, as he was then ambitious of being considered a *sans-culotte à la Marat*, the most blood-thirsty of all French *sans-culottes*, Robespierre not excepted.

In the winter of the same year, Murat commanded at Lyons a brigade of the horse *chasseurs* of the revolutionary army, with the 9th regiment of dragoons. These corps were chiefly employed to arrest those inhabitants whom the vengeance or ferocity of the pro-consuls, Collot D'Herbois, Dubois-Creance, Fouché, and others proscribed; to escort them, after their mock trials, to be executed, or to execute them, by shooting, or cutting them down with their swords. In the spring of 1794, he was ordered to join the army of the Alps, where he continued without distinguishing himself until 1796, when Buonaparte assumed the command over that army; where, hearing of Murat's local knowledge and military intelligence, he appointed him first aid-de-camp, and the second officer in the staff next to General Berthier. He now shewed not only an undaunted courage, but talents which nobody supposed him to possess before the battle of Mondoyi, on the 17th of April, 1796, where he caused himself to be particularly remarked; so much so, when the King of Sardinia, in the latter part of the same month, made overtures for a pacification with the French republic, Buonaparte sent him to Turin with full powers to negotiate, and afterwards gave him, together with General Juvot, the honourable commission to carry to Paris, and to present to the Directory, the 21 colours and standards conquered in several engagements from the combined army of Austria and Sardinia. On the 24th of May he came again to Turin, with dispatches from Paris, concerning the negotiations then carrying on between France and Sardinia; but after a stay of some days only, Buonaparte ordered him back to the army, where he daily advanced in the good graces of this Chief. In June he accompanied the French minister at Genoa, Faypoult, to the Doge, with a summons in the name of Buonaparte, to order the Imperial Ambassador to leave the territory of the Republic at Genoa within 48 hours, he here behaved with such insolence, that it was with difficulty the old and respectable Doge, whom he had so cowardly insulted, could

prevent the people from tearing him to pieces. This was the first specimen of the intended French republican fraternity which this ancient Republic experienced, and the first act of Buonaparte's revolutionary diplomacy, not to respect the sacred and privileged characters of the representatives of independant princes to independant states, though protected by those laws of nations, acknowledged and regarded as inviolable by the unanimous consent of all civilized governments over all civilized people. Had the continental Princes, (not then quite so degraded and enslaved as they now are) resented in a spirited and determined manner this impertinent infraction, and attempt of a fortunate upstart to make power pass for right, and passion for justice, the world would not since have witnessed the temple at Paris inhabited by foreign ministers, nor seen them worse treated in the palace of the Thuilleries, than even in that state prison.

When one neutral and independant country in Italy had already been unlawfully attacked, as Buonaparte advanced with his armed banditti, all other weak states might, in its invasion and subversion, read their own destiny. The violent hatred of this General against England, has shewn itself from the first month that his crimes and fortune elevated him into notoriety. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, after unwillingly renouncing his neutrality in 1793, renewed, on the 9th of February, 1795, his former treaties with France; a French minister resided at Florence; and the South of France, suffering from a famine, was liberally provided with supplies from Leghorn. But advantageous as the neutrality of Tuscany was to the French Republic, and sacred as the ties should have been which united these two Governments, no sooner had the Genoese territory been invaded, terrified, and plundered, than Buonaparte gave orders for one division of his army, under the command of Generals Vaubois and Murat, to advance by forced marches toward Leghorn, and to seize upon that city, the rich depôt of English product and industry; and on the 28th of June his orders were executed by these Generals, who on that day occupied all the forts; and, in a proclamation, declared all British property in this neutral place to be confiscated to the French Republic. In some few days more, fines, imprisonment, and even death, was inflicted

on all persons who did not make fair declarations. The consequence was, that in twelve days, or before the 11th of July, according to the pamphlet called *Les Crimes des Republicains en Italie*, p. 177, General Murat carried away from Leghorn 500,000 sequins, or 250,000*l.*; a sum of money that he no doubt more than shared with his Commander, who, by this robbery, from which British subjects were the chief sufferers, had an opportunity to gratify two of his many noble passions: *his spiteful malice* against this country, and his unbounded cupidity every where! in Italy as in Germany, in Europe as in Africa.

On the 18th of the same month, General Murat commanded the attack to the left, on the entrenched camp of the Austrians near Mantua, and succeeded in carrying it. For several weeks gained almost daily advantages over the Imperial General Würmser, who commanded an harassed, defeated, dispirited and inferior army. In the retreat which this General was forced to make on the 9th of September, Murat pursued him at the head of a corps of chasseurs; and on the 11th tried to cut off his retreat towards Ceva. But after having routed several divisions of the enemy, he was repulsed in his turn, though superior in number. Rallying, however, and continuing the attack, he was wounded in an engagement on the 15th, where the courageous Austrian veteran charged at the head of the light troops of his army. This wound forced him to demand leave of absence, and he resided at Milan until December, when he re-assumed his former station in the blockading corps round Mantua.

During the campaign of 1797 he displayed the same activity. On the 14th of January, at the head of a demi-brigade of light infantry, he advanced by Monte-Baldo, forced the Austrians, who occupied La Corona, routed them after a very obstinate resistance, and obliged their cavalry to cross the Adige by swimming; and he contributed not a little by his indefatigable vigilance to the surrender of Mantua. Notwithstanding the astonishing courage and frequent sorties of General Würmser, this city was forced by famine and disease to open its gates to the French republicans, by a capitulation signed on the 2d of February the same year. The defence of this place, which excited the admiration of the enemy, and the praise of

Buonaparte himself, cost the Austrians 24,000 men; and 22,000 Frenchmen perished in the different engagements during the siege and the blockades, of whom 9000 are calculated by the author of the Campaigns in Italy of 1796 and 1797, to have been killed in fighting under Murat.

After the reduction of Mantua, Buonaparte ordered some divisions of his army to invade the defenceless Papal territory; but upon the unexpected approach of the Archduke Charles towards Italy, with a small, but well-affected and well-disciplined body of troops, the French Commander postponed his intention of dethroning the Sovereign Pontiff, whom he obliged, however, to sign a humiliating and ruinous peace. On the 24th of February, Murat was ordered to attack the enemy, strongly fortified near Foy; where, after being repulsed twice, and having two horses killed under him, he finally succeeded; though he on this occasion had more men killed, than the number of Austrians whom he combated and vanquished; but he, like most other republican generals, has justly been reprobated for the profusion with which they squandered away, often unnecessarily, the lives of their soldiers. Had he, after being repulsed once, waited half an hour only before he renewed the assault, according to the last quoted author, seven hundred Frenchmen less had perished on that day; as the Austrians were preparing to evacuate their entrenchments when they were attacked a second and third time.

Upon the determination of Buonaparte to penetrate into Carinthia, many petty skirmishes took place between the advanced posts of the Imperialists and the French under the Generals Murat, Belliard, and Killermann. The Archduke, already under the necessity of acting on the defensive, in continuing, however, to retreat, avoided as much as possible any serious engagements; and therefore in crossing the Taglimento cut down the bridges behind him, and threw up entrenchments, which extended from the passes of the mountains to the neighbourhood of Belgrado. In this position the young prince halted for some days, determined to dispute the passage of that river, which, though naturally impetuous and rapid, might then be forded, the stream being greatly diminished, in consequence of the severity of the frost in the mountainous regions,

Taking advantage of this fortunate circumstance, Buonaparte, on the 16th of March, ordered Murat at the head of one division, and Duphot heading another, to cross the ford, so as to advance against the right of the enemy's entrenchments, while the troops under General Guieux executed the same operation in a different quarter. Murat and Duphot precipitated themselves nearly at the same time into the water, and gained the opposite bank, where the French infantry was repeatedly, but ineffectually, charged by the Austrian horse, whom they received, without flinching, on the points of their bayonets; but it was principally to the murderous fire of their artillery, that the republicans were indebted for this day's victory, as the cannon were stationed so as to shower down such terrible and incessant discharges of grape-shot on the foe, that all opposition soon became ineffectual. The Austrians, however, still presented an undaunted front, fearless of danger and of death. But Murat and Guieux having penetrated to the village of Cainin, where the Archduke had established his head-quarters, they fell into some disorder, and retreated towards the mountains. On the 19th, in pursuit of the vanquished enemy, Murat distinguished himself again at the passage of Lizonzo, where he had a horse killed under him, and his clothes pierced with bullets.

After the preliminaries of Leoben had been signed, Buonaparte, with his usual treacherous policy, overturned the Republic of Venice; and while the definitive treaty was negotiating at Campo Formio, he first intrigued to change this form of government, and afterwards openly attacked the independant and neutral republic of the Grisons and of the Valteline. Murat was ordered by him in September, 1797, to march with a column towards the frontiers of the Valteline, and to *settle* the differences between these two States. After some previous plunder and requisitions, Murat published a declaration, "That considering the many wrongs of the Grisons towards their ally, and the *unanimous* desire of the citizens of the Valteline, this latter country was incorporated with the Cisalpine Republic." Such, however, was the *unanimity*, that the very day, September 26, when this impertinent and false declaration appeared, this republican General ordered 22 of the most respectable citizens, who had formerly occupied places as magis-



trates, to be tried as conspirators, by military commission, for protesting against this union with the Cisalpine Republic, and they were all shot the very next day. Such has been, and will always be, the conduct of revolutionary Frenchmen wherever they penetrate. Of the timid and cowardly they make slaves—of the traitors, friends—the patriots they butcher—the rich they pillage : plots generally precede them—tyranny enters with them—ruin and wretchedness remain behind them ; and the curses or detestation of the good and the virtuous, of the religious and of the moralists, accompany them both under their triumphal arches and to their graves.

In November, when Buonaparte left Italy, and according to the treaty of Campo Formio, a congress for the pacification, or rather partition, of the German Empire, was assembled at Rastadt, he went by way of Switzerland, where he sent Murat to prepare for his reception, and to gain information of the public spirit, previous to executing the plans of destruction which the Corsican had formed against this once prosperous Republic. This mission was delicate and difficult, because Buonaparte was disliked and suspected by the Swiss democrats, and despised, if not abhorred by the aristocrats. Murat, however, by intimidating some by threats, deceiving others by specious promises, and buying over others with a small part of the plunder of Italy, procured his Chief to be received with the same honours as are paid to Sovereigns. Deputations flattered, guns were fired, and cities illuminated ; and the deluded Helvetians entertained, treated, feasted, complimented, and extolled a petty villain, to whom, from the scenes of horror that he had just left, their innocence, quiet, and happiness, were not only reproaches, but incitements so much the sooner to bury their independance and riches in the rubbish of Italy and Germany.

Murat was now so greatly advanced in the good graces of his commander, that when the latter chose his companions for the invasion of Egypt, the province of another friendly and neutral state, the former was the fourth upon the list of Generals which he presented, not to the approbation, but for the *information* of the directory. In Egypt he always attended Buonaparte, and generally dined with

him every day. He was of the expedition into Syria in the spring of 1799, and commanded one division, consisting of the cavalry, during the memorable siege of St. Jean d'Acre, whilst the other four divisions of the French army were headed by Generals Kleber, Regnier, Lannes, and Bon. At the battle of mount Tabor, on the 16th of April that year, while Buonaparte was burning the *Naplonsian* village, and killing such of the inhabitants as he suspected of having appeared in arms against him, Murat chased the Turks from Jacob's bridge, and surprised the son of the Governor of Damascus. At the battle of Aboukir, on the 25th of July following, the right wing, consisting of 4000 cavalry, and nine battalions of infantry, with some artillery, was commanded by Murat, who after their defeat, cut off the retreat of the Turks, who, according to General Berthier's report, *struck with a sudden terror at being surrounded on every side with death, precipitated themselves into the sea, where no less than TEN THOUSAND perished by musquetry, grape-shot, and the waves.*

In the next month, when Buonaparte unexpectedly and basely deserted the French army in Egypt, Murat was one of the four Generals whom he selected to accompany him in his flight. On this disgraceful subject General Dugua, at present a Consular Prefect, writes the following remarks, copied from his letter to the Director Barras :—" I shall say but little to you on the departure of the General ; it was only communicated to those who were to accompany him : it was *precipitate*. *The army was thirteen days without a Commander-in-chief. There was not a sous in any of the military chests ; no part of the service arranged ; the enemy, scarcely retired from Aboukir, was still before Damietta. I confess to you, Citizen Director, I could never have believed that General Buonaparte would have abandoned us in the condition in which we were ; without money, without powder, without ball, and many of the soldiers without arms. Debts to an enormous amount ; more than a third of the army destroyed by the plague, by the dysentery, by ophthalmia, and by the war ; that which remains almost naked, and the enemy but eight days march from us. Whatever may be told you at Paris, this description is but too true.*" Such are some of the particulars of the last infamous

actions of Buonaparte, as a General-in-chief of the army in Egypt, and of which Murat shared the infamy.

When the annihilation of that constitution was determined upon, which Buonaparte had so often sworn to defend and obey, Murat, in the confidence of his friend, received, first, the command over the posts near the Council of Five Hundred ; and when the revolution was effected which seated the usurper upon the throne of the Bourbons, the command over the Consular Guard. To bind more firmly those bands which united these two *worthies*, Buonaparte gave him in marriage his sister Caroline Buonaparte, who, in 1797, had been betrothed to General Dufhot, murdered in an insurrection provoked by Joseph Buonaparte at Rome, on the 27th of December that year. What had become of Murat's former *sans-culotte* wife is not known for a certainty. In a pamphlet called "*La Sainte Famille*," it is said he had been divorced in 1795 ; and in another pamphlet, "*Lettre d'un gentilhomme Francois à l'usurpateur Corse*," it is reported that she had died of hard drinking.

In the spring of 1800 an army of reserve was collecting near Dijon, under the command of General Berthier, and Murat was appointed one of his lieutenant-generals. After the negligence of General Melas had permitted this army to cross the Alps and to enter Italy, the Austrians were defeated at Montebello on the 10th of June, and the next day General Murat, who commanded the advanced guard, succeeded in driving them across the Bormida. At the battle of Marengo on the 14th, he led on the cavalry, and, though at the onset completely routed, rallied again ; and when the valorous General Desaix took advantage of the imbecility of the Imperial General, he, with Generals Marmont and Bessieres, pierced the third and last line of the Austrian infantry ; in consequence of which a defeat ensued, and the horse infantry, fled promiscuously towards one of the bridges laid across the Bormida. But such was the undaunted courage of the Imperialists, deserving to be headed by a more able chief, that the rear-guard presented a regular front, though Murat cut many of them to pieces in protecting valourously the retreat of the main body.

On his return to Paris in August, he found the scandalous boasting of his brother-in-law Lucien, concerning an incestuous intrigue carried on with Madame Murat, the common topic of conversation. Three duels during two months were the consequence; and had not the First Consul interfered, and for this and *for some other offences*, removed Lucien from the Ministry to the Interior, and sent him in disgrace as Ambassador to Spain, Murat would either have been divorced from his wife, perished himself, or killed his brother-in-law. Twelve months absence of Lucien, and even an apology on his arrival from Madrid, in 1801, did not produce a reconciliation with Murat, who challenged, fought, and wounded him again. To put an end to these *family quarrels*, Napoleone Buonaparte promoted Murat to the command in chief over the French army in Italy, or, which is the same, made him Viceroy over the Italian and Ligurian Republics, and over the revolutionary kingdom of Etruria. His wife accompanied him; and when he was last December recalled to Paris, Lucien was first sent off to plot at Naples, and afterwards ordered to visit his *senatories* on the Rhine, and to travel in Germany, so *discordant* is yet *the fraternity*, between these two brother Septembrizers, of whom may be truly said :

Il faut rendre justice a l'un et l'autre membre,  
Ils ont été parfaits les deux et trois Septembre,

During Murat's reign in Italy, his manner of living was more expensive and more sumptuous, his retinue more brilliant, his staff more showy, his palaces were more magnificent, and his guards more numerous, than those of any lawful European Sovereign, and hardly surpassed by the Corsican usurper at Paris. He introduced at Milan nearly the same etiquette that prevailed at the Thuilleries and at St. Cloud. Madame Murat had her maids of *honour*, her routes, her assemblies, her *petit* and *grand entrée*, her *petits soupers*, and her *grand circles*; as her husband had his pages, his prefects of palace, his aids-du-camp, his military reviews, his diplomatic audiences, his presentations, his official dinners, his sallies of humour against foreign Ministers, and his smiles of *complaisance* to his minions; with all the other farago of the pedantic, insolent, affected,

but revolutionary *haut ton*, introduced by the upstart and foreign tyrant of the French Republic.

After Buonaparte's second visit to the army on the Coast, where his Admirals as well as his Generals tried to convince him of the danger, if not the absurdity, of attempting an invasion with his flotilla, which two or three of our small craft kept blocked up; to occupy the public attention and to divert the discontent which delay or disappointment must excite among his soldiers, who had already been ten months devouring the riches of Great Britain, and regarding her conquest as easy and certain, a plot was necessary to be invented. The treachery of the spy Mehée, and the impudence and indiscretion of others, unfortunately procured him documents enough to cause his French slaves to think it not only probable but certain. If all occurrences during last winter are remembered, and if the changes and promotions, and every thing else which has been known of his internal as well as external policy, be considered, little doubt remains but that the arrest and disgrace of Moreau, the death of the Duke of Enghien, and the publication of the pretended conspiracy in February 1804, had been determined upon in December 1803. In that month Moreau's base enemy, Jourdan, was nominated Commander-in-Chief in Italy, and his impertinent and cowardly calumniator, Junot, Commander-in-Chief over the corps *d'Elite* of the Army of England: Louis Buonaparte received a command in the Camp on the Coast; Joseph Buonaparte was sent to Brabant, and Murat recalled from Italy to be the Governor of Paris, and Commander of the Army of the Interior.

In this post Murat continues the same pageantry, ostentation, profusion, and pomp, as in that he had resigned in Italy; which evinces that he is certain of no resistance in the execution of the revengeful, political, or ambitious schemes of his brother-in-law the First Consul; but that Frenchmen will see with the same indifference, or silent indignation, the condemnation of Moreau, as they did the barbarous murder of the Duke Enghien.



*General Murat was the person who had the command of the murder of the Duke of Enghien, we deem the particulars of that horrid act to be worthy of perusal.*

### MURDER OF THE DUKE OF ENGHIEU.

On the 15th of March 1804, the armed banditti of the Corsican usurper violated the independance of the German empire, by forcing the Duke Enghien from Ettenheim where he had resided for some time; they carried him the same day to Strasburg where he remained shut up in the citadel until the 17th; when orders were received by the telegraph from Paris, that he should be immediately carried to that city, a distance of near 400 miles. He travelled day and night, and was escorted from relay to relay, by the gens d'armes, a corps of French thief-takers, spies, and informers. He was chained hand and foot the whole way. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th he arrived at Paris, where he was first carried to the Temple, as if it were only to shew him a prison in which so many of his royal relatives had suffered, and which they had left only to perish; and afterwards to the castle of Vincennes, where, by the orders of Buonaparte, a mock tribunal, under the appellation of a Special Military Commission, had been convened. At nine o'clock in the forenoon, though almost fainting, from want of nourishment, and almost asleep from want of rest, he was carried before the assassins, members of this military commission, who, at eleven o'clock, barbarously passed the following sentence:

### SPECIAL MILITARY COMMISSION,

*Formed in the First Military Division by virtue of a Decree of Government dated the 19th March, 12th year of the Republic, one and indivisible.*

### JUDGMENT.

In the name of the French People.....This day, 20th March, 12th year of the Republic:

The Special Military Commission, formed in the first military division, by virtue of a decree of Government of

the date of the 19th March, 12th year, composed according to the law of the 5th September, year 5, of seven members, that is to say:

Citizens Hulin, General of Brigade, Commander of the fort grenadier guards, President; Guiton, Colonel, Commander of the 1st regiment of Cuirassiers; Bazancourt, Colonel, Commander of the 4th regiment of light infantry.

Ravier, Colonel, Commander of the 18th regiment of the infantry of the line.

Barrois, Colonel, Commander of the 96th regiment of ditto.

Rabbe, Colonel, Commander of the 2d regiment of the municipal guard of Paris.

D'Autencourt, Captain Major of the gens-d'armes d'elite, performing the functions of Captain Reporter.

Molin, Captain in the 18th Regiment of infantry of the line, Register: all appointed by the General in Chief, Murat, Governor of Paris, and commanding the first military division; which president, members, reporter, and register, are neither related nor allied to each other, or the accused, within the degree prohibited by the law.

The Commission convened by order of the General in Chief, Governor of Paris, met in the castle of Vincennes, in the apartment of the Commander of the place, for the purpose of trying Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke D'Enghien, born at Chantilly upon the 2d of August, 1772, about 5 feet six inches high, fair hair and eye-brows, oval face, long, well made, grey eyes inclining to brown, small mouth, aquiline nose, the chin a little pointed, and well turned.

Accused, 1st, of having carried arms against the French Republic; 2d, of having offered his services to the English Government, the enemy of the French people; 3d, of hav-

ing received and accredited agents of the said Government—of having procured for them the means of maintaining an understanding in France, and having conspired with them against the internal and external safety of the State ; 4th, of having placed himself at the head of an assemblage of French emigrants, and others in the pay of England, formed in the countries of Fribourg and Baden ; 5th, of having maintained a correspondence in the town of Strassburgh, tending to stir up the neighbouring departments, for the purpose of effecting there a diversion in favour of England ; 6th, of being one of the favourers and accomplices of the conspiracy planned by the English against the life of the First Consul, and intending, in case of the success of that conspiracy, to enter France.

The Sitting having been opened, the President ordered the Reporter to read all the documents ; as well those in the charge as those in the defence.

The papers having been read, the President ordered the guard to bring in the accused, who was introduced free, and without irons, before the Commission.

Being interrogated as to his christian and sur-names, age, place of birth, and residence :

He answered, Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke of Enghien, aged 32 years, born at Chantilly, near Paris, having quitted France on the 16th July, 1789.

After having interrogated the accused through the medium of the President, with respect to every part of the contents of the charge against him : having heard the Reporter in his report and in his conclusions, and the Accused in his means of defence ; after the latter had declared that he had nothing to add in his justification, the President demanded of the members, whether they had any observation to make. Upon their answer in the negative, and before he put it to the vote, he ordered the accused to withdraw. The accused was then conducted back to prison by his escort : and the Reporter, the Register, as also

the citizens who attended as auditors, retired at the desire of the President.

The Commission having deliberated in private, the President put the following questions :

Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke of Enghien, accused,

1st, Of having carried arms against the French Republic—Is he guilty ?

2d, Of having offered his services to the English Government, the enemy of the French People—Is he guilty ?

3d, Of having received and accredited about him agents of the said English Government ; of having procured for them the means of keeping up an understanding in France ; of having conspired with them against the internal and external safety of the State—Is he guilty ?

4th, Of having put himself at the head of a body of French emigrants and others, in the pay of England, formed, upon the frontiers of France in the countries of Fr bourg and Baden—Is he guilty ?

5th, Of having kept up a correspondence in Strasburgh, tending to procure a rising of the neighbouring departments, to effect there a diversion favourable to England—Is he guilty ?

6th, Of having been one of the favourers and accomplices of the conspiracy framed by the English against the life of the First Consul ; and intending in case of the success of that conspiracy, to enter France—Is he guilty ?

The voices being received separately upon each of the above questions, beginning with the junior in rank, the President giving his opinion the last ;

The Commission declares Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke of Enghien—

1st, Unanimously, guilty of having carried arms against the French Republic.

2dly, Unanimously, guilty of having offered his services to the English Government, the enemy of the French People.

3dly, Unanimously, guilty of having received and accredited about him agents of the said English Government, of having procured them the means of keeping up an understanding in France, and of having conspired with them against the external and internal safety of the State.

4thly, Unanimously, guilty of putting himself at the head of a body of French emigrants and others, in the pay of England, formed upon the frontiers of France, in the countries of Fribourg and of Baden.

5thly, Unanimously, guilty of having kept up a correspondence in Strasburg, tending to stir up the neighbouring departments to effect there a diversion favourable to England.

6thly, Unanimously, guilty of being one of the favourers and accomplices of the conspiracy planned by the English against the life of the First Consul; and intending, in case of the success of that conspiracy, to enter France.

Upon this the President put the question relative to the application of the punishment. The voices were received again in the form above mentioned.

The Special Military Commission condemns, unanimously, to the pain of death, Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke of Enghien, in satisfaction of the crimes of being a spy, of carrying on a correspondence with the enemies of the Republic, and of an attempt against the internal and external safety of the State.

The said sentence is pronounced in conformity with article ii. title iv. of the military code of crimes and punishments of the 12th November, year 5; 1st and 2d section of



the first title of the ordinary penal code of the 6th of October 1791, thus expressed, viz.

2. Of the 12th November, year 5, "Every person whatever may be his state, quality, or profession, convicted of being a spy for the enemy, shall be punished with death."

Art. 1. Every conspiracy and attempt against the Republic shall be punished with death.

2. (Of the 9th of October 1791,) Every conspiracy and plot tending to disturb the State by a civil war, by arming the citizens against each other, or against the exercise of the lawful authority, shall be punished with death.

Orders the Captain Reporter to read the sentence, in presence of the guard assembled under arms, to the condemned.

Orders that there shall be sent within the time prescribed by the law, due diligence being used by the President and the Reporter, a copy to the Minister at War and the Grand Judge, the Minister of Justice, and the General in Chief, Governor of Paris.

Done, concluded, and judged, without separating, the said month, day, and year, in public sitting; and the members of the Special Military Commission have signed, with the Reporter and Register, the minute of the judgment.

Signed—GUITON, BAZANCOURT, RAVIER,  
BARROIS, RABBE, D'AUTENCOURT,  
Captain Reporter, MOLIN, Captain  
Register, and HULIN, President.

In this mock trial, accusations as ridiculous as groundless are presented, but no evidence is produced; which proves the truth of the Duke's assertion, when before the tribunal of his murderers, *that his sentence was pronounced before he had left Strasburgh; that he was only the innocent victim of the ferocious Buonapart's rage against the Bourbons.* Should other Sovereigns not avenge this atrocious crime, they or their children must sooner or later share the fate

of the Duke of Enghien ; because, whatever rank Buonaparte assumes, he is unable to change his birth ; and guilty as he is, he will consider every good prince, as much a censuring enemy as a proud superior, with whom neither an Imperial crown, however brilliant, nor enterprizes, however successful, can make him even an equal. He knows that he is despised and detested by all hereditary Sovereigns ; and his dark, barbarous, and revengeful soul will never cease to plan subversions, or to commit or command murders, until the grave of the last lawful prince is inundated with the blood of the last loyal subject.

The Duke of Enghien shewed himself a worthy descendant of the Condés, even in the den where he was surrounded by the hired assassins of the usurper of his family's throne. His firmness was as great during his trial, as his resignation after being condemned, and would have moved even revolutionary brigands, had not Buonaparte, from all his ruffian accomplices, procured the most wicked to dispatch a Bourbon. His Highness's calmness and courage on this trying occasion were the more surprizing, as during the five preceding days and nights, every indignity had been offered him that could irritate his mind, and he had endured every suffering that could enervate his body. From the time of his arrest, bread and water had been his only nourishment—he had never been once permitted to lie down on a bed, to undress, to shave, or to change his linen. From the weight of his fetters, and from the fatigue of a long journey, his feet and legs were so swollen that he could hardly stand. For the fourteen hours that he lived after condemnation, he was shut up with four gens-d'armes d'elite, or *chosen spies*, in the dungeon at Vincennes, without a bed, and even without a chair. In a corner only was some rotten straw, on which he sat down ; but he was prevented from a moment's rest by the noise, questions, and cannibal songs, of these satellites, who had orders to prevent even his slumbers.

From the moment of his arrest he was not allowed either clean linen, a comb, or a razor. After his sentence, he asked three favours of his murderers, two of which were partly granted ; the first was, to be allowed a priest to attend him in his last moments, this was permitted for an

hour ; the next was, that a lock of his hair might be sent to a lady whom he named ; and the last, that he himself might give the signal when the soldiers were to fire at him, this was positively refused. The clock in the great tower of Vincennes had just struck two, when the drum beat to arms, as a signal for execution ; and the dismal procession began to move in solemn silence from the castle to the park.\* A company of grenadiers marched first, then came the guiltless prisoner, faint, languid, and exhausted with fatigue, supported by two soldiers, his hair dishevelled, and his person dirty ; near him were the officers of the guard, and another company of grenadiers behind. The night was still, dark, and heavy, forming a frightful contrast to the blaze of above sixty torches, which lighted these midnight murderers to their horrid task. When they had arrived at the fatal spot, near the great oak of St. Louis, the youthful hero seemed for a moment to recover all his strength and spirit, he entreated that they might not bind his eyes ; and when he heard the language of his assassins, for they were Italians, he gave God thanks that he was not to be murdered by his countrymen, and having pronounced these emphatic words, " O God save my king, and deliver my country from the yoke of a foreigner," the fatal signal was given, they fired, and in an instant he was pierced through with balls, and fell lifeless to the ground. Thus ended a race of heroes, illustrious for their virtues and their valor ; and thus the last branch of a noble tree being cut off, the aged trunk was left to perish, without support or shelter.

Before day-light in the morning of the 21st, General Murat, under escort of Mamelukes, arrived at Vincennes ; he was accompanied by four aids-de-camp, and Generals Edward Mortier, Duroc, Hulin, and Louis Buonaparte, who had come on purpose from the coast. Each Mameluke held a flambeau ; and Italian troops and gens-d'armes surrounding the castle, prevented the approach of every one, and guarded all the avenues to that part of the wood of Vincennes appointed as the place of execution. The

\* This account of his execution we have taken from a witness of the horrid scene, its correctness with the author's account in this work bears marks of authenticity.

Duke being told that his sentence was to be executed, said calmly, "I am ready and resigned!"

Ce malheureux heros, sans armes, sans defense,  
Voyant qu'il faut perir, et perir sans vengeance,  
Voulut mourir, du moins, comme il avait vecu,  
*Avec toute sa gloire et toute sa vertu.* VOLTAIRE.

When his Highness heard, upon inquiry, that the grenadiers commanded to shoot him were Italians of Buonaparte's guard, he said, "Thank God! they are not Frenchmen—I am condemned by a foreigner, and God be praised that my executioners are also foreigners—it will be a stain less upon my countrymen! At the place of execution he lifted his hands towards heaven, exclaiming, "*May God preserve my King, and deliver my country from the yoke of the foreigner!*" Two gens-d'armes then proposed to tie an handkerchief over his eyes; but he said, "A loyal soldier, who has so often been exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes and without fear. He then looked at the grenadiers, who had already pointed their fusils at him, saying, "Grenadiers! lower your arms, otherwise you will miss me, or only wound me!" Of the nine grenadiers who fired at him, seven hit him: two pierced his head, and five his body. Immediately after his murder General Murat sent his aid-de-camp to Buonaparte at Malmaison. A small coffin, filled with lime, was ready to receive his corpse, and a grave had been dug in the garden of the castle, where he was buried.

Such was the end of the Duke of Enghien, inhumanly butchered in the 32d year of his age, by the barbarous foreign usurper of the throne of his family: a prince, who would have illustrated obscurity by his talents, but who often forgot his rank, when the misery of others made it necessary to descend to that of an individual; whose humanity preserved the lives of thousands of republicans vanquished by his valour, and whose generosity relieved those of them in an enemy's country, who were destitute, in prisons or suffering on a sick bed;—they all found in him a second providence.

In *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, Fructidor 20th, year 12, or September 5, 1804, pages 9 and 10, is related, as a known fact at Paris, "that Madame Buonaparte implored her ferocious husband, upon her knees, 'to spare the life of the Duke of Enghein, to whose father and grandfather herself and her family owed the greatest obligation, for their protection and generosity during monarchy.' Napoleone let her repeat her request several times, while he was marching, much agitated, backwards and forwards in the small saloon at Malmaison, without paying attention to what she said. At last, her patience being tired, she threw herself at his feet, crying 'Pardon! Pardon!' He then regarded her with the most terrible look, which terrified her so much, that she fainted away, and was carried senseless out of the room. In this state of insensibility she remained near three hours, and at her recovery, Madame Remusat, her lady in waiting, presented her a letter from her husband, full of reproaches for her *impolitic* and *unseasonable* interference, when it was a question about *un grand coup d'etat*, which surpassed her comprehension. He declared, at the same time, that both his and her life and rank depended upon the *removal* of the Duke of Enghien, more than even upon that of the Duke of Angouleme, *because the former had many friends in the French army*, where the latter was hardly known. 'That we, besides," added Buonaparte, 'have more to apprehend from his enterprising character than from that of any other Bourbon, the following letter may convince you :'

TO HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY LOUIS XVII. KING  
OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

"SIRE,

"The letter of the 2d March, with which your majesty has vouchsafed to honour me, reached in due time. Your Majesty is too well acquainted with the blood which flows in my veins, to have entertained a moment's doubt respecting the tenor and spirit of the answer which your Majesty calls for. I am a Frenchman, Sire, and a Frenchman *faithful to his God, to his King, and of course to the oaths that are binding to his honour as much as by his religion. Many others may, perhaps one day envy this triple advantage.* Will your Majesty, therefore, vouchsafe to permit me to annex



my signature to that of the Duke of Angouleme, adhering, as I do, with him in *heart and soul*, to the contents of the note of my Sovereign? It is in these *invariable sentiments*, that I remain, Sire,

“Your Majesty’s most humble,

“most obedient,

“and vey *faithful* subject and servant,

“(Signed) LOUIS ANTOINE HENRY DE BOURBON.

“Ettenheim, in the Dominions of the Margrave  
“of Baden, March 22d, 1803.”

This letter was written in consequence of the humiliating proposal made by the Prussian President, Meyer, at Warsaw, in February 1803, in the name of one legitimate king upon his throne, to another legitimate king in exile, of resigning his hereditary right to the throne of France to the foreign adventurer, the sworn and natural enemy to all hereditary sovereignty, who had usurped it by force and fraud, and preserved his usurpation by the impunity that he held out to regicide, and by the national plunder with which he rewarded his criminal accomplices, those who had butchered with him in Europe and poisoned with him in Africa and Asia.

In his person the Duke of Enghein was handsome, and of a noble and a graceful figure. The sound of his voice was harmonious, and his expression correct and natural. In his manners he was condescending, in his conversation lively, but becoming. Ever master of himself, his temper was always equal and moderate. He was frequently so polite and obliging, that it might have been taken for familiarity, but that air of dignity which never left him, which was born with him, and which followed him to the grave. From his youth he was an enemy to idleness, and fond of those exercises which contribute to strengthen the constitution, and to accustom a person intended for a military life to the fatigues of war. Fencing and hunting were often his amusements before he headed battallions or commanded armies. His courage and capacity were known before they were tried. Nature, as well as education, had made him a general. His brilliant quallities during the first campaign

made him distinguished even in the midst of so many heroes of his family. Faithful to the noble principles of his ancestors ; convinced, with them, that a good general may be defeated, but cannot be taken by surprize, he was determined never to be attacked unprepared. He was therefore always sober, active and vigilant ; hearing all reports, receiving all advices, and attentive even to rumours that were circulated in his camp. He never ceased to observe his enemy, and to meditate on their lesser movements, either to discover or to prevent their projects ; either to turn them against themselves, or to render them of no use by his defence. Fully aware of that dangerous confidence, which want of rest after long fatigues is often inclined to give, he depended only upon himself to reconnoitre the ground, to establish posts, and to fix the place of rendezvous in case of sudden attacks. Constantly the first every where, every part of the service equally fixed his attention, particularly what could in any way contribute to the comforts, or relieve the pains of his soldiers. Though severe with others as with himself, he was always liberal, just, and good, with those who served under him, and therefore soon became their idol. A competent judge of military as well as of all other kinds of merit, the Archduke Charles on all occasions extolled his Highness's talent ; admired his courage ; desired and obtained his friendship ; and now deplores his untimely loss. If Campagny, the consular emissary at Vienna, has reported what he has heard and seen in that capital, the usurper is informed, that England, Russia, and Poland, are not the only countries where loyalty mourns, and where virtue abhors, Buonaparte's atrocities. To the honour of the British nation, the feelings were the same, and unanimous among all classes of people ; and the wanton murder of the Duke of Enghien has made Buonaparte execrated even by those who hitherto had doubted, palliated, or disbelieved, his former enormous crimes.

The motives which impelled Buonaparte to this horrid deed it is not easy to penetrate : he could hardly expect to destroy the whole race of the Bourbons while so many of them remain in different countries ; and without this, the death of one was useless : the most probable motive seems to be that of striking a panic into the rest, and deterring their adherents from any other further attempts upon

his life: possibly he might think also, that after removing those nearest the throne the people would not be so much interested for the remainder ; but on the other hand, had he weighed the matter deliberately, he must have found that he was likely to raise himself many powerful enemies among those who were either neuter or his friends, by striking at so great an object : lesser men might have passed unnoticed, and been murdered with impunity, but when men of exalted rank are put to death, they excite a degree of interest in their fate among those both above and below them, which seldom attaches to meaner objects, and find avengers in all ranks, independant of their moral or political worth. Buonaparte therefore reasoned ill, if he thought he was adding to his security by the murder of so illustrious a sufferer ; for those sovereigns who have perhaps looked with indifference on the most flagrant violation of the laws of nations, and the rights of individuals, will probably be roused to vengeance by the cruelty and injustice exercised against one of their own rank or their own family.

The sensation which this atrocious murder, and the more secret destruction of Pichegru, occasioned in Paris, may be guessed at by the following paper, pasted on the walls by the order of General Murat :—

“ The governor of Paris recommends to all the officers of the garrison and the national guard, whenever they shall have an opportunity, to enlighten the citizens on the subject of many false reports which the ill disposed have endeavoured to circulate : they have omitted nothing in their power to spread alarm ; sometimes they publish that the death of Pichegru was not the result of suicide ; and sometimes they dare to affirm that numbers of suspected persons are shot every night. The citizens of Paris ought to know that military justice, any more than civil justice, cannot be executed without public formality ; and that no guilty person has been condemned by the military tribunals without his sentence being printed and publicly pasted up. The arrests which have taken place, since that of General Moreau, all tend to prove his guilt. Ducorps, one of the brigands, mentioned in the list published by the

Grand Judge, has been taken at Chartres. To this moment all that the Grand Judge has asserted, and nothing but what he has asserted, is true. Although the governor well knows that idle reports do not occupy the attention of the citizens of Paris, yet he thinks it requisite to recommend to the officers of the national guard who are dispersed in different parts of the city, not to suffer the public opinion to diverge; that of all classes of the people is essentially connected with the confidence and affection which the First Consul has a right to expect from Frenchmen.

(Signed) MURAT."

Murat has 150,000 livres (6000*l.*) in the month for appointments, as the Governor of Paris, besides hotels furnished at the expence of the Republic for himself, his wife, and his aids-de-camp. 30,000 livres (1250*l.*) are allowed him for the open table that he keeps for officers on busines, or on leave of absence in the capital; and according to a French publication, when Buonaparte assumes the Imperial diadem; he is to be declared a Marshal of France, or rather of the Empire of the Gauls, a place formerly occupied by Princes of the House of Bourbon. In landed property in France and Italy he has laid out seven millions of livres, and his wife's diamonds are valued at four millions.

The painful and disgusting task which the author's loyalty has imposed upon him in delineating this man's life, as well as those of many of his accomplices, is mixed with the satisfaction, that future ages will not be ignorant of the infamous means to which they owe their notoriety, their rank, and riches; and this may probably prevent other ambitious individuals, if they are not entirely deprived of all honourable or moral principles, from attempting to gain advancement and obtain affluence in following their footsteps, by remembering that neither an Imperial sceptre, nor the Staff of Constable, have been able to silence the virtuous indignation of contemporary writers, from whose evidence they must expect to be judged by an impartial posterity.

There is something romantic in most of these revolutionary lives: had Murat been a good actor, he probably would have figured no where but upon the stage. The hisses which his incapacity as a comedian provoked, changed the scene; and he is become not an indifferent tragedian upon the great political and military theatre of modern Europe.



HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS

ANNUN. CAROLINE BUONAPARTE,

PRINCESS (CI-DEVANT MADAME) MURAT.

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Sous son règne indolent, bientôt tout va changer ;  
Le bien s'y fait sans gloire et le mal sans danger.

When, in December 1797 *the honest man of the Corsican family*, Joseph Buonaparte, had integrity and loyalty enough to cause General Duphot to be murdered, in order to furnish a pretext for the pillage of Rome, and for the subversion of the Papal Government, his sister, the present Madame Murat, was betrothed to this general, then one of the most frantic jacobins, and the confidential friend of Napoleone.

Madame Murat had been an apprentice to the mantua-maker Madame Rambaud at Marseilles, as well as her sister the Princess Santa Cruce; but, in 1794, she left that city with an actor from Paris, Baptist, who, not being able to provide for her wants, recommended her to a mantua-maker in the Rue de Montmatre. She had by this actor two children, of whom one is yet alive, and educated by the father, formerly an intimate friend of Napoleone.

In 1800 the First Consul presented the hand of this his *modest* sister to the *virtuous* General Murat, who had accompanied him to Egypt, deserted with him from Egypt, assisted him to dethrone his benefactors the Directors, and commanded his guard when a consul.

During Buonaparte's campaign in Egypt, the Scandalous Chronicle of Paris said, that the present Madame Murat cohabited with her brother Lucien, and had a child by him; and as the depraved Lucien had himself publicly

boasted of this infamy, he has been three times challenged by General Murat, and twice wounded by him, without disavowing or apologizing for his crime.

Madame Murat is vanity and affectation itself. All rebels of all countries are her heroes ; and a republic her wishes during the day, and her dreams in the night. Liberty is in her mouth, equality in her heart, and fraternity on her garters. A cup of liberty decorates her hotel, and a tree of liberty her court-yard. In her drawing-room are the busts of Gracchus, Brutus, Cato, Brissot, Marat, and Robespierre. In her bed-room, those of Machiavel, Cromwell, and Napoleone. While talking of liberty and equality, however, she is a despot in her house; she is arrogant with her friends, overbearing with her companions, and a tyrant over her lovers. In her dress, and manners, and pretensions : she is an aristocrat, and often a successful rival to her sister-in-law Madame Napoleone.

To prevent the probably fatal consequences of the jealousy of General Murat against his brother-in-law Lucien, Napoleone sent Madame Murat to reside with her husband at Milan; where, notwithstanding the great honours shewn her by the Italians, she regretted Paris, and considered herself, as she wrote to the First Consul, "*as transported to the European Cayenne*," and therefore tormented him with her letters until he recalled her, "*to her dear, dear Paris*." As General Murat does not inspect his wife's conduct so much as formerly, many think indifference has succeeded to jealousy, and that he properly appreciates the real value of her precious person and honourable sentiments. Her suitors are now very numerous ; and in their number the most ridiculous of all is the old debauched senator Rœderer, who, according to *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, by turns, sighs and laughs, sings and cries, writes love letters, and prints tender or flattering verses.

In his *Journal de Paris* of the 31st of October 1803, Rœderer, *in despair*, wrote the following quatrain, addressed to her husband.—

## VERS ADDRESSES AU GENERAL MURAT.

Adore Caroline, † et regne sur son cœur ;  
*L'Amour* avec orgueil peut dire à la victoire,  
 Qu'il sur faire pour ton *bonheur*  
 Autant qu'elle fit pour ta gloire.

Princess Louis having a knowledge of the intrigues of Madame Murat, she let her know that she was not ignorant of them, by the following circumstance. General Murat being at Paris, and his lady on a visit with Louis, the bed-rooms of the two sisters were on the same floor ; One night Princess Louis thought she heard the foot-steps of a person on the stair-case, not like those of a female, and afterwards, the door of Madame Murat's bed-room opened softly. This occurrence deprived her of all desire to sleep ; and curiosity, or perhaps revenge excited her to remove all doubts concerning the virtue of her sister.

In about an hour afterwards, she stole into Madame Murat's bed-room, by the way of their sitting-room, the door of the passage being bolted. Passing her hand over the pillow, she almost pricked herself with the strong beard of a man, and screamed out, awoke her sister, who inquired what she wanted at such an hour. " I believe," replied the princess " my room is haunted, I have not shut my eyes, and intended to ask for a place by your side, but I find it is already engaged." " My maid always sleeps with me, when my husband is absent," said Madame Murat. It is very rude of your maid to go to bed with her mistress, without first shaving herself," said the Princess and left the room. The next morning an explanation took place, the ladies understood each other, and each during the remaining part of their husbands' absence had for consolation a MAID for a bed fellow.

" As long as my sister Josephine remains undisturbed upon the throne of the French empire, she has no reason to complain either of intrusion or usurpation, of vanity, or audacity, if I am determined not to endure any rival upon the throne of fashion, or permit any body else to seize the light reins of my fickle dominions." Such was the contents

† Carolina is the name of Madame Murat.

of the official note delivered by the maid of honour, Madame La Grange, in the name of her mistress, her Imperial Highness Princess Murat, to Madame Remusat, a lady in waiting of the Empress of the French, in answer to the following official message: "With equal surprize and indignation, Madame and my sister, have I heard of your vain, audacious, and mutinous conduct, in daring to usurp the power belonging to me exclusively, of regulating the fashions of my empire. I am told that you are conspiring night and day with certain milliners and mantua-makers, to overthrow in an hour what has cost myself and the members of my privy council weeks and months' deliberations and industry to determine and conceive; and that then the bonnets *a la Josephine*, the corsets *a l'Imperatrice*, the gowns *a la Souveraine*, and the shoes *a la Pagerie*, have suddenly disappeared to give place to those unbecoming and ridiculous hats *a l'Altesse*, petticoats *a la Caroline*, veils *a l'Annunciade*, and slippers *a la Murat*. I am your sovereign—you are my subject: I command you, therefore, under pain of my displeasure, to cease your impertinent intrusion.

(Signed) "JOSEPHINE. Empress."

No sooner had the Empress read the official note of Princess Murat, than the natural crimson which so seldom colours her Majesty's cheeks, faded the lustre even of her most brilliant artificial rouge; the beating of her pulse almost surpassed the palpitation of her Imperial heart. Dr. Hallé, her physician, and Yvan, her surgeon, were sent for by Madame Duchated, her lady in waiting, who however, mistook her sovereign's situation: she required not the assistance of the faculty, but the advice of her council of state. All its members, consisting of her ladies in waiting and her maids of honour, were convoked; her Majesty presided, and her favourite chambermaid, Fauve, acted as secretary. The discussions were long and violent, before it was resolved to send another official and admonitory epistle to Princess Murat, informing her, that "if she did not directly renounce her pretensions and plots, and deliver up her accomplices, she must abide by, and feel the fatal consequences of her refractory spirit." Her Imperial Highness retorted with this laconic *billet doux*: "Eternal warfare rather than such a dishonourable and degrading peace."

The Empress's privy counsellor, Madame Bertin, in the mean time laid before the Sovereign a plan of campaign, in case hostilities were unavoidable. She proposed to fix her majesty's head-quarters in the milliner's shops of the *Palais Royal*, and in those of its vicinity in the *rue St. Honoré*. Some flying camps were to be formed in the green-rooms of the theatres, and a corps of reserve placed in the shops of the milliners on the Boulevards. Strong picquets were to patrol Tivoli and Frascati; corps of observation quartered in the pavillon of Hanover, the flying artillery scour the Thuilleries garden, the Elysian Fields, and the *Bois de Boulogne*; and the mounted riflemen scout in the Luxemburgh garden, and in the faubourg St. Germain. The park of heavy artillery she wished to establish in the Empress's drawing-rooms at the palaces of the Thuilleries and St. Cloud. But the good natured Josephine, judging her rival after herself, never came to any determination, notwithstanding the frequent representation of her privy counsellor and quartermaster-general, until too late, and when she was informed that Princess Murat had opened the campaign, by occupying the most advantageous positions, and by having surprised several of her Majesty's out-posts.

The pale and trembling privy counsellors of the Empress, hardly able to describe the ravages caused in the empire of fashion by the machinations of Princess Murat, were the first and unwelcome messengers of that disagreeable news; and as it generally happens, when any unexpected disasters occur, in which the advisers of Sovereigns are equally guilty and have an equal share of reproach for not having foreseen or prevented it; instead of uniting all the talents and efforts to combat a common enemy, they began to quarrel among themselves; divided and coalesced with factions, partisans, and adherents of *sans-culottism*, praising the nudity of our first parents, and of course were sworn foes of all fashions as well as of all dress.

Of these unfortunate disagreements in the Empress's cabinet, Princess Murat did not fail to take advantage. Possessing the same spirit of enterprise and intrigue as the Emperor her brother, she planned the most artful ambuscades, where those of the adverse party whom she could



not debauch to desertion, were caught and made prisoners of war. Even the staunch quartermaster-general of the Empress's army Madame Bertin, for fear that the precepts of the factions of nudity and *sans-culottism* should become fashionable, joined the colours of Princess Murat, and put on the anti-Josephine regimentals, which shortly became the *haut ton*, and were, with a barefaced impudence, worn, not only in all public walks, at the theatres, and in all genteel places of resort, but even in the gardens of the Thuilleries, under the windows of the Empress's pavillion, and at a ball given by Princess Louis, where both the Emperor and the Empress were present. In the mean time the Princess's light troops were continually on the alert, and her flying artillery were seen in all directions. She seized on her rivals advanced posts, cut off her piquets, and captured numerous convoys of Brussels lace, cambric, linen, and satin; destined for the magazines of Josephine's contractors, but which were carried to, and safely delivered into the depôts of her Imperial Highness.

The good Parisians, naturally inclined to be factious, were first secret well-wishers, and afterwards, when victory accompanied her exploits, the avowed adherents of Princess Murat, who, wherever she shewed herself, either in the Imperial academy of music, *alias* the opera, in the museums, in the national institute or even in the churches, was hailed, *Notre Dame des Victoires!* When the weather permitted, she had daily reviews, in the forenoon, in the Bois de Boulogne, and at night in the elegant and delightful garden of Frescati. Though she often varied the accoutrements and manœuvres of her troops, their numbers increased, as the adroitness and popularity of the chief made a recruit of every spectator.

It cannot be supposed that the Empress saw the progress of her enemy without some chagrin or that her depression banished all activity, and her present humiliation excluded all future prospects of vengeance. In hope of gaining time to organize her dispersed army, she renewed the negotiation with the Princess Murat; and when these pacific overtures were repulsed by the latter, she proposed a congress, composed of all the other Imperial Princesses of the house of Buonaparte, to accommodate their differences.

and to decide on the contest. As, however, these Princesses, instead of being neutral, as the Empress pretended, where either envious of the superiority which a Princess their equal had assumed; or under promise of ample indemnities, bribed over to Josephine's interest; they could not be considered as disinterested, unprejudiced, or impartial powers, and their mediation was of course declined. The Empress then applied to her dear Napoleone, to use all his powerful influence, and command a submission which her Majesty's arms and intrigues had been unable to obtain. The Emperor at first refused to interfere, in what he called a war of rags (*chiffons*;) but on the representation of his Imperial consort, that his own dignity and *glory* required it, as he was an indirect partaker of the ridicule or contempt offered her, he ordered his aid-de-camp Rapp to inform his sister, that she must immediately lay down her arms, strip herself and her adherents of her own colours, and put on those of the Empress.

But few heroines, as well as heroes, have existed, whom repeated successes have not blinded, and a long prosperity corrupted. Naturally tormented by vanity and pride, her late fortunate campaign had added imprudence and insolence to her other foibles; and so far from obeying the orders of her brother and sovereign, the Princess Murat proved by her conduct that she dared his power, and despised his threats. The very next night, at the theatre of the Empress, *cidevant Theatre de Louvois*, her Imperial Highness, attended by her guides and Mamelukes, had taken possession of all the principal boxes and introduced such innovations, under the name of improvements, that every spectator must have observed disobedience united with scandal and audacity, and insult intended with both. She wore a *Ridicule a la Napoleone*, a *fichu menteur a la Josephine*, a bonnet *a la Pitt*, glows *a la Grenville*, and a bosom-friend *a la Windham*, and all her troops were attired in the same manner. To crush an enemy she had already vanquished, and to give the death-blow to the pretensions of the Empress in the reign of fashion, she went from the theatre to the masquerade at the opera-house. There she appeared at the head of her valiant warriors in a dress *a l'Arlequin*, made up and put together in a most laughable manner, of all the different inventions and fashions of Jose-

phine, or called after her. To crown the whole, she wore a mask an exact resemblance of the Empress's face, with this inscription on the front: "*Would be TWENTY : past FIFTY.*" All the officers of her staff were more or less accoutred, so as to expose to derision the adversary of their general. From the time of her entrance she was surrounded and admired by a crowd of amateurs and applauders, so that the police commissary, always present for fear of any serious disturbance, interfered, and ordered the Princess to unmask, or to withdraw with her companions. Bonneau, General Murat's aid-de-camp, who was in the secret, informed the commissary to whom he spoke, and that her Imperial Highness's mask and masquerade dress was merely a *badinage*. The tumult and jokes at the expence of the Empress; however increased, and he thought it his duty to send a messenger to the police minister, Fouché, to ask for instruction how to act. This senator and minister in his turn waited upon the Emperor, to obtain his sovereign's order how to proceed in such a delicate affair, where lenity might have been construed into approbation, and severity punished as a want of respect. About two o'clock in the morning Fouché arrived at the opera-house, accompanied by fifty gens d'armes, masked as well as himself. Without being discovered, they encompassed the Princes and her suite, and told them, that on the part of the Emperor they were prisoners. Most of them seemed willing to follow the gens d'armes without further resistance, and to acknowledge the irresistible power of bayonets even in the empire of fashion, when Princess Murat called out, "Banditti, who is your leader?"—"I, please your Imperial Highness," answered Fouché, "here is the Emperor's written order." He had no sooner uttered these words, than the paper with Imperial signature was torn to pieces, and himself seized by the nose roughly, that he, to the great amusement of the spectators, who called *encore*, bravo! howled in a most doleful manner. What would have been the end of this tragi-comical scene is uncertain, had not General Murat arrived just in time to cool the courageous fury of the Princess, his wife, who did not desert her trembling troops, or consent to surrender, but on a most honourable capitulation, that left her and them at liberty, while Fouché and his gens d'armes were forced to retreat without their prey.

During the remainder of the morning, several messages passed between the contending parties, and a parley was reciprocally assented to. But what was the Empress's surprise, when at the first conference Princess Murat informed her, that she settled every thing with the Emperor at a private audience. She also laid the treaty before her majesty, who seeing the *PROBATUM—NAPOLEONUS EMPERATOR*; signed it without even reading it over. It was a kind of a partition treaty, rather favourable to the Princess Murat, though she was obliged to give up her pretensions of perpetual sovereignty in the empire of fashion. She was to be a subject during the months of Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivose, Pluviose, and Ventose, when the Empress was to sway; but who was in her turn to be a subject during the months of Germinal, Floreal, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor, Fructidor, and Vendemaire, when the Princess was to be seated on the throne of fashion. The five complementary days of the republican calendar were decreed an interregnum; during which the maids of honour of the Empress and of the Princess, to exert their genius at emulation, were permitted to contend by reciprocal ingenuity for a temporary supremacy.

The Editors of *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, which publication *La guerre des modes* or this fashion war, is translated, affirms what is known to all Paris, that the main point of the story and of the occurrences is a certain fact, only decorated and composed by them in the jargon used in the histories of political wars. It is besides averted, that ever since Buonaparte usurped the Consular authority in France, his wife pretended to dictate the fashion, in which she has been often and successfully opposed by her sister-in-law, Madame Murat, who has the advantage of being twenty years younger than her rival. being born on the 25th of March 1778, while Madame Napoleone Buonaparte was born on the 24th of June 1758.

Madame Murat, since her elevation to an Imperial Princess, has become the proudest, the most arrogant and insufferable, of all the Buonapartes, whom an unjust fortune has dragged from obscurity. She continues, however, always to profess herself a lover and admirer of liberty and equality, and a sincere republican in her heart. These contradictions and absurdities are not uncommon in

degraded France, where, since 1789, every rebel pretending to, or seizing the reins of government, has insulted those slaves he plundered and oppressed, by assuming the mask of patriotism, while every act of his was that of an unconscientious tyrant.

It is whispered in France, that should any sudden catastrophe put an end to the crimes of Napoleone Buonaparte, Murat has laid his plans so as to become his immediate successor, whatever WILLS to the contrary are deposited in the Senate. The troops in and near Paris, under Murats command as a governor of the capital, have never been less than thirty thousand, all attached to him, from his attention to them. He is also the only general of Buonaparte's relatives who is known to the army at large for any military exploit; and the soldiers' general contempt for all the other Buonapartes is proverbial over France. If he finds himself unable to continue in power, it is supposed that he will play the part of a Monk, and make the best terms he can with the legitimate sovereign of France. But in this scheme he has a rival in every French general who commanded an army, all considering their present rank, and their plundered wealth, unsafe until confirmed and protected by a Bourbon.

The property of General Murat and his wife is valued at twenty millions of livres. Their yearly allowance from Napoleone amounts to six millions of livres; and their jewels, plate, china, pictures, &c. are estimated at seven millions. A bishop is the almoner of this revolutionary Princess and two grand vicars are her chaplains; Madame de Beauharnois is her lady in waiting, and Madame Cara St. Cyr, Madame St. Martin de la Motte, and Madame Le Grange, are her maids of honour; Daligré is her chamberlain, and de Gambis her equerry.





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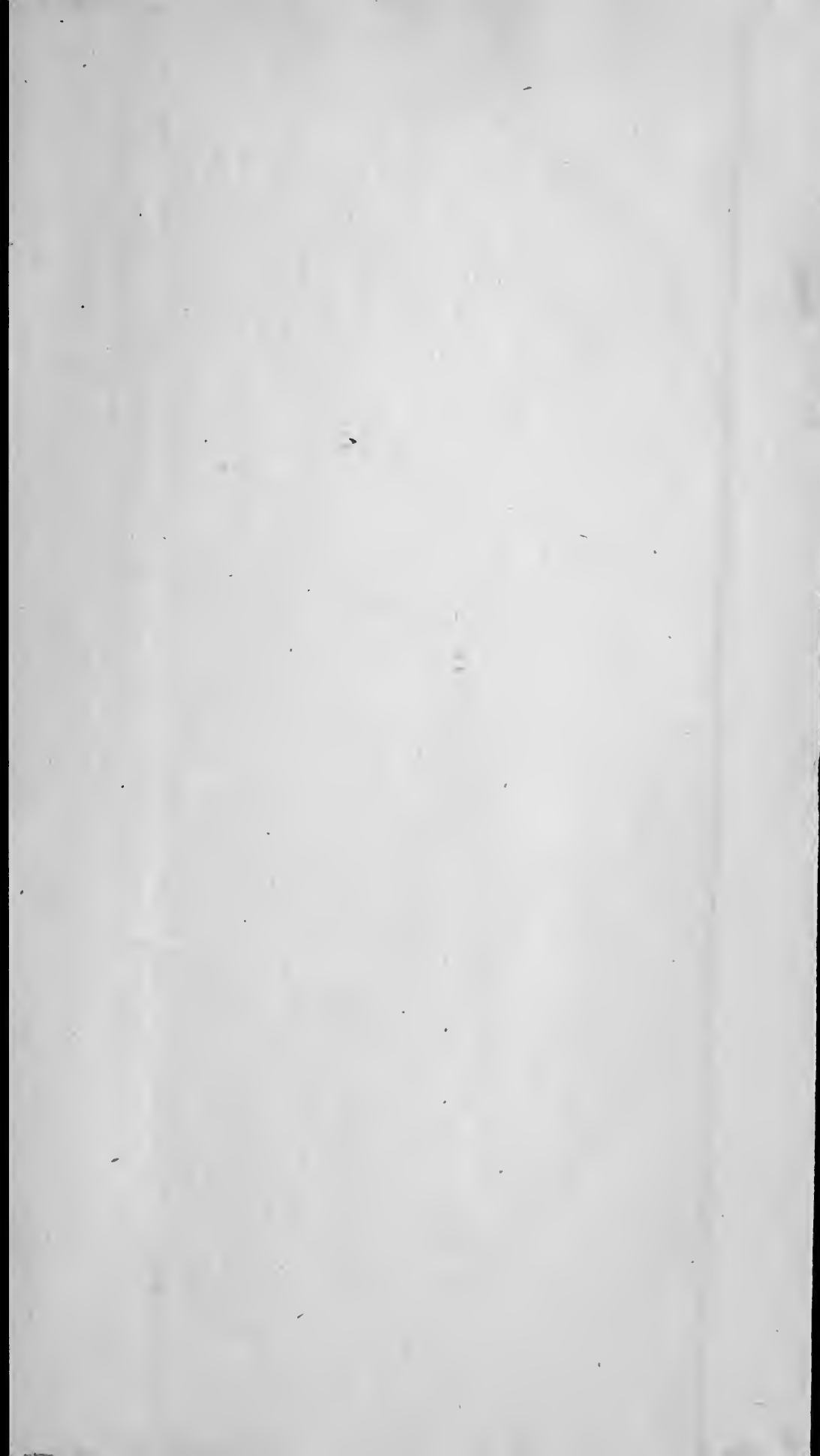
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